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ROMANCES, TALES,

AND

SMALLER PIECES,

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

VOL. I. contains

ZADIG,
The WORLD as it goes,
MICROMEGAS,
The WHITE BULL,
TRAVELS OF SCARMENTADO,
How far we ought to impose
upon the PEOPLE,
The Two COMFORTERS,
PRINCESS OF BABYLON,
MAMNON the PHILOSOPHER,
PLATO'S DREAM,
BABABEC,
The BLACK and the WHITE,
&c. &c.

VOL. II. contains

CANDID, or the OPTIMIST,
The HURON, or PUPIL of
NATURE,
JEANNOT and COLIN,
What pleases the LADIES,
The EDUCATION of a
PRINCE,
The EDUCATION of a
DAUGHTER,
The THREE MANNERS,
THELEMA and MACAREUS,
AZOLAN,
And
The ORIGIN of TRADES.

L O N D O N :

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1794

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LONDON:
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W

CANDID*;

OR, THE

OPTIMIST.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

How Candid was brought up in a magnificent Castle, and how he was driven from thence.

IN the country of Westphalia, in the castle of the most noble baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, lived a youth, whom nature had endowed with a most sweet disposition. His face was the true index of his mind. He had a solid judgment joined to the most unaffected simplicity; and hence,

VOL. II.

A

I

* The principal design of this performance, (if the author had any other design but that of amusing his readers) is to ridicule that maxim in Ethics, "that every thing which happens, is the best calculated to answer the wise ends of Providence;" but it likewise contains a very severe satire on the morals, manners, and customs of mankind.

I presume, he had his name of Candid. The old servants of the house suspected him to have been the son of the baron's sister, by a mighty good sort of a gentleman of the neighbourhood, whom that young lady refused to marry, because he could produce no more than threescore and eleven quarterings in his arms; the rest of the genealogical tree belonging to the family having been lost through the injuries of time.

The baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia; for his castle had not only a gate; but even windows; and his great hall was hung with tapestry. He used to hunt with his mastiffs and spaniels instead of grey-hounds; his groom served him for huntsman; and the parson of the parish officiated as grand almoner. He was called My Lord by all his people, and he never told a story but every one laughed at it.

My lady baroness weighed three hundred and fifty pounds, consequently was a person of no small consideration; and then she did the honours of the house with a dignity that commanded universal respect. Her daughter was about seventeen years of age, fresh coloured, comely, plump, and desirable. The baron's son seemed to be a youth in every respect worthy of the father he sprung from. Pangloss the preceptor was the oracle of the family, and little Candid listened to his instructions with all the simplicity natural to his age and disposition.

Master Pangloss taught the metaphysico-theologico-cosmologology. He could prove to admiration, that there is no effect without a cause; and, that in this best of all possible worlds, the baron's castle was the most magnificent of all castles, and my lady the best of all possible baronesses.

It

It is demonstrable, said he, that things cannot be otherwise than they are; for as all things have been created for some end, they must necessarily be created for the best end. Observe, for instance, the nose is formed for spectacles, therefore we wear spectacles. The legs are visibly designed for stockings, accordingly we wear stockings. Stones were made to be hewn, and to construct castles, therefore my Lord has a magnificent castle; for the greatest baron in the province ought to be the best lodged. Swine were intended to be eaten; therefore we eat pork all the year round: and they who assert that every thing is right do not express themselves correctly; they should say, that every thing is best*.

Candid listened attentively, and believed implicitly; for he thought Miss Cunegund excessively handsome, though he never had the courage to tell her so. He concluded, that next to the happiness of being baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the next was that of being Miss Cunegund, the next that of seeing her every day, and the last that of hearing the doctrine of Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the whole province, and consequently of the whole world.

One day, when Miss Cunegund went to take a walk in a little neighbouring wood, which was called a park, she saw, through the bushes, the sage Doctor Pangloss giving a lecture in experimental philosophy to her mother's chambermaid, a little brown wench, very pretty, and very tractable. As Miss Cunegund had a great disposition

A 2

for

* Thus the tutor makes his doctrine of optimism subservient to his interest in flattering the pride of the petty German princess, which is indeed ridiculous enough.

for the sciences, she observed with the utmost attention the experiments, which were repeated before her eyes; she perfectly well understood the force of the doctor's reasoning upon causes and effects. She retired greatly flurried, quite pensive, and filled with the desire of knowledge, imagining that she might be a sufficing reason for young Candid, and he for her.

In her way back she happened to meet the young man; she blushed, he blushed also: she wished him a good morning in a faltering tone; he returned the salute, without knowing what he said. The next day, as they were rising from dinner, Cunegund and Candid slipped behind the screen; Miss dropped her handkerchief, the young man picked it up. She innocently took hold of his hand, and he as innocently kissed hers with a warmth, a sensibility, a grace—all very particular; their lips met; their eyes sparkled; their knees trembled; their hands strayed.—The baron chanced to come by; he beholds the cause and effect, and, without hesitation, salutes Candid with some notable kicks on the breech, and drove him out of doors. Miss Cunegund; the tender, the lovely Miss Cunegund, fainted away, and, as soon as she came to herself, the baroness boxed her ears. Thus a general consternation was spread over this most magnificent and most agreeable of all possible castles.

C H A P. II.

What befel Candid among the Bulgarians.

CANDID, thus driven out of this terrestrial paradise, rambled a long time, without knowing where he went ; sometimes he raised his eyes, all bedewed with tears, towards heaven, and sometimes he cast a melancholy look towards the magnificent castle, where dwelt the fairest of young baronesses. He laid himself down to sleep in a furrow, heart broken and supperless. The snow fell in great flakes, and, in the morning when he awoke, he was almost frozen to death ; however, he made shift to crawl to the next town, which was called Wald-berghoff-trarbk-dikdorff, without a penny in his pocket, and half dead with hunger and fatigue. He took up his stand at the door of an inn. He had not been long there, before two men drest in blue fixed their eyes stedfastly upon him. Faith, comrade, said one of them to the other, yonder is a well-made young fellow, and of the right size ; upon which they made up to Candid, and, with the greatest civility and politeness, invited him to dine with them. Gentlemen, replied Candid, with a most engaging modesty, you do me much honour, but, upon my word, I have no money. Money, Sir ! said one of the blues to him, young persons of your appearance and merit never pay any thing ; why, are not you five feet five inches high ? Yes, gentlemen, that is really my size, replied he, with a low bow. Come then, Sir, sit down along with us ; we will not only pay your reckoning, but will never suffer such

such a clever young fellow as you to want money. Mankind were born to assist one another. You are perfectly right, gentlemen, said Candid, this is precisely the doctrine of master Pangloss; and I am convinced, that every thing is for the best. His generous companions next entreat him to accept of a few crowns, which he readily complies with, at the same time offering them his note for the payment, which they refuse, and sit down to table. Have you not a great affection for——O yes! I have a great affection for the lovely Miss Cunegund. May be so, replied one of the blues, but that is not the question! We ask you, whether you have not a great affection for the King of the Bulgarians? For the King of the Bulgarians? said Candid, oh Lord! not at all, why, I never saw him in my life. Is it possible! Oh, he is a most charming King! Come, we must drink his health. With all my heart, gentlemen, says Candid, and off he tosses his glass. Bravo! cry the blues; you are now the support, the defender, the hero of the Bulgarians; your fortune is made; you are in the high road to glory. So saying, they handcuff him, and carry him away to the regiment. There he is made to wheel about to the right, to the left, to draw his rammer, to return his rammer, to present, to fire, to march, and they give him thirty blows with a cane; the next day he performs his exercise a little better, and they give him but twenty; the day following he comes off with ten, and is looked upon as a young fellow of surprising genius by all his comrades*.

Candid

* Is not this an arrow glanced at the K— of P—a, and the methods his officers are supposed to have taken in recruiting his armies?

Candid was struck with amazement, and could not for the soul of him conceive how he came to be a hero. One fine spring morning, he took it into his head to take a walk, and he marched straight forward, conceiving it to be a privilege of the human species, as well as of the brute creation, to make use of their legs how and when they pleased. He had not gone above two leagues, when he was overtaken by four other heroes, six feet high, who bound him neck and heels, and carried him to a dungeon. A court-martial sat upon him, and he was asked which he liked best, either to run the gauntlet six and thirty times through the whole regiment, or to have his brains blown out with a dozen of musket-balls. In vain did he remonstrate to them, that the human will is free, and that he chose neither; they obliged him to make a choice, and he determined, in virtue of that divine gift, called Free Will, to run the gauntlet six and thirty times. He had gone through his discipline twice, and the regiment being composed of 2000 men, they composed for him exactly 4000 strokes, which laid bare all his muscles and nerves, from the nape of his neck to his rump. As they were preparing to make him set out the third time, our young hero, unable to support it any longer, begged as a favour they would be so obliging as to shoot him through the head. The favour being granted, a bandage was tied over his eyes, and he was made to kneel down. At that very instant, his Bulgarian Majesty happening to pass by, made a stop, and inquired into the delinquent's crime, and being a prince of great penetration, he found, from what he heard of Candid, that he was a young metaphysician, entirely ignorant of the world; and therefore

therefore, out of his great clemency, he condescended to pardon him, for which his name will be celebrated in every journal *, and in every age. A skilful surgeon made a cure of the flagellated Candid in three weeks, by means of emollient unguents prescribed by Dioscorides. His sores were now skinned over, and he was able to march, when the King of the Bulgarians gave battle to the King of the Abares.

C H A P. III.

How Candid escaped from the Bulgarians, and what befel him afterwards.

NEVER was any thing so gallant, so well accoutred, so brilliant, and so finely disposed as the two armies. The trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, and cannon, made such harmony, as never was heard in hell itself. The entertainment began by a discharge of cannon, which, in the twinkling of an eye, laid flat about 6000 men on each side. The musquet bullets swept away, out of the best of all possible worlds, nine or ten thousand scoundrels that infested its surface. The bayonet was next the sufficient reason of the deaths of several thousands. The whole might amount to 30,000 souls. Candid trembled like a philosopher, and concealed himself as well as he could during this heroic butchery.

At length, while the two kings were causing Te Deum to be sung in each of their camps, Candid

* Wormwood to a certain prince, suspected of having hired journalists to trumpet forth his praise.

did took a resolution to go and reason somewhere else upon causes and effects. After passing over heaps of dead or dying men, the first place he came to was a neighbouring village, in the Abarian territories, which had been burnt to the ground by the Bulgarians, agreeable to the laws of war. Here lay a number of old men covered with wounds, who beheld their wives dying with their throats cut, and hugging their children to their breasts all stained with blood. There several young virgins, whose bellies had been ripped open, after they had satisfied the natural necessities of the Bulgarian heroes, breathed their last; while others, half burnt in the flames, begged to be dispatched out of the world. The ground about them was covered with the brains, arms, and legs of dead men.

Candid made all the haste he could to another village, which belonged to the Bulgarians, and there he found that the heroic Abares had acted the same tragedy*. From thence continuing to walk over palpitating limbs, or through ruined buildings, at length he arrived beyond the theatre of war, with a little provision in his budget, and Miss Cunegund's image in his heart. When he arrived in Holland his provision failed him; but having heard that the inhabitants of that country were all rich and Christians, he made himself sure of being treated by them in the same manner as at the baron's castle, before he had been driven from thence through the power of Miss Cunegund's bright eyes.

VOL. II.

B

He

* A picture which we would recommend to the perusal and consideration of those who are such sanguine advocates for the continuation of war.

He asked charity of several grave-looking people, who one and all answered him, that if he continued to follow this trade, they would have him sent to the house of correction, where he should be taught to get his bread.

He next addressed himself to a person, who was just come from haranguing a numerous assembly for a whole hour on the subject of charity. The orator, squinting at him under his broad-brimmed hat, asked him sternly, what brought him thither? and whether he was for the good old cause? Sir, said Candid in a submissive manner, I conceive there can be no effect without a cause; every thing is necessarily concatenated and arranged for the best. It was necessary that I should be banished the presence of Miss Cunegund; that I should afterwards run the gauntlet; and it is necessary I should beg my bread, till I am able to get it: all this could not have been otherwise. Hark ye, friend, said the orator, do you hold the pope to be antichrist? Truly, I never heard any thing about it, said Candid; but whether he is or not, I am in want of something to eat. Thou deservest not to eat or to drink, replied the orator, wretch, monster, that thou art! hence! avoid my sight, nor ever come near me again while thou livest. The orator's wife happened to put her head out of the window at that instant, when seeing a man, who doubted whether the pope was antichrist, she discharged upon his head a chamber-pot full of — *. Good heavens, to what excess does religious zeal transport the female kind!

A

* A keen sarcasm on want of charity in speculative points of religion, even among the most phlegmatic protestants.

A man who had never been christened, an honest anabaptist, named James, was witness to the cruel and ignominious treatment showed to one of his brethren, to a rational, two-footed, unfledged being †. Moved with pity, he carried him to his own house, caused him to be cleaned, gave him meat and drink, and made him a present of two florins, at the same time proposing to instruct him in his own trade of weaving Persian silks, which are fabricated in Holland. Candid, penetrated with so much goodness, threw himself at his feet, crying, Now I am convinced that my master Pangloss told me truth, when he said that every thing was for the best in this world; for I am infinitely more affected with your extraordinary generosity, than with the inhumanity of that gentleman in the black cloak and his wife. The next day, as Candid was walking out, he met a beggar all covered with scabs, his eyes were sunk in his head, the end of his nose eaten off, his mouth drawn on one side, his teeth as black as a coal, snuffling and coughing most violently, and every time he attempted to spit, out dropt a tooth.

B 2

CHAP.

† Aristotle's definition of a man; to show the absurdity of which, another philosopher caused a cock to be stripped of its feathers, and placing it before him, asked if that was a man also?

C H A P. IV.

How Candid found his old master Pangloss again,
and what happened to them.

CANDID, divided between compassion and horror, but giving way to the former, bestowed on this shocking figure the two florins which the honest anabaptist James had just before given to him. The spectre looked at him very earnestly, shed tears, and threw his arms about his neck. Candid started back aghast; Alas! said the one wretch to the other, don't you know your dear Pangloss?—What do I hear? Is it you my dear master! you I behold in this piteous plight? What dreadful misfortune has befallen you? What has made you leave the most magnificent and delightful of all castles? What is become of Miss Cunegund, the mirror of young ladies, and nature's masterpiece? Oh Lord! cried Pangloss, I am so weak I cannot stand; upon which Candid instantly led him to the anabaptist's stable, and procured him something to eat. As soon as Pangloss had a little refreshed himself, Candid began to repeat his enquiries concerning Miss Cunegund. She is dead, replied the other. Dead! cried Candid, and immediately fainted away: his friend recovered him by the help of a little bad vinegar, which he found by chance in the stable. Candid opened his eyes, and again repeated, dead! is Miss Cunegund dead? Ah, where is the best of worlds now? But of what illness did she die? Was it for grief upon seeing her father kick me out of his magnificent castle?

castle? No, replied Pangloss; her belly was ripped open by the Bulgarian soldiers, after they had ravished her as much as it was possible for damsel to be ravished: they knocked the baron her father on the head for attempting to defend her; my lady her mother was cut in pieces; my poor pupil was served just in the same manner as his sister; and as for the castle, they have not left one stone upon another; they have destroyed all the ducks, and the sheep, the barns, and the trees: but we have had our revenge, for the Abares have done the very same thing in a neighbouring barony, which belonged to a Bulgarian lord.

At hearing this, Candid fainted away a second time; but, having come to himself again, he said all that it became him to say; he inquired into the cause and effect, as well as into the sufficing reason, that had reduced Pangloss to so miserable a condition. Alas! replied the preceptor, it was love; love, the comfort of the human species; love, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all sensible beings; love! tender love! Alas, replied Candid, I have had some knowledge of love myself, this sovereign of hearts, this soul of souls; yet it never cost me more than a kiss, and twenty kicks on the backside. But how could this beautiful cause produce in you so hideous an effect?

Pangloss made answer in these terms: O my dear Candid, you must, remember Pacquette, that pretty wench, who waited on our noble baroness; in her arms I tasted the pleasures of paradise, which produced these hell-torments with which you see me devoured. She was infected with the disease, and perhaps is since dead of it; she received this present of a learned cordelier, who
derived

derived it from the fountain-head ; he was indebted for it to an old countess, who had it of a captain of horse, who had it of a marchioness, who had it of a page ; the page had it of a jesuit, who, during his noviciate ; had it in a direct line from one of the fellow-adventurers of Christopher Columbus ; for my part I shall give it to no body, I am a dying man *.

O sage Pangloss, cried Candid, what a strange genealogy is this ! Is not the devil the root of it ? Not at all, replied the great man, it was a thing unavoidable, a necessary ingredient in the best of worlds ; for if Columbus had not caught in an island in America this disease, which contaminates the source of generation, and frequently impedes propagation itself, and is evidently opposite to the great end of nature, we should have had neither chocolate nor cochineal. It is also to be observed, that, even to the present time, in this continent of ours, this malady, like our religious controversies, is peculiar to ourselves. The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese, and the Japonese are entirely unacquainted with it ; but there is a sufficing reason for them to know it in a few centuries. In the mean time, it is making prodigious havock among us, especially in those armies composed of well disciplined hirelings, who determine the fate of nations ; for we may safely affirm,

* Alluding to the first importation of the venereal disease, which was brought from Hispaniola, in the West Indies, by some of the followers of Columbus, who were afterwards employed in the siege of Naples, among the troops of Ferdinand, King of Arragon. Hence the distemper acquired the name of the Neapolitan disease, as the mercurial ointment, used for raising a salivation, obtained the name of *unguentum Neapolitanum*, which it still retains.

affirm, that, when an army of 30,000 men fights another equal in number, there are about 20,000 of them poxed on each side.

Very surprising, indeed, said Candid, but you must get cured. Lord help me, how can I? said Pangloss: my dear friend, I have not a penny in the world; and you know one cannot be bled, or have a glister, without a fee.

This last speech had its effect on Candid; he flew to the charitable anabaptist James, he flung himself at his feet, and gave him so striking a picture of the miserable situation of his friend, that the good man, without any farther hesitation, agreed to take Dr Pangloss into his house, and to pay for his cure. The cure was effected with only the loss of one eye and an ear *. As he wrote a good hand, and understood accounts tolerably well, the anabaptist made him his book-keeper. At the expiration of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon, about some mercantile affairs, he took the two philosophers with him in the same ship; Pangloss, during the course of the voyage, explained to him how every thing was so constituted, that it could not be better. James did not quite agree with him in this point: Mankind, said he, must, in some things, have deviated from their original innocence; for they were not born wolves, and yet they worry one another like those beasts of prey. God never
gave

* The author seems to be but indifferently acquainted with the effects of this distemper, otherwise he would have mentioned his nose and his palate, among the particulars of his loss, rather than the ear, which is seldom, if ever affected in this disorder.—Pangloss was in much greater danger of losing his ear in the pillory, as an impostor and corrupter of youth.

gave them twenty-four pounders nor bayonets, and yet they have made cannon and bayonets to destroy one another. To this account I might add, not only bankruptcies, but the law, which seizes on the effects of bankrupts, only to cheat the creditors. All this was indispensably necessary, replied the one-eyed doctor; for private misfortunes are public benefits; so that the more private misfortunes there are, the greater is the general good. While he was arguing in this manner, the sky was overcast, the winds blew from the four quarters of the compass, and the ship was assailed by a most terrible tempest, within sight of the port of Lisbon.

C H A P. V.

A Tempest, a Shipwreck, an Earthquake; and what else befel Dr. Pangloss, Candid, and James the Anabaptist.

ONE half of the passengers, weakened, and half dead with the inconceivable anxiety and sickness, which the rolling of a vessel at sea occasions through the whole human frame, were lost to all sense of the danger that surrounded them. The other made loud outcries, or betook themselves to their prayers; the sails were blown into shivers, and the masts were brought by the board. The vessel was a perfect wreck. Every one was busily employed, but no body could be either heard or obeyed. The anabaptist, being upon deck, lent a helping hand as well as the rest, when a brutish sailor gave him a blow, and laid him speechless;

speechless ; but, with the violence of the blow, the tar himself tumbled head foremost over board, and fell upon a piece of the broken mast, which he immediately grasped. Honest James, forgetting the injury he had so lately received from him, flew to his assistance, and, with great difficulty, hauled him in again, but, in the attempt, was, by a sudden jerk of the ship, thrown over board himself, in sight of the very fellow whom he had risked his life to save, and who took not the least notice of him in this distress. Candid, who beheld all that past, and saw his benefactor one moment rising above water, and the next swallowed up by the merciless waves, was preparing to jump after him ; but was prevented by the philosopher Pangloss, who demonstrated to him, that the coast of Lisbon had been made on purpose for the anabaptist to be drowned there. While he was proving his argument a priori, the ship foundered, and the whole crew perished, except Pangloss, Candid, and the sailor who had been the means of drowning the good anabaptist. The villain swam ashore ; but Pangloss and Candid got to land upon a plank.

As soon as they had recovered themselves from their surprize and fatigue, they walked towards Lisbon ; with what little money they had left, they thought to save themselves from starving, after having escaped drowning.

Scarce had they done lamenting the loss of their benefactor, and set foot in the city, when they perceived the earth to tremble under their feet, and the sea, swelling and foaming in the harbour, dash in pieces the vessels that were riding at an anchor. Large sheets of flames and cinders covered the streets and public places ; the houses

tottered, and were tumbled topsy-turvy, even to their foundations, which were themselves destroyed, and thirty thousand inhabitants of both sexes, young and old, were buried beneath the ruins. The sailor, whistling and swearing, cried, Damn it, there's something to be got here. What can be the sufficing reason of this phenomenon? said Pangloss. It is certainly the day of judgment, said Candid. The sailor, defying death in the pursuit of plunder, rushed into the midst of the ruin, where he found some money, with which he got drunk, and, after he had slept himself sober, he purchased the favours of the first good-natured wench that came in his way, amidst the ruins of demolished houses, and the groans of half-buried and expiring persons. Pangloss pulled him by the sleeve: Friend, said he, this is not right, you trespass against the universal reason, and have mistaken your time. Death and ounds! answered the other, I am a sailor, and born at Batavia, and have trampled * four times upon the crucifix in as many voyages to Japan: you are come to a good hand with your universal reason.

In the mean time, Candid, who had been wounded by some pieces of stone that fell from the houses, lay stretched in the street, almost covered with rubbish: For God's sake, said he to Pangloss, get me a little wine and oil, I am dying. This concussion of the earth is no new thing, replied Pangloss, the city of Lima, in America, experienced the same last year; the same cause, the same effects: there is certainly a train of
of

* The Dutch traders to Japan are actually obliged to trample upon a crucifix, in token of their aversion to the Christian religion, which the Japanese abhor.

of sulphur all the way under ground from Lima to Lisbon. Nothing more probable, said Candid ; but, for the love of God, a little oil and wine. Probable! replied the philosopher, I maintain that the thing is demonstrable: Candid fainted away, and Pangloss fetched him some water from a neighbouring spring.

The next day, in searching among the ruins, they found some eatables, with which they repaired their exhausted strength. After this, they assisted the inhabitants in relieving the distressed and wounded. Some, whom they had humanely assisted, gave them as good a dinner as could be expected under such terrible circumstances. The repast, indeed, was mournful, and the company moistened their bread with their tears; but Pangloss endeavoured to comfort them under this affliction, by affirming, that things could not be otherwise than they were: for, said he, all this is for the very best end; for if there is a volcano at Lisbon, it could be on no other spot; for it is impossible but things should be as they are, for every thing is for the best.

By the side of the preceptor sat a little man dressed in black, who was one of the familiars of the inquisition. This person, taking him up with great complaisance, said, Possibly, my good Sir, you do not believe in original sin; for if every thing is best, there could have been no such thing as the fall or punishment of men.

I humbly ask your Excellency's pardon, answered Pangloss, still more politely; for the fall of man, and the curse consequent thereupon, necessarily entered into the system of the best of worlds. That is as much as to say, Sir, rejoined the fami-

liar, you do not believe in free-will. Your excellency will be so good as to excuse me, said Pangloss, free-will is consistent with absolute necessity; for it was necessary we should be free, for in that the will——

Pangloss was in the midst of his proposition, when the inquisitor made a sign to the attendant, who was helping him to a glass of Port wine.

C H A P. VI.

How the Portuguese made a suberb Auto-da-fe to prevent any future Earthquakes, and how Candid underwent public Flagellation.

AFTER the earthquake, which had destroyed three-fourths of the city of Lisbon, the sages of that country could think of no means more effectual to preserve the kingdom from utter ruin, than to entertain the people with an Auto-da-fe*, it having been decided by the university of Coimbra, that the burning a few people alive by a slow fire, and with great ceremony, is an infallible secret to prevent earthquakes.

In consequence thereof, they had seized on a Biscayner for marrying his godmother, and on two Portuguese for taking out the bacon of a larded

* An Auto-da-fe was actually to have been celebrated the very day on which the earthquake destroyed Lisbon. Every body knows that an Auto-da-fe is a general goal delivery from the prisons of the inquisition, when the wretches condemned by that tribunal are brought to the stake, or otherwise stigmatized in public.

larded pullet they were eating ; after dinner, they came and secured Dr. Pangloss, and his pupil Candid ; the one for speaking his mind, and the other for seeming to approve what he had said. They were conducted to separate apartments, extremely cool, where they were never incommoded with the sun. Eight days afterwards they were each dressed in a *san benito* *, and their heads were adorned with paper mitres. The mitre and *san-benito* worn by Candid, were painted with flames reversed, and with devils that had neither tails nor claws ; but Dr. Pangloss's devils had both tails and claws, and his flames were upright. In these habits they marched in procession, and heard a very pathetic sermon, which was followed by an anthem, accompanied by bagpipes. Candid was flogged in regular cadence, while the anthem was singing ; the Biscayner, and the two men who would not eat bacon, were burnt, and Pangloss was hanged, which is not a common custom at these solemnities. The same day there was another earthquake, which made most dreadful havock.

Candid, amazed, terrified, confounded, astonished, all bloody, and trembling from head to foot, said to himself, If this is the best of all possible worlds, what are the others ? If I had only been whipped, I could have put up with it, as I did among the Bulgarians ; but, oh my dear Pangloss ! my beloved master ! thou greatest of philosophers ! that ever I should live to see thee hanged, without knowing for what ! O my dear anabaptist, thou

* A kind of garment worn by the criminals of the inquisition.

thou best of men, that it should be thy fate to be drowned in the very harbour! O Miss Cunegund, you mirrour of young ladies! that it should be your fate to have your belly ript open.

He was making the best of his way from the place where he had been preached to, whipt, absolved, and received benediction, when he was accosted by an old woman, who said to him, Take courage, child, and follow me,

C H A P. VII.

How the old woman took care of Candid, and how he found the object of his love.

CANDID followed the old woman, though without taking courage, to a decayed house, where she gave him a pot of pomatum to anoint his sores, showed him a very neat bed, with a suit of clothes hanging up by it; and set victuals and drink before him. There, said she, eat, drink, and sleep, and may our blessed lady of Atocha, and the great St Anthony of Padua, and the illustrious St James of Compostella, take you under their protection. I shall be back to-morrow. Candid, struck with amazement at what he had seen, at what he had suffered, and still more with the charity of the old woman, would have shewn his acknowledgement by kissing her hand. It is not my hand you ought to kiss, said the old woman, I shall be back to-morrow. Anoint your back, eat, and take your rest.

Candid, notwithstanding so many disasters, ate and slept. The next morning, the old woman brought

brought him his breakfast; examined his back, and rubbed it herself with another ointment. She returned at the proper time, and brought him his dinner; and at night, she visited him again with his supper. The next day she observed the same ceremonies. Who are you? said Candid to her; What god has inspired you with so much goodness? What return can I make you for this charitable assistance? The good old Beldame kept a profound silence. In the evening she returned, but without his supper; "Come along with me, said she, but do not speak a word." She took him under her arm, and walked with him about a quarter of a mile into the country, till they came to a lonely house surrounded with moats and gardens. The old conductress knocked at a little door, which was immediately opened, and she showed him up a pair of back stairs, into a small, but richly furnished apartment. There she made him sit down on a brocaded sofa, shut the door upon him, and left him. Candid thought himself in a trance; he looked upon his whole life hitherto as a frightful dream, and the present moment as a very agreeable one.

The old woman soon returned, supporting with great difficulty a young lady, who appeared scarce able to stand. She was of a majestic mien and stature; her dress was rich, and glittering with diamonds, and her face was covered with a veil. Take off that veil, said the old woman to Candid. The young man approaches, and, with a trembling hand, takes off her veil. What a happy moment! What surprise! he thought he beheld Miss Cunegund; he did behold her, it was she herself. His strength fails him he cannot utter a word, he falls at her feet. Cunegund faints upon the sofa.

sofa. The old woman bedews them with spirits; they recover; they begin to speak. At first they could express themselves only in broken accents; their questions and answers were alternately interrupted with sighs, tears, and exclamations. The old woman desired them to make less noise; and after this prudent admonition left them together. Good heavens! cried Candid, is it you? Is it Miss Cunegund I behold, and alive? Do I find you again in Portugal? then you have not been ravished? they did not rip open your belly, as the philosopher Pangloss informed me? Indeed but they did, replied Miss Cunegund; but these two accidents do not always prove mortal. But were your father and mother killed? Alas! answered she, it is but too true! and she wept. And your brother? And my brother also. And how came you into Portugal? And how did you know of my being here? And by what strange adventure did you contrive to have me brought into this house? And how—I will tell you all, replied the lady, but first you must acquaint me with all that has befallen you, since the innocent kiss you gave me, and the rude kicking you received in consequence of it.

Candid, with the greatest submission, prepared to obey the commands of his fair mistress, and though he was still wrapt in amazement, though his voice was low and tremulous, though his back pained him, yet he gave her a most ingenuous account of every thing that had befallen him since the moment of their separation. Cunegund, with her eyes uplifted to heaven, shed tears when he related the death of the good anabaptist James, and of Pangloss; after which, she thus related her adventures

adventures to Candid, who lost not one syllable she uttered, and seemed to devour her with his eyes all the time she was speaking.

C H A P. VIII.

The History of Cunegund.

I Was in bed and fast asleep, when it pleased heaven to send the Bulgarians to our delightful castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh, where they murdered my father and brother, and cut my mother in pieces. A tall Bulgarian foldier, six feet high, perceiving that I had fainted away at this sight, attempted to ravish me; the operation brought me to my senses. I cried, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, I would have torn the tall Bulgarian's eyes out, not knowing that what had happened at my father's castle was a customary thing. The brutal foldier, enraged at my resistance, gave me a cut in the left groin with his hanger, the mark of which I still carry. I hope I shall see it, said Candid, with all imaginable simplicity. You shall, said Cunegund; but let me proceed. Pray do, replied Candid.

She continued. A Bulgarian captain came in and saw me weltering in my blood, and the foldier still as busy as if no one had been present. The officer, enraged at the fellow's want of respect to him, killed him with one stroke of his sabre as he lay upon me. This captain took care of me, had me cured, and carried me prisoner of war to his quarters. I washed what little linen he was

master of, and dressed his victuals: he was very fond of me, that was certain; neither can I deny that he was well made, and had a white soft skin, but he was very stupid, and knew nothing of philosophy: it might plainly be perceived that he had not been educated under Doctor Pangloss. In three months time, having gamed away all his money, and being grown tired of me, he sold me to a Jew, named Don Issachar, who traded to Holland and Portugal, and was passionately fond of women. This Jew shewed me great kindness, in hopes to gain my favours; but he never could prevail on me. A modest woman may be once ravished; but her virtue is greatly strengthened thereby. In order to make sure of me, he brought me to this country house you now see. I had hitherto believed that nothing could equal the beauty of the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; but I found I was mistaken.

The grand inquisitor saw me one day at mass, ogled me all the time of service, and, when it was over, sent to let me know he wanted to speak with me about some private business. I was conducted to his palace, where I told him all my story: he represented to me how much it was beneath a person of my birth to belong to a circumcised Israelite. He caused a proposal to be made to Don Issachar, that he should resign me to his lordship. Don Issachar, being the court banker, and a man of credit, was not easy to be prevailed upon. His lordship threatened him with an Auto-da fe; in short, my Jew was frightened into a composition, and it was agreed between them, that the house and myself should belong to both in common; that the Jew should have Monday, Wednesday, and the Sabbath to himself; and the inquisitor the other
four

four days of the week. This agreement has subsisted almost six months ; but not without several contests, whether the space from Saturday night to Sunday morning belonged to the old or the new law. For my part, I have hitherto withstood them both, and truly I believe this is the very reason why they are both so fond of me.

At length, to turn aside the scourge of earthquakes, and to intimidate Don Issachar, my lord inquisitor was pleased to celebrate an Auto da-fe. He did me the honour to invite me to the ceremony. I had a very good seat ; and refreshments of all kinds were offered the ladies between mass and the execution. I was dreadfully shocked at the burning the two Jews, and the honest Biscayner, who married his god-mother ; but how great was my surprise, my consternation, and concern, when I beheld a figure so like Pangloss, dressed in a fanbenito and mitre ! I rubbed my eyes, I looked at him attentively. I saw him hanged, and I fainted away : scarce had I recovered my senses, when I beheld you stark-naked ; this was the height of horror, grief, and despair. I must confess to you for a truth, that your skin is far whiter and more blooming, than that of the Bulgarian captain. This spectacle worked me up to a pitch of distraction. I screamed out, and would have said, Hold, barbarians ! but my voice failed me ; and indeed my cries would have signified nothing. After you had been severely whipped, How is it possible, said I to myself, that the lovely Candid and the sage Pangloss should be at Lisbon, the one to receive an hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged by order of my lord inquisitor, of whom I am so great a favourite ? Pangloss deceived me most cruelly, in saying, that every thing is fittest and best.

Thus agitated and perplexed, now distracted and lost, now half dead with grief, I revolved in my mind the murder of my father, mother, and brother, committed before my eyes; the insolence of the rascally Bulgarian soldier; the wound he gave me in the groin; my servitude; my being a cook wench to my Bulgarian captain; my subjection to the dirty Jew, and my cruel inquisitor; the hanging of Doctor Pangloss; the *Miserère* sung while you was whipt; and particularly the kiss I gave you behind the screen, the last day I ever beheld you. I returned thanks to God for having brought you to the place where I was after so many trials. I charged the old woman who attends me, to bring you hither, as soon as was convenient. She has punctually executed my orders, and I now enjoy the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing you, hearing you, and speaking to you. But you must certainly be half dead with hunger; I myself have a great inclination to eat, and so let us sit down to supper.

Upon this the two lovers immediately placed themselves at table, and, after having supped, they returned to seat themselves again on the magnificent sofa already mentioned, where they were in amorous dalliance, when Signor Don Issachar, one of the masters of the house, entered unexpectedly; it was the Sabbath day, and he came to enjoy his privilege, and sigh forth his passion at the feet of the fair Cunegund.

C H A P. IX.

What happened to Cunegund, Candid, the grand Inquisitor, and the Jew.

THIS same Iffachar was the most choleric little Hebrew that had ever been in Israel, since the captivity of Babylon. What then, said he, thou Gallilean B—h? the inquisitor was not enough for thee, but this rascal must come in for a share with me? In uttering these words, he drew out a long poinard, which he always carried about him, and never dreaming that his adversary had any arms, he attacked him most furiously; but our honest Westphalian had received a handsome sword of the old woman with the suit of cloaths. Candid draws his rapier; and though he was the most gentle sweet-tempered young man breathing, he whips it into the Israelite, and laid him sprawling on the floor at the fair Cunegund's feet.

Holy Virgin! cried she, what will become of us? A man killed in my apartment! If the peace-officers come, we are undone. Had not Pangloss been hanged, replied Candid, he would have given us most excellent advice in this emergency, for he was a profound philosopher. But, since he is not here, let us consult the old woman. She was very intelligent, and was beginning to give her advice, when another door opened on a sudden. It was now one o'clock in the morning, and of course the beginning of Sunday, which, by agreement, fell to the lot of my lord inquisitor. Entering, he discovers the flagellated Candid with his drawn sword

sword in his hand, a dead body stretched on the floor, Cunegund frightened out of her wits, and the old woman giving advice.

At that very moment a sudden thought came into Candid's head. If this holy man, thought he, should call assistance, I shall most undoubtedly be consigned to the flames, and Miss Cunegund may perhaps meet with no better treatment; besides, he was the cause of my being so cruelly whipped; he is my rival; and as I have now begun to dip my hands in blood, I will kill away, for there is no time to hesitate. This whole train of reasoning was clear and instantaneous; so that, without giving time to the inquisitor to recover from his surprise, he ran him through the body, and laid him by the side of the Jew. Good God! cries Cunegund, here's another fine piece of work! now there can be no mercy for us, we are excommunicated to all the devils in hell; our last hour is come. But how in the name of wonder could you, who are of so mild a temper, dispatch a Jew and an Inquisitor in two minutes time? Beautiful miss, answered Candid, when a man is in love, is jealous, and has been flogged by the inquisition, he becomes lost to all reflection.

The old woman then put in her word; there are three Andalusian horses in the stable, said she, with as many bridles and saddles; let the brave Candid get them ready; madam has a parcel of moidores and jewels; let us mount immediately, though I have only one buttock to sit upon; let us set out for Cadiz; it is the finest weather in the world, and there is great pleasure in travelling in the cool of the night.

Candid, without any farther hesitation, saddles the three horses; and Miss Cunegund, the old woman,

man, and he, set out, and travelled thirty miles without once bating. While they were making the best of their way, the Holy Brotherhood enter the house. My Lord the Inquisitor is interred in a magnificent manner, and Mr Isachar's body is thrown upon a dunghill.

Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, had, by this time, reached the little town of Avacena, in the midst of the mountains of Sierra Morena, and were engaged in the following conversation in an inn, where they had taken up their quarters.

C H A P. X.

In what distress Candid, Cunegund, and the old Woman arrive at Cadiz ; and of their embarkation.

WHO could it be that has robbed me of my moidores and jewels ? exclaimed Miss Cunegund, all bathed in tears. How shall we live ? What shall we do ? Where shall I find inquisitors and Jews who can give me more ? Alas ! said the old woman, I have a shrewd suspicion of a reverend father Cordelier, who lay last night in the same inn with us at Badajoz : God forbid I should condemn any one wrongfully, but he came into our room twice, and he set off in the morning long before us. Alas ! said Candid, Pangloss has often demonstrated to me that the goods of this world are common to all men, and that every one has an equal right to the enjoyment of them ; but, according to these principles, the Cordelier ought to have

have left us enough to carry us to the end of our journey. Have you nothing at all left, my dear Miss Cunegund? Not a sou, replied she. What is to be done then? said Candid. Sell one of the horses, replied the old woman, I will get behind Miss Cunegund, though I have only one buttock to ride on, and we shall reach Cadiz, never fear.

In the same inn there was a Benedictine Friar who bought the horse very cheap. Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, after passing through Lucina, Chellas, and Letrixa, arrived at length at Cadiz. A fleet was then getting ready, and troops were assembling in order to reduce the reverend fathers the Jesuits of Paraguay, who were accused of having excited one of the Indian tribes in the neighbourhood of the town of the Holy Sacrament, to revolt against the kings of Spain and Portugal. Candid, having been in the Bulgarian service, performed the military exercise of that nation, before the General of this little army, with so intrepid an air, and with such agility and expedition, that he gave him the command of a company of foot. Being now made a Captain, he embarks with Miss Cunegund, the old woman, two valets, and the two Andalusian horses, which had belonged to the Grand Inquisitor of Portugal.

During their voyage, they amused themselves with many profound reasonings on poor Pangloss's philosophy. We are now going into another world, and surely it must be there that every thing is best; for I must confess, that we have had some little reason to complain of what passes in ours, both as to the physical and moral part. Though I have a sincere love for you, said Miss Cunegund,

Cunegund, yet I still shudder at the reflection of what I have seen and experienced. All will be well, replied Candid, the sea of this new world is already better than our European seas: it is smoother, and the winds blow more regularly. God grant it, said Cunegund; but I have met with such terrible treatment in this, that I have almost lost all hopes of a better. What murmuring and complaining is here indeed! cried the old woman: if you had suffered half what I have done, there might be some reason for it. Miss Cunegund could scarce refrain laughing at the good old woman, and thought it droll enough to pretend to a greater share of misfortunes than herself. Alas! my good dame, said she, unless you had been ravished by two Bulgarians, had received two deep wounds in your belly, had seen two of your own castles demolished, had lost two fathers and two mothers, and seen both of them barbarously murdered before your eyes, and, to sum up all, had two lovers whipped at an Auto-da-fe, I cannot see how you could be more unfortunate than me. Add to this, though born a baroness, and bearing seventy-two quarterings, I have been reduced to a cook-wench. Miss, replied the old woman, you do not know my family as yet; but if I was to show you my backside, you would not talk in this manner, but suspend your judgment. This speech raised a high curiosity in Candid and Cunegund; and the old woman continued as follows.

C H A P. XI.

The History of the Old Woman.

I HAVE not always been blear-eyed. My nose did not always touch my chin, nor was I always a servant. You must know that I am the daughter of Pope Urban X *, and of the Princess of Palestrina. To the age of fourteen I was brought up in a castle, to which all the castles of the German Barons would not have been fit for stabling, and one of my robes would have bought half the province of Westphalia. I grew up, and improved in beauty, in wit, and in every graceful accomplishment, in the midst of pleasures, homage, and the highest expectations. I already began to inspire the men with love; my breast began to take its right form; and such a breast! white, firm, and formed like that of Venus of Medicis: my eye-brows were as black as jet; and as for my eyes, they darted flames, and eclipsed the lustre of the stars, as I was told by the poets of our part of the world. My maids, when they dressed and undressed me, used to fall into an ecstasy in viewing me before and behind; and all the men longed to be in their places.

I was contracted to a sovereign prince of Massa Carara. Such a prince! as handsome as myself, sweet-tempered, agreeable, witty, and in love with me over head and ears. I loved him too, as our
sex

* There never was a tenth Pope of that name; so that this number is mentioned to avoid scandal.

sex generally do for the first time, with rapture, transport, and idolatry. The nuptials were prepared with surprising pomp and magnificence; the ceremony was attended with feasts, carousals, and burlettas: all Italy composed sonnets in my praise, though not one of them was tolerable. I was on the point of reaching the summit of bliss, when an old Marchioness, who had been mistress to the Prince my husband, invited him to drink chocolate. In less than two hours after he returned from the visit he died of most terrible convulsions: but this is a mere trifle. My mother, distracted to the highest degree, and yet less afflicted than me, determined to absent herself for some time from so fatal a place. As she had a very fine estate in the neighbourhood of Gaieta, we embarked on board a galley, which was gilded like the high altar of St Peter's at Rome. In our passage we were boarded by a Sallee Rover. Our men defended themselves like true Pope's soldiers; they flung themselves upon their knees, laid down their arms, and begged the corsair to give them absolution in articulo mortis.

The Moors presently stripped us as bare as ever we were born. My mother, my maids of honour, and myself, were served all in the same manner. It is amazing how quick these gentry are at undressing people. But what surprised me most was, that they thrust their fingers into that part of our bodies where we women seldom admit any thing but——pipes to enter. I thought it a very strange kind of ceremony; for thus we are generally apt to judge of things when we have not seen the world. I afterwards learnt, that it was to discover if we had no diamonds concealed. This practice has been established time immemorial

among those civilized nations that scour the seas. I was informed, that the religious knights of Malta never fail to make this search, whenever any Moors of either sex fall into their hands. It is a part of the law of nations, from which they never deviate.

I need not tell you how great a hardship it was for a young princess and her mother to be made slaves, and carried to Morocco. You may easily imagine, what we must have suffered on board a corsair. My mother was still extremely handsome, our maids of honour, and even our common waiting women, had more charms than were to be found in all Africa. As to myself, I was enchanting; I was beauty itself, and then I had my virginity. But, alas! I did not retain it long; this precious flower, which was reserved for the lovely prince of Massa Carara, was cropt by the Captain of the Moorish vessel, who was a hideous negro, and thought he did me infinite honour. Indeed, both the princess of Palestrina and myself must have had very strong constitutions to undergo all the hardships and violences we suffered till our arrival at Morocco. But I will not detain you any longer with such common things, they are hardly worth mentioning.

Upon our arrival at Morocco, we found that kingdom bathed in blood. Fifty sons of the Emperor Muley Mhrael were each at the head of a party. This produced fifty civil wars* of blacks against blacks, of tawnies against tawnies, and of mulattoes against mulattoes. In short, the whole empire was one continued scene of carcases.

No

* If there were only fifty competitors, one would have expected no more than five and twenty civil wars.

No sooner were we landed, than a party of blacks of a contrary faction to that of my captain, came to rob him of his booty. Next to the money and jewels, we were the most valuable things he had. I was witness on this occasion to such a battle as you never beheld in your cold European climates. The northern nations have not that fermentation in their blood, nor that raging lust for women that is so common in Africa. The natives of Europe seem to have their veins filled with milk only; but fire and vitriol circulate in those of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas, and the neighbouring provinces. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers, and serpents of their country, to know who should have us. A Moor seized my mother by the right arm, while my captain's lieutenant held her by the left; another Moor laid hold of her by the right leg, and one of our corsairs held her by the other. In this manner were almost every one of our women dragged between four soldiers. My captain kept me concealed behind him, and with his drawn scymetar cut down every one who opposed him; at length I saw all our Italian women and my mother, mangled and torn in pieces by the monsters who contended for them. The captives, my companions, the Moors who took us, the soldiers, the sailors, the blacks, the whites, the mulattoes, and lastly, my captain himself, were all slain, and I remained alone expiring upon a heap of dead bodies. The like barbarous scenes were transacted every day over the whole country, which is an extent of three hundred leagues, and yet they never missed the five stated times of prayer enjoined by their prophet Mahomet.

I disengaged myself with great difficulty from such a heap of slaughtered bodies, and made a
shift

shift to crawl to a large orange tree that stood on the bank of a neighbouring rivulet, where I fell down exhausted with fatigue, and overwhelmed with horror, despair, and hunger. My senses being overpowered, I fell asleep, or rather seemed to be in a trance. Thus I lay in a state of weakness and insensibility between life and death, when I felt myself pressed by something that moved up and down upon my body. This brought me to myself; I opened my eyes, and saw a pretty fair-faced man, who sighed and muttered these words between his teeth, *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

CHAP. XII.

The Adventures of the Old Woman continued.

ASTONISHED and delighted to hear my native language, and no less surpris'd at the young man's words, I told him that there were far greater misfortunes in the world than what he complained of. And to convince him of it, I gave him a short history of the horrible disasters that had befallen me; and, as soon as I had finished, fell into a swoon again. He carried me in his arms to a neighbouring cottage, where he had me put to bed, procured me something to eat, waited on me with the greatest attention, comforted me, caressed me, told me that he had never seen any thing so perfectly beautiful as myself, and that he had never so much regretted the loss of what no one could restore to him. I was born at Naples, said he, where they caponise

caponise two or three thousand children every year: several die of the operation; some acquire voices far beyond the most tuneful of your ladies; and others are sent to govern states and empires. I underwent this operation very happily, and was one of the singers in the Princess of Palestrina's chapel. How, cried I, in my mother's chapel! The Princess of Palestrina your mother, cried he, bursting into a flood of tears! is it possible you should be the beautiful young princess whom I had the care of bringing up till she was six years old, and who, at that tender age, promised to be as fair as I now behold you? I am the same, replied I. My mother lies about a hundred yards from hence, cut in pieces, and buried under a heap of dead bodies.

I then related to him all that had befallen me, and he in return acquainted me with all his adventures, and how he had been sent to the court of the king of Morocco by a Christian prince to conclude a treaty with that monarch; in consequence of which he was to be furnished with military stores, and ships to enable him to destroy the commerce of other Christian governments. I have executed my commission, said the eunuch; I am going to take shipping at Ceuta, and I'll take you along with me to Italy. *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

I thanked him with tears of joy, and, instead of taking me with him into Italy, he carried me to Algiers, and sold me to the dey of that province. I had not been long a slave when the plague, which had made the tour of Africa, Asia, and Europe, broke out at Algiers with redoubled fury. You have seen an earthquake; but tell me, miss, had

had you ever the plague? Never, answered the young baroness.

If you ever had, continued the old woman, you would own an earthquake was a trifle to it. It is very common in Africa: I was seized with it. Figure to yourself the distressed situation of the daughter of a pope, only fifteen years old, and who in less than three months had felt the miseries of poverty and slavery; had been ravished almost every day; had beheld her mother cut into four quarters; had experienced the scourges of famine and war, and was now dying of the plague at Algiers. I did not, however, die of it; but my eunuch, and the dey, and almost the whole seraglio of Algiers, were swept off.

As soon as the first fury of this dreadful pestilence was over, a sale was made of the dey's slaves. I was purchased by a merchant, who carried me to Tunis. This man sold me to another merchant, who sold me again to another at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was sold to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Smyrna, and from Smyrna to Constantinople. After many changes, I at length became the property of an aga of the Janissaries, who, soon after I came into his possession, was ordered away to the defence of Asoph, then besieged by the Russians.

The aga being very fond of women, took his whole seraglio with him, and lodged us in a small fort, with two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers for our guard. Our army made a great slaughter among the Russians, but they soon returned us the compliment. Asoph was taken by storm, and the enemy spared neither age, sex, nor condition, but put all to the sword, and laid the city in ashes. Our little fort alone held out; they resolved to reduce us by famine. The twenty janissaries who
were

were left to defend it, had bound themselves by an oath never to surrender the place. Being reduced to the extremity of famine, they found themselves obliged to kill our two eunuchs, and eat them rather than violate their oath. But this horrible repast soon failing them, they next determined to support the remains of life by devouring the women.

We had a very pious and humane iman, who made them a most excellent sermon on this occasion, exhorting them not to kill us all at once; "Only cut off one of the buttocks of each of those ladies, said he, and you will fare extremely well; if ye are still under the necessity of having recourse to the same expedient again, ye will find the like supply a few days hence. Heaven will approve of so charitable an action, and work your deliverance."

By the force of this eloquence he easily persuaded them, and all underwent the operation. The iman applied the same balsam as they do to children after circumcision. We were all ready to give up the ghost.

The janissaries had scarcely time to finish the repast with which we had supplied them, when the Russians attacked the place by means of flat-bottomed boats, and not a single janissary escaped. The Russians paid no regard to the condition we were in; but as there are French surgeons in all parts of the world, a skilful operator took us under his care, and made a cure of us; and I shall never forget, while I live, that as soon as my wounds were perfectly healed, he made me certain proposals. In general, he desired us all to have a good heart, assuring us that the like had happened in many

sieges ; and that it was perfectly agreeable to the laws of war.

As soon as my companions were in a condition to walk, they were sent to Moscow. As for me, I fell to the lot of a Boyard, who put me to work in his garden, and gave me twenty lashes a-day. But this nobleman having, in about two years afterwards been broke alive upon the wheel, with about thirty others, for some court intrigues, I took advantage of the event, and made my escape. I travelled over great part of Russia. I was a long time an inn-keeper's servant at Riga, then at Rostock, Wismar, Leipfick, Cassel, Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague, and Rotterdam : I have grown old in misery and disgrace, living with only one buttock, and in the perpetual remembrance that I was a pope's daughter. I have been an hundred times upon the point of killing myself, but still was fond of life. This ridiculous weakness is, perhaps, one of the dangerous principles implanted in our nature. For what can be more absurd than to persist in carrying a burden of which we wish to be eased ? to detest, and yet to strive to preserve our existence ? In a word, to caress the serpent that devours us, and hug him close to our bosoms till he has gnawed into our hearts ?

In the different countries which it has been my fate to traverse, and the many inns where I have been a servant, I have observed a prodigious number of people who held their existence in abhorrence, and yet I never knew more than twelve who voluntarily put an end to their misery ; namely, three Negroes, four Englishmen, as many Genoese, and a German professor, named Robek. My last place was with the Jew, Don Issachar, who placed me near your person, my fair lady ; to whose fortunes
I have

I have attached myself, and have been more affected by your misfortunes than my own. I should never have even mentioned the latter to you, had you not a little picqued me on the head of sufferings; and if it was not customary to tell stories on board a ship in order to pass away the time. In short, my dear miss, I have a great deal of knowledge and experience in the world, therefore take my advice; divert yourself, and prevail upon each passenger to tell his story, and if there is one of them all that has not cursed his existence many times, and said to himself over and over again, that he was the most wretched of mortals, I give you leave to throw me head foremost into the sea.

C H A P. XIII.

How Candid was obliged to leave the fair Cunegund and the Old Woman,

THE fair Cunegund, being thus made acquainted with the history of the old woman's life and adventures, paid her all the respect and civility due to a person of her rank and merit. She very readily came into her proposal of engaging every one of the passengers to relate their adventures in their turns, and was at length, as well as Candid, compelled to acknowledge that the old woman was in the right. It is a thousand pities, said Candid, that the sage Pangloss should have been hanged contrary to the custom of an Auto-da-fe, for he would have read us a most admirable lecture on the moral and physical evil which overspread the earth and sea; and I think I should

have courage enough to presume to offer (with all due respect) some few objections.

While every one was reciting his adventures, the ship continued her way, and at length arrived at Buenos Ayres, where Cunegund, Captain Candid, and the old woman, landed and went to wait upon the Governor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza. This nobleman carried himself with a haughtiness suitable to a person who bore so many names. He spoke with the most noble disdain to every one, carried his nose so high, strained his voice to such a pitch, assumed so imperious an air, and stalked with so much loftiness and pride, that every one who had the honour of conversing with him were violently tempted to bastinado his excellency. He was immoderately fond of women, and Miss Cunegund appeared in his eyes a paragon of beauty. The first thing he did was to ask her if she was not the captain's wife? The air with which he made this demand alarmed Candid, who did not dare to say he was married to her, because, indeed, he was not; neither durst he say she was his sister, because she was not: and though a lye of this nature proved of great service to one of the ancients, and might possibly be useful to some of the moderns, yet the purity of his heart would not permit him to violate the truth. Miss Cunegund, replied he, is to do me the honour to marry me, and we humbly beseech your excellency to condescend to grace the ceremony with your presence.

Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, twirling his mustachio, and putting on a sarcastic smile, ordered Captain Candid to go and review his company. The gentle Candid obeyed, and the governor was left with
Miss

Miss Cunegund. He made her a strong declaration of love, protesting, that he was ready to give her his hand in the face of the church, or otherwise, as should appear most agreeable to a young lady of her prodigious beauty. Cunegund desired leave to retire a quarter of an hour to consult the old woman, and determine how she should proceed.

The old woman gave her the following counsel : Miss, you have seventy-two quarterings in your arms, it is true, but you have not a penny to bless yourself with : it is your own fault, if you are not wife to one of the greatest noblemen in South America, with an exceeding fine mustachio. What business have you to pride yourself upon an unshaken constancy ? You have been ravished by a Bulgarian soldier ; a Jew and an inquisitor have both tasted of your favours. People take advantage of misfortunes. I must confess, were I in your place, I should, without the least scruple, give my hand to the Governor, and thereby make the fortune of the brave Captain Candid. While the old woman was thus haranguing, with all the prudence that old age and experience furnish, a small bark entered the harbour, in which was an alcaide and his alguazils. Matters had fallen out as follows :

The old woman rightly guessed, that the Cordelier with the long sleeves was the person who had taken Miss Cunegund's money and jewels while they and Candid were at Badajoz, in their flight from Lisbon. This same friar attempted to sell some of the diamonds to a jeweller, who presently knew them to have belonged to the Grand Inquisitor, and stopped them. The Cordelier, before he was hanged, acknowledged that he had
stolen

stolen them, and described the persons, and the road they had taken. The flight of Cunegund and Candid was already the town-talk. They sent in pursuit of them to Cadiz; and the vessel which had been sent, to make the greater dispatch, had now reached the port of Buenos Ayres. A report was spread, that an alcayde was going to land, and that he was in pursuit of the murderers of my Lord the Inquisitor. The sage old woman immediately saw what was to be done. You cannot run away, said she to Cunegund; but you have nothing to fear; it was not you who killed my Lord Inquisitor: besides, as the Governor is in love with you, he will not suffer you to be ill-treated; therefore stand your ground. Then hurrying away to Candid, Be gone, said she, from hence this instant, or you will be burnt alive. Candid found there was no time to be lost; but how could he part from Cunegund, and whither must he fly for shelter?

C H A P. XIV.

The reception Candid and Cacambo met with among the Jesuits in Paraguay.

CANDID had brought with him from Cadiz such a footman as one often meets with on the coasts of Spain, and in the colonies. He was the fourth part of a Spaniard, of a mongrel breed, and born in Tucuman. He had successively gone through the profession of a singing boy, sexton, sailor, monk, pedlar, soldier, and lacquey. His name was Cacambo; he had a great affection for his

his master, because his master was a mighty good man. He immediately saddled the two Andalusian horses. Come, my good master, let us follow the old woman's advice, and make all the haste we can from this place, without staying to look behind us. Candid burst into a flood of tears: O, my dear Cunegund, must I then be compelled to quit you, just as the Governor was going to honour us with his presence at our wedding! Cunegund, so long lost, and found again, what will become of you? Lord! said Cacambo, she must do as well as she can; women are never at a loss. God takes care of them, and so let us make the best of our way. But whither wilt thou carry me? where can we go? what can we do without Cunegund? cried the disconsolate Candid. By St. James of Compostella, said Cacambo, you was going to fight against the Jesuits of Paraguay; now, let us e'en go and fight for them: I know the road perfectly well; I'll conduct you to their kingdom; they will be delighted with a Captain that understands the Bulgarian exercise; you will certainly make a prodigious fortune. If we cannot find our account in one world, we may in another. It is a great pleasure to see new objects, and perform new exploits.

Then you have been in Paraguay? said Candid. Ay, marry, have I, replied Cacambo: I was a scout in the college of the Assumption, and am as well acquainted with the new government of Los Padres, as I am with the streets of Cadiz. Oh it is an admirable government, that is most certain! The kingdom is at present upwards of three hundred leagues in diameter, and divided into thirty provinces; the fathers are there masters of every thing, and the people have no money at all;

all; this, you must allow, is the master-piece of justice and reason. For my part, I see nothing so divine as the good fathers, who wage war in this part of the world against the troops of Spain and Portugal, at the same time that they hear the confessions of those very princes in Europe; who kill Spaniards in America, and send them to heaven at Madrid. This pleases me exceedingly, but let us push forward; you are going to see the happiest and most fortunate of all mortals. How charmed will those fathers be to hear that a Captain who understands the Bulgarian exercise is coming among them!

As soon as they reached the first barrier, Cacambo called to the advance-guard, and told them that a Captain wanted to speak to my Lord the General. Notice was given to the main-guard, and immediately a Paraguayan officer ran to throw himself at the feet of the commandant to impart this news to him. Candid and Cacambo were immediately disarmed, and their two Andalusian horses were seized. The two strangers are now conducted between two files of musqueteers, the commandant was at the farther end with a three-cornered cap on his head, his gown tucked up, a sword by his side, and an half pike in his hand; he made a sign, and instantly four-and-twenty soldiers drew up round the new comers. A serjeant told them that they must wait, the commandant could not speak to them; and that the reverend father provincial did not suffer any Spaniard to open his mouth but in his presence, or to stay above three hours in the province. And where is the reverend father provincial? said Cacambo. He is just come from mass, and is at the parade, replied the serjeant, and in about three hours

hours time, you may possibly have the honour to kiss his spurs. But, said Cacambo, the Captain, who, as well as myself, is perishing with hunger, is no Spaniard, but a German; therefore, pray, might we not be permitted to break our fast till we can be introduced to his Reverence?

The serjeant immediately went, and acquainted the commandant with what he heard. God be praised, said the reverend commandant, since he is a German, I will hear what he has to say; let him be brought to my arbour. Immediately they conducted Candid to a beautiful pavilion, adorned with a colonade of green marble, spotted with yellow, and with an intertexture of vines, which served as a kind of cage for parrots, humming birds, fly-birds, Guinea hens, and all other curious kinds of birds. An excellent breakfast was provided in vessels of gold; and while the Paraguayans were eating coarse Indian corn out of wooden dishes in the open air, and exposed to the burning heat of the sun, the reverend father commandant retired to his cool arbour.

He was a very handsome young man, round-faced, fair, and fresh-coloured, his eye-brows were finely arched, he had a piercing eye, the tips of his ears were red; his lips vermillion, and he had a bold and commanding air; but such a boldness as neither resembled that of a Spaniard nor of a Jesuit. He ordered Candid and Cacambo to have their arms restored to them, together with their two Andalusian horses. Cacambo gave the poor beasts some oats to eat close by the arbour, keeping a strict eye upon them all the while for fear of surprise.

Candid having kissed the hem of the commandant's robe, they sat down to table. It seems you

are a German, says the Jesuit to him in that language? Yes, reverend father, answered Candid. As they pronounced these words, they looked at each other with great amazement, and with an emotion that neither could conceal. From what part of Germany do you come, said the Jesuit? from the dirty province of Westphalia, answered Candid: I was born in the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh. Oh heavens! is it possible? said the commandant. What a miracle! cried Candid. Can it be you? said the commandant. On this they both retired a few steps backwards, then running into each others arms, embraced, and let fall a shower of tears. Is it you then, reverend father? You are the brother of the fair Miss Cunegund? you that was slain by the Bulgarians! you the baron's son! you a Jesuit in Paraguay! I must confess this is a strange world we live in. O Pangloss! Pangloss! what joy would this have given you, if you had not been hanged.

The commandant dismissed the negro slaves, and the Paraguayans, who presented them with liquor in crystal goblets. He returned thanks to God and St. Ignatius a thousand times; he clasped Candid in his arms, and both their faces were bathed in tears. You will be more surprised, more affected, more transported, said Candid, when I tell you that Miss Cunegund, your sister, whose belly was supposed to have been ript open, is in perfect health. Where? In your neighbourhood, with the Governor of Buenos Ayres; and I myself was going to fight against you. Every word they uttered during this long conversation was productive of some new matter of astonishment. Their souls fluttered on their tongues, listened in their ears, and sparkled in their eyes. Like true Germans,

Germans, they continued a long time at table, waiting for the reverend father; and the commandant spoke to his dear Candid as follows:

C H A P. XV.

How Candid killed the Brother of his dear Cune-gund.

NEVER while I live shall I lose the remembrance of that horrible day on which I saw my father and brother barbarously butchered before my eyes, and my sister ravished. When the Bulgarians retired, we searched in vain for my dear sister. She was no where to be found; but the bodies of my father, mother, and myself, with two servant maids, and three little boys, all of whom had been murdered by the remorseless enemy, were thrown into a cart, to be buried in a chapel belonging to the Jesuits, within two leagues of our family-seat. A Jesuit sprinkled us with some holy water, which was confounded salt, and a few drops of it went into my eyes: the father perceived that my eye-lids stirred a little; he put his hand upon my breast, and felt my heart beat; upon which he gave me proper assistance, and at the end of three weeks I was perfectly recovered. You know, my dear Candid, I was very handsome; I became still more so, and the reverend father Croust, superior of that house, took a great fancy to me; he gave me the habit of the order, and some years afterwards I was sent to Rome. Our general stood in need of new levies of young German Jesuits. The Sovereigns

of Paraguay admit of as few Spanish Jesuits as possible; they prefer those of other nations, as being more obedient to command. The reverend father general looked upon me as a proper person to work in that vineyard. I set out in company with a Polander and a Tyrolese. Upon my arrival, I was honoured with a subdeaconship and a lieutenancy. Now I am colonel and priest. We shall give a warm reception to the King of Spain's troops; I can assure you, they will be well excommunicated and beaten. Providence has sent you hither to assist us. But is it true that my dear sister Cunegund is in the neighbourhood with the governor of Buenos Ayres? Candid swore that nothing could be more true; and the tears began again to trickle down their cheeks.

The baron knew no end of embracing Candid: he called him his brother, his deliverer. Perhaps, said he, my dear Candid, we shall be fortunate enough to enter the town sword in hand, and recover my sister Cunegund. Ah! that would crown my wishes, replied Candid, for I intended to marry her; and I hope I shall still be able to effect it. Insolent fellow! replied the baron. You! you have the impudence to marry my sister, who bears seventy-two quarterings! really I think you have an insufferable degree of assurance, to dare so much as to mention such an audacious design to me. Candid, thunder-struck at the oddness of this speech, answered, Reverend Father, all the quarterings in the world are of no signification. I have delivered your sister from a Jew and an inquisitor; she is under many obligations to me, and she is resolved to give me her hand. My Master Pangloss always told me, that mankind are by nature equal. Therefore, you may depend

depend upon it, that I will marry your sister. We shall see that, villain! said the Jesuit baron of Thunder-ten-Tronckh, and struck him across the face with the flat side of his sword. Candid, in an instant, draws his rapier, and plunges it up to the hilt in the Jesuit's body; but, in pulling it out reeking hot, he burst into tears, Good God! cried he, I have killed my old master, my friend, my brother-in-law; I am the mildest man in the world, and yet I have already killed three men; and of these three two were priests.

Cacambo, who standing centry near the door of the harbour, instantly ran up. Nothing remains, said his master, but to sell our lives as dear as possible; they will undoubtedly look into the harbour; we must die sword in hand. Cacambo, who had seen many of these kind of adventures, was not discouraged! he stript the baron of his Jesuit's habit, and put it upon Candid, then gave him the dead man's three-cornered cap, and made him mount on horseback. All this was done as quick as thought. Gallop, master, cried Cacambo; every body will take you for a Jesuit going to give orders; and we shall have passed the frontiers before they will be able to overtake us. He flew as he spoke these words, crying out aloud in Spanish, Make way, make way for the reverend father, colonel.

C H A P. XVI.

What happened to our two travellers with two girls, two monkeys, and the savages, called Oreillons.

CANDID and his valet had already passed the frontiers before it was known that the German Jesuit was dead. The wary Cacambo had taken care to fill his wallet with bread, chocolate, some ham, some fruit, and a few bottles of wine. They penetrated with their Andalusian horses into a strange country, where they could discover no beaten path. At length, a beautiful meadow, intersected with purling rills, opened to their view. Cacambo proposed to his master to take some nourishment, and he set him an example. How can you desire me to feast upon ham, when I have killed the baron's son, and am doomed never more to see the beautiful Cunegund? what will it avail me to prolong a wretched life that might be spent far from her in remorse and despair; and then, what will the journal of Trevoux say *?

While he was making these reflections, he still continued eating. The sun was now on the point of setting, when the ears of our two wanderers were assailed with cries which seemed to be uttered by a female voice. They could not tell whether these were cries of grief or joy: however, they instantly

* A periodical Critique on the works of the learned, executed by Jesuits.

ly started up, full of that inquietude and apprehension which a strange place naturally inspires. The cries proceeded from two young women who were tripping stark naked along the mead, while two monkeys followed close at their heels biting their buttocks. Candid was touched with compassion; he had learned to shoot while he was among the Bulgarians, and he could hit a filbert in a hedge without touching a leaf. Accordingly, he takes up his double barrel Spanish fusil, pulls the trigger, and lays the two monkeys lifeless on the ground. God be praised, my dear Cacambo, I have rescued two poor girls from a most perilous situation: if I have committed a sin in killing an inquisitor and a Jesuit, I made ample amends by saving the lives of these two distressed damsels. Who knows but they may be young ladies of a good family, and that this assistance I have been so happy to give them may procure us great advantage in this country.

He was about to continue, when he felt himself struck speechless at seeing the two girls embracing the dead bodies of the monkeys in the tenderest manner, bathing their wounds with their tears, and rending the air with the most doleful lamentations. Really, said he to Cacambo, I should not have expected to see such a prodigious share of good nature. Master, replied the knowing valet, you have made a precious piece of work of it; do you know that you have killed the lovers of these two ladies! Their lovers! Cacambo; you are jesting! it cannot be! I can never believe it. Dear Sir, replied Cacambo, you are surpris'd at every thing; why should you think it so strange, that there should be a country where monkeys insinuate themselves into the good graces of the ladies; they are

are the fourth part of a man as I am the fourth-part of a Spaniard? Alas! replied Candid, I remember to have heard my master Pangloss say, that such accidents as these frequently came to pass in former times, and that these commixtures are productive of centaurs, fauns, and satyrs; and that many of the ancients had seen such monsters: but I looked upon the whole as fabulous. Now you are convinced, said Cacambo, that it is very true, and you see what use is made of those creatures by persons who have not had a proper education: all I am afraid of is, that these same ladies will play us some ugly trick.

These judicious reflections operated so far on Candid, as to make him quit the meadow and strike into a thicket. There he and Cacambo supped, and after heartily cursing the grand inquisitor, the governor of Buenos Ayres, and the baron, they fell asleep on the ground. When they awoke, they were surprised to find that they could not move; the reason was, that the Oreillons who inhabit that country, and to whom the ladies had given information of these two strangers, had bound them with cords made of the bark of trees. They saw themselves surrounded by fifty naked Oreillons armed with bows and arrows, clubs, and hatchets of flint; some were making a fire under a large caldron; and others were preparing spits, crying out one and all, A Jesuit! a Jesuit! we shall be revenged; we shall have excellent cheer; let us eat this Jesuit; let us eat him up.

I told you, master, cried Cacambo mournfully, that these two wenches would play us some scurvy trick. Candid seeing the cauldron and the spits, cried out, I suppose they are going either to boil or roast us. Ah! what would Pangloss say if he was

was to see how pure nature is formed ! Every thing is right : it may be so : but I must confess it is something hard to be bereft of dear Miss Cunegund, and to be spitted like a rabbit by these barbarous Oreillons. Cacambo, who never lost his presence of mind in distress, said to the disconsolate Candid, Do not despair ; I understand a little of the jargon of these people ; I will speak to them. Ay, pray do, said Candid, and be sure you make them sensible of the horrid barbarity of boiling and roasting of human creatures, and how little of Christianity there is in such practices.

Gentlemen, said Cacambo, you think perhaps you are going to feast upon a Jesuit ; if so, it is mighty well ; nothing can be more agreeable to justice than thus to treat your enemies. Indeed, the law of nature teaches us to kill our neighbour, and accordingly we find this practised all over the world ; and if we do not indulge ourselves in eating human flesh, it is because we have much better fare ; but for your parts, who have not such resources as we, it is certainly much better judged to feast upon your enemies than to throw their bodies to the fowls of the air ; and thus lose all the fruits of your victory. But surely, gentlemen, you would not chuse to eat your friends. You imagine you are going to roast a Jesuit, whereas my master is your friend, your defender, and you are going to spit the very man who has been destroying your enemies : as to myself, I am your countryman ; this gentleman is my master, and so far from being a Jesuit, give me leave to tell you, he has very lately killed one of that order, whose spoils he now wears, and which have probably occasioned your mistake. To convince you of the truth of what I say, take the habit he has now on,

and carry it to the first barrier of the Jesuits kingdom, and enquire whether my master did not kill one of their officers. There will be little or no time lost by this, and you may still reserve our bodies in your power to feast on, if you should find what we have told you to be false. But, on the contrary, if you find it to be true, I am persuaded you are too well acquainted with the principles of the laws of society, humanity, and justice, not to use us courteously, and suffer us to depart unhurt.

This speech appeared very reasonable to the Oreillons; they deputed two of their people with all expedition to inquire into the truth of this affair, who acquitted themselves of their commission like men of sense, and soon returned with good tidings for our distressed adventurers. Upon this, they were both loosed, and those who were going so lately to roast and boil them, now shewed them all sorts of civilities, offered them girls, gave them refreshments, and reconducted them to the confines of their country, crying before them all the way, in token of joy, He is no Jesuit, he is no Jesuit.

Candid could not help admiring the cause of his deliverance. What men! what manners! cried he: if I had not fortunately run my sword up to the hilt in the body of Miss Cunegund's brother, I should have infallibly been eaten alive. But, after all, pure nature is an excellent thing; since these people, instead of eating me, shewed me a thousand civilities, as soon as they knew I was not a Jesuit.

C H A P. XVII.

Candid and his valet arrive in the country of El Dorado. What they saw there.

WHEN they got to the frontiers of the Oreillons, You see, said Cacambo to Candid, this hemisphere is not better than the other: e'en take my advice, and let us return to Europe by the shortest way possible. But how can we get back? said Candid; and whither shall we go? To my own country? the Bulgarians and the Abares are laying that waste with fire and sword: Or shall we go to Portugal? there I shall be burnt; and if we abide here, we are every moment in danger of being spitted. But how can I bring myself to quit that part of the world where my dear Miss Cunegund has her residence?

Let us turn towards Cayenne, said Cacambo; there we shall meet with some Frenchmen; for you know those gentry ramble all over the world; perhaps they will assist us, and God will look with pity on our distress.

It was not so easy to get to Cayenne. They knew pretty nearly whereabouts it lay; but the mountains, rivers, precipices, robbers, savages, were dreadful obstacles in the way. Their horses died with fatigue, and their provisions were at an end. They subsisted a whole month upon wild fruit, till at length they came to a little river bordered with cocoa-trees; the sight of which at once

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revived

revived their drooping spirits, and furnished nourishment for their enfeebled bodies.

Cacambo, who was always giving as good advice as the old woman herself, said to Candid, You see there is no holding out any longer; we have travelled enough on foot. I spy an empty canoe near the river side; let us fill it with cocoa nuts, get into it, and go down with the stream; a river always leads to some inhabited place. If we do not meet with agreeable things, we shall at least meet with something new. Agreed, replied Candid; let us recommend ourselves to Providence.

They rowed a few leagues down the river, the banks of which were in some places covered with flowers; in others barren; in some parts smooth and level, and in others steep and rugged. The stream widened as they went farther on, till at length it passed under one of the frightful rocks, whose summits seemed to reach the clouds. Here our two travellers had the courage to commit themselves to the stream, which, contracting in this part, hurried them along with a dreadful noise and rapidity. At the end of four-and-twenty hours, they saw day-light again; but their canoe was dashed to pieces against the rocks. They were obliged to creep along, from rock to rock, for the space of a league, till at last a spacious plain presented itself to their sight. This place was bounded by a chain of inaccessible mountains. The country appeared cultivated equally for pleasure, and to produce the necessaries of life. The useful and agreeable were here equally blended. The roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages formed of glittering materials, in which were men and women of a surprising beauty, drawn with great rapidity by red sheep of a very large size;

size; which far surpassed the finest coursers of Andalusia, Tetuan, or Mequinez.

Here is a country, however, said Candid, preferable to Westphalia. He and Cacambo landed near the first village they saw, at the entrance of which they perceived some children covered with tattered garments of the richest brocade, playing at quoits. Our two inhabitants of the other hemisphere amused themselves greatly with what they saw. The quoits were large, round pieces, yellow, red, and green, which cast a most glorious lustre. Our travellers picked some of them up; and they proved to be gold, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds; the least of which would have been the greatest ornament to the superb throne of the great Mogul. Without doubt, said Cacambo, those children must be the king's sons, that are playing at quoits. As he was uttering these words, the school-master of the village appeared, who came to call them to school. There, said Candid, is the preceptor of the royal family.

The little raggamuffins immediately quitted their diversion, leaving the quoits on the ground with all their other play-things. Candid gathers them up, runs to the schoolmaster, and, with a most respectful bow, presents them to him, giving him to understand by signs, that their royal highnesses had forgot their gold and precious stones. The schoolmaster, with a smile, flung them upon the ground, then examining Candid from head to foot, with an air of admiration, he turned his back, and went on his way.

Our travellers took care, however, to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds. Where are we? cried Candid: The king's children in this country must have an excellent education, since

since they are taught to show such a contempt for gold and precious stones. Cacambo was as much surprised as his master. They then drew near the first house in the village, which was built after the manner of a European palace. There was a crowd of people about the door, and a still greater number in the house. The sound of the most delightful instruments of music was heard, and the most agreeable smell came from the kitchen. Cacambo went up to the door, and heard those within talking in the Peruvian language, which was his mother tongue; for every one knows that Cacambo was born in a village of Tucuman, where no other language is spoken. I will be your interpreter here, said he to Candid, let us go in; this is an eating-house.

Immediately two waiters, and two servant-girls, dressed in cloth of gold, and their hair braided with ribbands of tiffue, accost the strangers, and invite them to sit down to the ordinary. Their dinner consisted of four dishes of different soups, each garnished with two young paroquets, a large dish of bouille, that weighed two hundred weight, two roasted monkeys of a delicious flavour, three hundred humming birds in one dish, and six hundred fly-birds in another; some excellent ragouts, delicate tarts, and the whole served up in dishes of rock-chrystal. Several sorts of liquors, extracted from the sugar-cane, were handed about by the servants who attended.

Most of the company were chapmen and waggoners, all extremely polite: they asked Cacambo a few questions, with the utmost discretion and circumspection; and replied to his in a most obliging and satisfactory manner.

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As soon as dinner was over, both Candid and Cacambo thought they should pay very handsomely for their entertainment, by laying down two of those large gold pieces, which they had picked off the ground; but the landlord and landlady burst into a fit of laughing, and held their sides for some time. When the fit was over: Gentlemen, said the landlord, I plainly perceive you are strangers, and such we are not accustomed to see; pardon us, therefore, for laughing, when you offered us the common pebbles of our high-ways for payment of your reckoning. To be sure, you have none of the coin of this kingdom; but there is no necessity of having any money at all to dine in this house. All the inns, which are established for the conveniency of those who carry on the trade of this nation, are maintained by the government. You have found but very indifferent entertainment here; because this is only a poor village; but in almost every other of these public houses, you will meet with a reception worthy of persons of your merit. Cacambo explained the whole of this speech of the landlord to Candid, who listened to it with the same astonishment with which his friend communicated it. What sort of a country is this, said the one to the other, that is unknown to all the world, and in which Nature has every where so different an appearance to what she has in ours? Possibly this is that part of the globe where every thing is right, for there must certainly be some such place; and, for all that Mr Pangloss could say, I often perceived that things went very ill in Westphalia.

C H A P. XVIII.

What they saw in the Country of El Dorado.

CACAMBO vented all his curiosity upon his landlord by a thousand different questions; the honest man answered him thus: I am very ignorant, Sir, but I am contented with my ignorance; however, we have in this neighbourhood an old man retired from court, who is the most learned and communicative person in the whole kingdom. He then carried Cacambo to the old man; Candid acted now only a second character, and attended his valet. They entered a very plain house, for the door was nothing but silver, and the cieling was only of beaten gold, but wrought in so elegant a taste as to vie with the richest. The antichamber, indeed, was only incrusted with rubies and emeralds; but the order in which every thing was disposed made amends for this great simplicity.

The old man received the strangers on his sofa, which was stuffed with humming birds feathers; and ordered his servants to present them with liquors in golden goblets, after which he satisfied their curiosity in the following terms:

I am now one hundred and seventy-two years old; and I learnt of my late father, who was equerry to the king, the amazing revolutions of Peru, to which he had been an eye-witness. This kingdom is the ancient patrimony of the Incas, who very imprudently quitted it to conquer another part of the world, and were at length conquered and destroyed themselves by the Spaniards.

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Those princes of their family, who remained in their native country, acted more wisely. They ordained, with the consent of their whole nation, that none of the inhabitants of our little kingdom should ever quit it; and to this wise ordinance we owe the preservation of our innocence and happiness. The Spaniards had some confused notion of this country, to which they gave the name of El Dorado; and Sir Walter Raleigh, an Englishman, actually came very near it, about three hundred years ago: but the inaccessible rocks and precipices, with which our country is surrounded on all sides, has hitherto secured us from the rapacious fury of the people of Europe, who have an unaccountable fondness for the pebbles and dirt of our land, for the sake of which they would murder us all to the very last man.

The conversation lasted some time, and turned chiefly on the form of government, their manners, their women, their public diversions, and the arts. At length, Candid, who had always had a taste for metaphysics, asked whether the people of that country had any religion?

The old man reddened a little at this question: Can you doubt it? said he; do you take us for wretches lost to all sense of gratitude? Cacambo asked in a respectful manner what was the established religion of El Dorado: The old man blushed again, and said, Can there be two religions, then? Ours, I apprehend, is the religion of the whole world; we worship God from morning till night. Do you worship but one God? said Cacambo, who still acted as the interpreter of Candid's doubts. Certainly, said the old man; there are not two, nor three, nor four Gods. I must confess the people of your world ask very extra-

Ordinary questions. However, Candid could not refrain from making many more enquiries of the old man; he wanted to know in what manner they prayed to God in El Dorado. We do not pray to him at all, said the reverend sage; we have nothing to ask of him, he has given us all we want, and we give him thanks incessantly. Candid had a curiosity to see some of their priests, and desired Cacambo to ask the old man where they were? At which, he smiling, said, My friends, we are all of us priests; the king, and all the heads of families, sing solemn hymns of thanksgiving every morning, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians. What! says Cacambo, have you no monks among you, to dispute, to govern, to intrigue, and to burn people who are not of the same opinion with themselves? Do you take us for fools? said the old man: here we are all of one opinion, and know not what you mean by your monks. During the whole of this discourse Candid was in raptures, and he said to himself, What a prodigious difference is there between this place and Westphalia, and this house and the baron's castle! Ah, Mr Pangloss! had you ever seen El Dorado, you would no longer have maintained, that the castle of Thunder-ten-Tronckh was the finest of all possible edifices: there is nothing like seeing the world, that's certain.

This long conversation being ended, the old man ordered six sheep to be harnessed, and put to the coach, and sent twelve of his servants to escort the travellers to court. Excuse me, said he, for not waiting on you in person; my age deprives me of that honour. The king will receive you in such a manner, that you will have no reason to complain; and doubtless you will make a proper allowance

allowance for the customs of the country, if they should not happen altogether to please you.

Candid and Cacambo got into the coach, the six sheep flew, and, in less than a quarter of an hour, they arrived at the king's palace, which was situated at the farther end of the capital. At the entrance was a portal two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred wide; but it is impossible for words to express the materials of which it was built. The reader, however, will readily conceive, they must have a prodigious superiority over the pebbles and sand, which we call gold and precious stones.

Twenty beautiful young virgins in-waiting received Candid and Cacambo, at their alighting from the coach, conducted them to the bath, and clad them in robes wove of the down of humming birds; after which they were introduced by the great officers of the crown of both sexes to the king's apartment, between two files of musicians each file consisting of a thousand, agreeable to the custom of the country. When they drew near to the presence chamber, Cacambo asked one of the officers in what manner they were to pay their obeisance to his Majesty: whether it was the custom to fall upon their knees, or to prostrate themselves upon the ground? whether they were to put their hands upon their heads, or behind their backs? whether they were to lick the dust off the floor? in short, what was the ceremony usual on such occasions? The custom, said the great officer, is to embrace the king, and kiss him on each cheek. Candid and Cacambo accordingly threw their arms round his Majesty's neck, who received them in the most gracious manner imaginable,

ginable, and very politely asked them to sup with him.

While supper was preparing, orders were given to show them the city, where they saw public structures, that reared their lofty heads to the clouds; the market-places decorated with a thousand columns; fountains of spring-water, besides others of rose-water, and of liquors drawn from the sugar-cane, incessantly flowing in the great squares; which were paved with a kind of precious stones, that emitted an odour like that of cloves and cinnamon. Candid asked to see the high court of justice, the parliament; but was answered, that they have none in that country, being utter strangers to law-suits. He then enquired, if they had any prisons; they replied, none. But what gave him at once the greatest surprize and pleasure was, the palace of sciences, where he saw a gallery two thousand feet long, filled with the various apparatus in mathematics and natural philosophy.

After having spent the whole afternoon in seeing only about the thousandth part of the city, they were brought back to the king's palace. Candid sat down at the table with his Majesty, his valet Cacambo, and several ladies of the Court. Never was entertainment more elegant, nor could any one possibly show more wit than his Majesty displayed while they were at supper. Cacambo explained all the king's bons mots to Candid, and, although they were translated, they still appeared to be bons mots. Of all the things that surprised Candid, this was not the least. They spent a whole month in this hospitable place, during which time, Candid was continually saying to Cacambo, I own, my friend, once more, that the
castle

castle where I was born is a mere nothing, in comparison of the place where we now are ; but still Miss Cunegund is not here, and you yourself have doubtless some fair one for whom you sigh in Europe. If we remain here, we shall only be as others are ; whereas, if we return to our own world with only a dozen of El Dorado sheep, loaded with the pebbles of this country, we shall be richer than all the kings in Europe ; we shall no longer need to stand in awe of the inquisitors ; and we may easily recover Miss Cunegund.

This speech was perfectly agreeable to Cacambo. A fondness for roving, for making a figure in their own country, and for boasting of what they had seen in their travels, was so prevalent in our two wanderers, that they resolved to be no longer happy ; and demanded permission of the king to quit the country.

You are about to do a rash and silly action, said the king ; I am sensible my kingdom is an inconsiderable spot ; but when people are tolerably at their ease in any place, I should think it would be their interest to remain there. Most assuredly, I have no right to detain you or any strangers against your wills ; this is an act of tyranny to which our manners and our laws are equally repugnant : all men are by nature free ; you have therefore an undoubted liberty to depart whenever you please, but you will have many and great difficulties to encounter in passing the frontiers. It is impossible to ascend that rapid river which runs under high and vaulted rocks, and by which you were conveyed hither by a kind of miracle. The mountains by which my kingdom is hemmed in on all sides, are ten thousand feet high, and perfectly perpendicular ; they are above ten leagues over each, and the

the descent from them is one continued precipice. However, since you are determined to leave us, I will immediately give orders to the superintendant of my carriages to cause one to be made that will convey you very safe. When they have conducted you to the back of the mountains, no body can attend you farther; for my subjects have made a vow never to quit the kingdom, and they are too prudent to break it: Ask me whatever else you please. All we shall ask of your Majesty, said Cacambo, is only a few sheep laden with provisions, pebbles, and the clay of your country. The king smiled at the request, and said, I cannot imagine what pleasure you Europeans find in our yellow clay; but take away as much of it as you will, and much good may it do you.

He immediately gave orders to his engineers to make a machine to hoist these two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thousand good mathematicians went to work and finished it in about fifteen days; and it did not cost more than twenty millions sterling of that country money. Candid and Cacambo were placed on this machine, and they took with them two large red sheep, bridled and saddled, to ride upon, when they got on the other side of the mountains; twenty others to serve as sumpters for carrying provisions; thirty laden with presents of whatever was most curious in the country; and fifty with gold, diamonds, and other precious stones. The king, at parting with our two adventurers, embraced them with the greatest cordiality.

It was a curious sight to behold the manner of their setting off, and the ingenious method by which they and their sheep were hoisted to the top of the mountains. The mathematicians and engineers

neers took leave of them as soon as they had conveyed them to a place of safety, and Candid was wholly occupied with the thoughts of presenting his sheep to Miss Cunegund. Now, says he, thanks to heaven, we have more than sufficient to pay the governor of Buenos Ayres for Miss Cunegund, if she is redeemable. Let us make the best of our way to Cayenne, where we will take shipping, and then we may at leisure think of what kingdom we shall purchase with our riches.

C H A P. XIX.

What happened to them at Surinam, and how Candid came acquainted with Martin.

OUR travellers first day's journey was very pleasant; they were elated with the prospect of possessing more riches than were to be found in Europe, Asia, and Africa together. Candid, in amorous transports, cut the name of Miss Cunegund on almost every tree he came to. The second day, two of their sheep sunk into a morass, and were swallowed up with their lading; two more died of fatigue; some few days afterwards, seven or eight perished with hunger in a desert, and others, at different times, tumbled down precipices, or were otherwise lost; so that, after travelling about an hundred days, they had only two sheep left of the hundred and two they brought with them from Eldorado. Said Candid to Cacambo, You see, my dear friend, how perishable the riches of this world are; there is nothing solid but virtue. Very true, said

said Cacambo; but we have still two sheep remaining, with more treasure than ever the king of Spain will be possessed of; and I espy a town at a distance, which I take to be Surinam, a town belonging to the Dutch. We are now at the head of our troubles, and at the beginning of happiness.

As they drew near the town, they saw a negro stretched on the ground with only one half of his habit, which was a kind of linen frock; for the poor man had lost his left leg, and his right hand. Good God, said Candid in Dutch, what dost thou here, friend, in this deplorable condition? I am waiting for my master Mynheer Vanderdendur, the famous trader, answered the negro. Was it Mynheer Vanderdendur that used you in this cruel manner? Yes, Sir, said the negro; it is the custom here. They give a linen garment twice a-year, and that is all our covering. When we labour in the sugar-works, and the mill happens to snatch hold of a finger, they instantly chop off our hand; and when we attempt to run away, they cut off a leg. Both these cases have happened to me, and it is at this expence that you eat sugar in Europe; and yet when my mother sold me for ten patacoons on the coast of Guinea, she said to me, My dear child, bless our fetiches; adore them forever; they will make thee live happy; thou hast the honour to be a slave to our lords the whites, by which thou wilt make the fortune of us thy parents. Alas! I know not whether I have made their fortunes; but they have not made mine: dogs, monkeys, and parrots, are a thousand times less wretched than me. The Dutch fetiches who converted me, tell me every Sunday, that the blacks and whites are all children of one father, whom they call Adam. As for me, I do not understand any thing

thing of genealogies; but if what these preachers say is true, we are all second cousins; and you must allow, that it is impossible to be worse treated by our relations than we are.

O Pangloss! cried out Candid, such horrid doings never entered thy imagination. Here is an end of the matter; I find myself, after all, obliged to renounce thy Optimism. Optimism! said Cacambo, what is that? Alas! replied Candid, it is the obstinacy of maintaining that every thing is best when it is worst: and so saying, he turned his eyes towards the poor negro, and shed a flood of tears; and in this weeping mood he entered the town of Surinam.

Immediately upon their arrival, our travellers enquired if there was any vessel in the harbour which they might send to Buenos Ayres. The person they addressed themselves to happened to be the master of a Spanish bark, who offered to agree with them on moderate terms, and appointed them a meeting at a public house. Thither Candid and his faithful Cacambo went to wait for him, taking with them their two sheep.

Candid, who was all frankness and sincerity, made an ingenuous recital of his adventures to the Spaniard, declaring to him at the same time his resolution of carrying off Miss Cunegund from the governor of Buenos Ayres. O ho! said the ship-master, if that is the case, get whom you please to carry you to Buenos Ayres; for my part, I wash my hands of the affair: It would prove a hanging matter to us all: The fair Cunegund is the governor's favourite mistress. These words were like a clap of thunder to Candid; he wept bitterly for a long time, and, taking Cacambo aside, he says to him, I'll tell you, my dear friend, what you

must do : We have each of us in our pockets to the value of five or six millions in diamonds ; you are cleverer at these matters than I ; you must go to Buenos Ayres and bring off Miss Cunegund. If the governor makes any difficulty, give him a million ; if he holds out, give him two ; as you have not killed an inquisitor, they will have no suspicion of you : I'll fit out another ship and go to Venice, where I will wait for you : Venice is a free country, where we shall have nothing to fear from Bulgarians, Abares, Jews, or inquisitors. Cacambo greatly applauded this wise resolution. He was inconsolable at the thoughts of parting with so good a master, who treated him more like an intimate friend than a servant ; but the pleasure of being able to do him a service soon got the better of his sorrow. They embraced each other with a flood of tears. Candid charged him not to forget the old woman. Cacambo set out the same day. This Cacambo was a very honest fellow.

Candid continued some days longer at Surinam, waiting for any captain to carry him and his two remaining sheep to Italy. He hired domestics, and purchased many things necessary for a long voyage ; at length, Mynheer Vanderdendur, skipper of a large Dutch vessel, came and offered his service. What will you have, said Candid, to carry me, my servants, my baggage, and these two sheep you see here, directly to Venice ? The skipper asked ten thousand piaftres ; and Candid agreed to his demand without hesitation.

Ho, ho ! said the cunning Vanderdendur to himself, this stranger must be very rich ; he agrees to give me ten thousand piaftres without hesitation. Returning a little while after, he tells Candid, that upon second consideration he could not undertake the

the voyage for less than twenty thousand. Very well, you shall have them, said Candid.

Zounds! said the skipper to himself, this man agrees to pay twenty thousand piaſtres with as much ease as ten. Accordingly he goes back again, and tells him roundly that he will not carry him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piaſtres. Then you shall have thirty thousand, said Candid.

Odso! said the Dutchman once more to himself, thirty thousand piaſtres seem a trifle to this man. Those sheep must certainly be laden with an immense treasure. I'll e'en stop here and ask no more; but make him pay down the thirty thousand piaſtres, and then we may see what is to be done farther. Candid sold two small diamonds, the least of which was worth more than all the skipper asked. He paid him before hand, the two sheep were put on board, and Candid followed in a small boat to join the vessel in the road. The skipper takes his opportunity, hoists his sails, and puts out to sea with a favourable wind. Candid, confounded and amazed, soon lost sight of the ship. Alas! said he, this is a trick like those in our old world! He returns back to the shore overwhelmed with grief; and, indeed, he had lost what would have been the fortune of twenty monarchs.

Immediately upon his landing, he applied to the Dutch magistrate: being transported with passion, he thunders at the door, which being opened, he goes in, tells his case, and talks a little louder than was necessary. The magistrate began with fining him ten thousand piaſtres for his petulance, and then listened very patiently to what he had to say, promised to examine into the affair at the skipper's return, and ordered him to pay ten thousand piaſtres more for the fees of the court.

This treatment put Candid out of all patience; it is true, he had suffered misfortunes a thousand times more grievous; but the cool insolence of the judge, and the villainy of the skipper, raised his choler and threw him into a deep melancholy. The villainy of mankind presented itself to his mind in all its deformity, and his soul was a prey to the most gloomy ideas. After some time, hearing that the captain of a French ship was ready to set sail for Bourdeaux, as he had no more sheep loaded with diamonds to put on board, he hired the cabin at the usual price; and made it known in the town that he would pay the passage and board of any honest man who would give him his company during the voyage; besides making him a present of ten thousand piastres, on condition that such person was the most dissatisfied with his condition, and the most unfortunate in the whole province.

Upon this, there appeared such a crowd of candidates, that a large fleet could not have contained them. Candid, willing to chuse from among those who appeared most likely to answer his intention, selected twenty, who seemed to him the most sociable, and who all pretended to merit the preference. He invited them to his inn, and promised to treat them with a supper, on condition that every man should bind himself by an oath to relate his own history; declaring at the same time, that he would make choice of that person who should appear to him the most deserving of compassion, and the most justly dissatisfied with his condition of life; and that he would make a present to the rest.

This extraordinary assembly continued sitting till four in the morning. Candid, while he was listening

listening to their adventures, called to mind what the old woman had said to him in their voyage to Buenos Ayres, and the wager she had laid, that there was not a person on board the ship but had met with some great misfortune. Every story he heard put him in mind of Pangloss. My old master, said he, would be confoundedly put to it to demonstrate his favourite system. Would he were here! Certainly if every thing is for the best, it is in Eldorado, and not in the other parts of the world. At length he determined in favour of a poor scholar, who had laboured ten years for the booksellers at Amsterdam; being of opinion, that no employment could be more detestable.

This scholar, who was in fact a very honest man, had been robbed by his wife, beat by his son, and forsaken by his daughter, who had run away with a Portuguese. He had been likewise deprived of a small employment on which he subsisted, and he was persecuted by the clergy of Surinam, who took him for a Socinian. It must be acknowledged, that the other competitors were, at least, as wretched as he; but Candid was in hopes, that the company of a man of letters would relieve the tediousness of the voyage. All the other candidates complained that Candid had done them great injustice; but he stopped their mouths by a present of an hundred piastres to each.

C H A P. XX.

What befel Candid and Martin on their Passage.

THE old philosopher, whose name was Martin, took shipping with Candid for Bourdeaux. They both had seen and suffered a great deal; and had the ship been to go from Surinam to Japan round the Cape of Good Hope, they could have found sufficient entertainment for each other during the whole voyage, in discoursing upon moral and natural evil.

Candid, however, had one advantage over Martin: he lived in the pleasing hopes of seeing Miss Cunegund once more; whereas the poor philosopher had nothing to hope for: besides, Candid had money and jewels, and, notwithstanding he had lost an hundred red sheep, laden with the greatest treasure on the earth, and though he still smarted from the reflection of the Dutch skipper's knavery, yet when he considered what he had still left, and repeated the name of Cunegund, especially after meal times, he inclined to Pangloss's doctrine.

And pray, said he to Martin, what is your opinion of the whole of this system? what notion have you of moral and natural evil? Sir, replied Martin, our priest accused me of being a Socinian; but the real truth is, I am a Manichæan. Nay, now you are jesting, said Candid; there are no Manichæans existing at present in the world.

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And yet I am one, said Martin ; but I cannot help it ; I cannot for the soul of me think otherwise. Surely the devil must be in you, said Candid. He concerns himself so much, replied Martin, in the affairs of this world, that it is very probable he may be in me as well as every where else ; but I must confess, when I cast my eye on this globe, or rather globule, I cannot help thinking, that God has abandoned it to some malignant being. I always except El Dorado. I scarce ever knew a city that did not wish the destruction of its neighbouring city ; nor a family that did not desire to exterminate some other family. The poor, in all parts of the world, bear an inveterate hatred to the rich, even while they creep and cringe to them ; and the rich treat the poor like sheep, whose wool and flesh they barter for money : a million of regimented assassins traverse Europe from one end to the other, to get their bread by regular depredation and murder, because it is the most gentleman like profession. Even in those cities which seem to enjoy the blessings of peace, and where the arts flourish, the inhabitants are devoured with envy, care, and inquietudes, which are greater plagues than any experienced in a town besieged. Private chagrins are still more dreadful than public calamities. In a word, concluded the philosopher, I have seen and suffered so much, that I am a Manichæan.

And yet there is some good in the world, replied Candid. May be so, said Martin, but it has escaped my knowledge.

While they were deeply engaged in this dispute they heard the report of a cannon, which redoubled every moment. Each takes out his glass, and they espy two ships warmly engaged at
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the distance of about three miles. The wind brought them both so near the French ship, that those on board her had the pleasure of seeing the fight with great ease. After several smart broadsides, the one gave the other a shot between wind and water, which sunk her outright. Then could Candid and Martin plainly perceive an hundred men on the deck of the vessel which was sinking, who, with hands uplifted to heaven, sent forth piercing cries, and were in a moment swallowed up by the waves.

Well, said Martin, you now see in what manner mankind treat each other. It is certain, said Candid, that there is something diabolical in this affair. As he was speaking thus, he spied something of a shining red hue, which swam close to the vessel. The boat was hoisted out to see what it might be, when it proved to be one of his sheep. Candid felt more joy at the recovery of this one animal than he did grief, when he lost the other hundred, though laden with the large diamonds of El Dorado.

The French captain quickly perceived that the victorious ship belonged to the crown of Spain; that the other was a Dutch pirate, and the very same captain who had robbed Candid. The immense riches which this villain had amassed were buried with him in the deep, and only this one sheep saved out of the whole. You see, said Candid to Martin, that vice is sometimes punished: this villain, the Dutch skipper, has met with the fate he deserved. Very true, said Martin; but why should the passengers be doomed also to destruction? God has punished the knave, and the devil has drowned the rest.

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The French and Spanish ships continued their cruise, and Candid and Martin their conversation. They disputed fourteen days successively, at the end of which they were just as far advanced as the first moment they began. However, they had the satisfaction of disputing, of communicating their ideas, and of mutually comforting each other. Candid embraced his sheep with transport: Since I have found thee again, said he, I may possibly find my Cunegund once more.

C H A P. XXI.

Candid and Martin, while thus reasoning with each other, draw near to the Coast of France.

AT length they descried the coast of France, when Candid said to Martin, Pray, Mr. Martin, was you ever in France? Yes, Sir, said Martin, I have been in several provinces of that kingdom. In some, one half of the people are fools and madmen; in some, they are too artful; in others, again, they are, in general, either very good-natured or very brutal; while in others, they affect to be witty, and in all, their ruling passion is love, the next is slander, and the last is to talk nonsense. But pray, Mr Martin, was you ever in Paris? Yes, Sir, I have been in that city, and it is a place that contains the several species just described; it is a chaos, a confused multitude, where every one seeks for pleasure, without being able to find it; at least, as far as I have observed during my short stay in that city.

At my arrival, I was robbed of all I had in the world by pick-pockets and sharpers, at the fair of St. Germain. I was taken up myself for a robber, and confined in prison a whole week; after which I hired myself as corrector to a press, in order to get a little money towards defraying my expences back to Holland on foot. I knew the whole tribe of scribblers, malcontents, and fanatics. It is said the people of that city are very polite; I believe they may.

For my part, I have no curiosity to see France, said Candid; you may easily conceive, my friend, that, after spending a month at El Dorado, I can desire to behold nothing upon earth but Miss Cunegund; I am going to wait for her at Venice; I intend to pass through France, in my way to Italy; will you not bear me company? With all my heart, said Martin: they say Venice is agreeable to none but noble Venetians; but that, nevertheless, strangers are well received there, when they have plenty of money; now I have none, but you have, therefore I will attend you whither you please. Now, we are upon this subject, said Candid, Do you think that the earth was originally sea, as we read in that great book which belongs to the captain of the ship? I believe nothing of it, replied Martin, any more than I do of the many other chimeras which have been related to us for some time past. But then, to what end, said Candid, was the world formed? To make us mad, said Martin. Are you not surprised, continued Candid, at the love which the two girls in the country of the Oreillons had for those two monkeys?—You know I have told you the story. Surprised! replied Martin, not in the least; I see nothing strange in this passion. I have

have seen so many extraordinary things, that there is nothing extraordinary to me now. Do you think, said Candid, that mankind always massacred each other as they do now? were they always guilty of lies, fraud, treachery, ingratitude, inconstancy, envy, ambition, and cruelty? Were they always thieves, fools, cowards, gluttons, drunkards, misers, calumniators, debauchees, fanatics, and hypocrites? Do you believe, said Martin, that hawks have always been accustomed to eat pigeons when they came in their way? Doubtless, said Candid. Well then, replied Martin, if hawks have always had the same nature, why should you pretend that mankind change theirs? Oh! said Candid, there is a great deal of difference, for free will—and reasoning thus, they arrive at Bourdeaux.

C H A P. XXII.

What happened to Candid and Martin in France.

CANDID staid no longer at Bourdeaux, than was necessary to dispose of a few of the pebbles he had brought from El Dorado, and to provide himself with a post-chaise for two persons, for he could no longer stir a step without his philosopher Martin. The only thing that gave him concern, was the being obliged to leave his sheep behind him, which he entrusted to the care of the academy of sciences at Bourdeaux, who proposed, as a prize-subject for the year, to prove why the wool of this sheep was red; and the prize was

adjudged to a northern sage, who demonstrated by A plus B , minus C , divided by Z , that the sheep must necessarily be red, and die of the mange.

In the mean time, all the travellers whom Candid met with in the inns, or on the road, told him to a man, that they were going to Paris. This general eagerness gave him likewise a great desire to see this capital, and it was not much out of his way to Venice.

He entered the city by the suburbs of St. Marceau, and thought himself in one of the vilest hamlets in all Westphalia.

Candid had not been long at his inn, before he was seized with a slight disorder, owing to the fatigue he had undergone. As he wore a diamond of an enormous size on his finger, and had, among the rest of his equipage, a strong box that seemed very weighty, he soon found himself between two physicians, whom he had not sent for, a number of intimate friends whom he had never seen, and who would not quit his bed side, and two female devotees, who were very careful in providing him hot suppers.

I remember, said Martin to him, that the first time I came to Paris I was likewise taken ill; I was very poor, and, accordingly, I had neither friends, nurses, nor physicians, and yet I did very well.

However, by dint of purging and bleeding, Candid's disorder became very serious. The priest of the parish came with all imaginable politeness to desire a note of him, payable to the bearer in the other world. Candid refused to comply with his request; but the two devotees assured him that it was a new fashion. Candid replied, that he was not one that followed the fashion. Martin was

was for throwing the priest out of the window. The clerk swore Candid should not have Christian burial. Martin swore in his turn, that he would bury the clerk alive, if he continued to plague them any longer. The dispute grew warm; Martin took him by the shoulders, and turned him out of the room, which gave great scandal, and occasioned a verbal process.

Candid recovered; and, till he was in a condition to go abroad, had a great deal of very good company to pass the evenings with him in his chamber. They played deep. Candid was surprised to find he could never turn a trick; and Martin was not at all surprised at the matter.

Among those who did him the honours of the place, was a little spruce Abbé of Perigord, one of those insinuating, busy, fawning, impudent, necessary fellows, that lay wait for strangers at their arrival, tell them all the scandal of the town, and offer to minister to their pleasures at various prices. This man conducted Candid and Martin to the playhouse: they were acting a new tragedy. Candid found himself placed near a cluster of wits: this, however, did not prevent him from shedding tears at some parts of the piece which were most affecting, and best acted. One of these talkers said to him between the acts, You are greatly to blame to shed tears; that actress plays horribly, and the man that plays with her still worse, and the piece itself is still more execrable than the representation. The author does not understand a word of Arabic, and yet he has laid his scene in Arabia; and what is more, he is a fellow who does not believe in innate ideas. To-morrow I will bring you a score of pamphlets that have been wrote against him. Pray, Sir, said Candid to the
Abbé

Abbè, how many theatrical pieces have you in France? Five or six thousand, replied the other. Indeed! that is a great number, said Candid: but how many good ones may there be? About fifteen or sixteen. Oh! that is a great number, said Martin.

Candid was greatly taken with an actress, who performed the part of Queen Elisabeth in a dull kind of tragedy that is played sometimes. That actress, said he to Martin, pleases me greatly; she has some sort of resemblance to Miss Cunegund. I should be very glad to pay my respects to her. The Abbè of Perigord offered his service to introduce him to her at her own house. Candid, who was brought up in Germany, desired to know what might be the ceremonial used on those occasions, and how a Queen of England was treated in France. There is a necessary distinction to be observed in these matters, said the Abbé. In a country town we take them to a tavern; here in Paris, they are treated with great respect during their lifetime, provided they are handsome, and when they die, we throw their bodies upon a dunghill. How, said Candid, throw a queen's body upon a dunghill! The gentleman is quite right, said Martin; he tells you nothing but the truth. I happened to be at Paris when Miss Monimia made her exit, as one may say, out of this world into another. She was refused what they call here the rights of sepulture; that is to say, she was denied the privilege of rotting in a church-yard by the side of all the beggars in the parish. They buried her at the corner of Burgundy-street, which must certainly have shocked her extremely, as she had very exalted notions of things. This is acting very unpolitely, said Candid. Lord! said Martin, what can be said to

to it? it is the way of these people. Figure to yourself all the contradictions, all the inconsistencies possible, and you may meet with them in the government, the courts of justice, the churches, and the public spectacles of this odd nation. Is it true, said Candid, that the people of Paris are always laughing? Yes, replied the Abbé, but it is with anger in their hearts; they express all their complaints by loud bursts of laughter, and commit the most detestable crimes with a smile on their faces.

Who was that great overgrown beast, said Candid, who spoke so ill to me of the piece with which I was so much affected? and of the players who gave me so much pleasure? A very good for nothing sort of a man I assure you, answered the Abbé, one who gets his livelihood by abusing every new book and play that is written or performed; he abominates to see any one meet with success, like eunuchs, who detest every one that possesses those powers they are deprived of; he is one of those vipers in literature who nourish themselves with their own venom; a pamphlet-monger. A pamphlet-monger! said Candid, what is that? Why a pamphlet-monger, replied the Abbé, is a writer of pamphlets, a F——.

Candid, Martin, and the Abbé of Perigord, argued thus on the stair-case, while they stood to see people go out of the play-house. Though I am very earnest to see Miss Cunegund again, said Candid, yet I have a great inclination to sup with Miss Clairon, for I am really much taken with her.

The Abbé was not a person to show his face at this lady's house, which was frequented by none but the best company. She is engaged this evening, said he; but I will do myself the honour to introduce

introduce you to a lady of quality of my acquaintance, at whose house you will see as much of the manners of Paris as if you had lived here for forty years.

Candid, who was naturally curious, suffered himself to be conducted to this lady's house, which was in the suburbs of St Honore. The company were engaged at basset; twelve melancholy punters held each in his hand a small pack of cards, the corners of which doubled down, were so many registers of their ill fortune. A profound silence reigned through the assembly, a pallid dread had taken possession of the countenances of the punters, and restless inquietude stretched every muscle of the face of him who kept the bank; and the lady of the house, who was seated next to him, observed with lynx's eyes every parole, and sept-le-va as they were going, as likewise those who tallied, and made them undouble their cards with a severe exactness, though mixed with a politeness, which she thought necessary not to frighten away her customers. This lady assumed the title of Marchioness of Parolignac. Her daughter, a girl of about fifteen years of age, was one of the punters, and took care to give her mamma an item, by signs, when any one of them attempted to repair the rigour of their ill fortune by a little innocent deception. The company were thus occupied, when Candid, Martin, and the Abbé, made their entrance: not a creature rose to salute them, or indeed took the least notice of them, being wholly intent upon the business in hand. Ah! said Candid, my lady baroness of Thunder-ten-tronckh, would have behaved more civilly.

However, the Abbé whispered the marchioness in the ear, who half raising herself from her seat, honoured

honoured Candid with a gracious smile, and gave Martin a nod of her head, with an air of inexpressible dignity. She then ordered a seat for Candid, and desired him to make one at their party of play: he did so, and in a few deals lost near a thousand pieces; after which they supped very elegantly, and every one was surpris'd at seeing Candid lose so much money, without appearing to be the least disturbed at it. The servants in-waiting said to each other, This is certainly some English lord.

The supper was like most others of this kind at Paris. At first every one was silent; then followed a few confused murmurs, and afterwards several insipid jokes pass'd and repass'd, with false reports, false reasonings, a little politics, and a great deal of scandal. The conversation then turned upon the new productions in literature. Pray, said the Abbé, good folks, have you seen the romance written by the Sieur Gauchat, doctor of divinity? Yes, answered one of the company, but I had not patience to go through it. The town is pestered with a swarm of impertinent productions, but this of Dr Gauchat's outdoes them all. In short, I was so cursedly tired of reading this vile stuff, that I even resolv'd to come here, and make a party at basquet.—But what say you to the Archdeacon T——'s miscellaneous collection? said the Abbé. Oh my God! cried the Marchioness of Parolignac, never mention the tedious creature! only think what pains he is at to tell one things that all the world knows, and how he labours an argument that is hardly worth the slightest consideration! how absurdly he makes use of other people's wit! how miserably he mangles what he has pilfered from them! The man makes me quite sick! A

few pages of the good archdeacon are enough in conscience to satisfy any one.

There was at the table a person of learning and taste, who supported what the marchioness had advanced. They next began to talk of tragedies. The lady desired to know, how it came about that there were several tragedies, which still continued to be played, though they would not bear reading? The man of taste explained very clearly, how a piece may be in some manner interesting, without having a grain of merit. He shewed, in a few words, that it is not sufficient to throw together a few incidents that are to be met with in every romance, and that dazzle the spectator; the thoughts should be new, without being far-fetched; frequently sublime, but always natural: the author should have a thorough knowledge of the human heart, and make it speak properly, he should be a complete poet, without showing an affectation of it in any of the characters of his piece; he should be a perfect master of his language, speak it with all its purity, and with the utmost harmony, and yet so as not to make the sense a slave to the rhyme. Whoever, added he, neglects any one of these rules, though he may write two or three tragedies with tolerable success, will never be reckoned in the number of good authors. There are very few good tragedies; some are idylliums, in well-written and harmonious dialogue; and others a chain of political reasonings that set one asleep, or else pompous and high-flown amplifications, that disgust rather than please. Others again are the ravings of a madman, in an uncouth style, unmeaning flights, or long apostrophes to the deities, for want of knowing how to address mankind:

mankind : in a word, a collection of false maxims and dull common-place.

Candid listened to this discourse with great attention, and conceived an high opinion of the person who delivered it ; and as the marchioness had taken care to place him near her side, he took the liberty to whisper her softly in the ear, and ask who this person was that spoke so well ? He is a man of letters, replied her ladyship, who never plays, and whom the Abbé brings with him to my house sometimes to spend an evening. He is a great judge of writing, especially in tragedy : he has composed one himself, which was damn'd, and has written a book that was never seen out of his bookseller's shop, excepting only one copy, which he sent with a dedication, to which he had prefixed my name. Oh ! the great man, cried Candid, he is a second Pangloss.

Then turning towards him, Sir, said he, you are doubtless of opinion that every thing is for the best in the physical and moral world, and that nothing could be otherwise than it is ? I, Sir ! replied the man of letters, I think no such thing, I assure you ; I find that all in this world is set the wrong end uppermost. No one knows what is his rank, his office, nor what he does, nor what he should do ; and that except our evenings, which we generally pass tolerably merrily, the rest of our time is spent in idle disputes and quarrels, Janse-nists against Molinists, the parliament against the church, and one armed body of men against another ; courtier against courtier, husband against wife, and relations against relations. In short, this world is nothing but one continued scene of civil war.

M 2

Yes,

Yes, said Candid, and I have seen worse than all that; and yet a learned man, who had the misfortune to be hanged, taught me that every thing was marvellously well, and that these evils you are speaking of were only so many shades in a beautiful picture. Your hempen sage, said Martin, laughed at you; these shades, as you call them, are most horrible blemishes. The men make these blemishes, rejoined Candid, and they cannot do otherwise. Then it is not their fault, added Martin. The greatest part of the gamesters, who did not understand a syllable of this discourse, amused themselves with drinking, while Martin reasoned with the learned gentleman; and Candid entertained the lady of the house with a part of his adventures.

After supper the marchioness conducted Candid into her dressing-room, and made him sit down under a canopy. Well, said she, are you still so violently fond of Miss Cunegund of Thunder-ten-tronck? Yes, Madam, replied Candid. The marchioness says to him with a tender smile, You answer me like a young man born in Westphalia; a Frenchman would have said,—It is true, Madam, I had a great passion for Miss Cunegund; but since I have seen you, I fear I can no longer love her as I did. Alas! Madam, replied Candid, I will make you what answer you please. You fell in love with her, I find, in stooping to pick up her handkerchief which she had dropped; you shall pick up my garter. With all my heart, madam, said Candid, and he picked it up. But you must tie it on again, said the lady. Candid tied it on again. Lookye, young man, said the marchioness, you are a stranger, I make some of my lovers here in Paris languish for me a whole fortnight; but I sur-render

render to you the first night, because I am willing to do the honours of my country to a young Westphalian. The fair one having cast her eye on two very large diamonds that were upon the young stranger's finger, praised them in so earnest a manner, that they were in an instant transferred from his finger to hers.

As Candid was going home with the Abbé, he felt some qualms of conscience, for having been guilty of infidelity to Miss Cunegund. The Abbé took part with him in his uneasiness; he had but an inconsiderable share in the thousand pieces Candid had lost at play, and the two diamonds which had been in a manner extorted from him, and therefore very prudently designed to make the most he could of his new acquaintance which chance had thrown in his way. He talked much of Miss Cunegund; and Candid assured him, that he would heartily ask pardon of that fair one for his infidelity to her, when he saw her at Venice.

The Abbé redoubled his civilities, and seemed to interest himself warmly in every thing that Candid said, did, or seemed inclined to do.

And so, Sir, you have an engagement at Venice? Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé, answered Candid, I must absolutely wait upon Miss Cunegund: and then the pleasure he took in talking about the object he loved, led him insensibly to relate, according to custom, part of his adventures with that illustrious Westphalian beauty.

I fancy, said the Abbé, Miss Cunegund has a great deal of wit, and that her letters must be very entertaining. I never received any from her, said Candid; for you are to consider, that being expelled the castle upon her account, I could not
write

write to her, especially as soon after my departure I heard she was dead; but, thank God, I found afterwards she was living. I left her again after this, and now I have sent a messenger to her near two thousand leagues from hence, and wait here for his return with an answer from her.

The artful Abbé let not a word of all this escape him, though he seemed to be musing upon something else. He soon took his leave of the two adventurers, after having embraced them with the greatest cordiality. The next morning, almost as soon as his eyes were open, Candid received the following billet:

“My dearest lover,—I have been ill in this city these eight days. I have heard of your arrival, and should fly to your arms, were I able to stir. I was informed of your being on the way hither to Bourdeaux, where I left the faithful Cacambo, and the old woman, who will soon follow me. The Governor of Buenos Ayres has taken every thing from me but your heart, which I still retain. Come to me immediately on the receipt of this. Your presence will either give me new life, or kill me with the pleasure.”

At the receipt of this charming, this unexpected letter, Candid felt the utmost transports of joy; though, on the other hand, the indisposition of his beloved Miss Cunegund overwhelmed him with grief. Distracted between these two passions, he takes his gold and his diamonds, and procured a person to conduct him and Martin to the house where Miss Cunegund lodged. Upon entering the room, he felt his limbs tremble, his heart flutter, his tongue falter: he attempted to undraw the curtain, and called for a light to the
bedside.

bedside. Lord, Sir, cried a maid-servant, who was waiting in the room, take care what you do, Miss cannot bear the least light: and so saying, she pulls the curtain close again. Cunegund! my dear Cunegund! cried Candid, bathed in tears, how do you do? If you cannot bear the light, speak to me at least. Alas! she cannot speak, said the maid. The sick Lady then puts a plump hand out of the bed, and Candid first bathes it with his tears, then fills it with diamonds, leaving a purse of gold upon the easy chair.

In the midst of his transports comes an officer into the room, followed by the Abbé, and a file of musqueteers. There, said he, are the two suspected foreigners; at the same time, he orders them to be seized, and carried to prison. Travellers are not treated in this manner in the country of El Dorado, said Candid. I am more of a Manichæan now than ever, said Martin. But pray, good Sir, where are you going to carry us? said Candid. To a dungeon, my dear Sir, replied the officer.

When Martin had a little recovered himself, so as to form a cool judgment of what had passed, he plainly perceived, that the person who had acted the part of Miss Cunegund was a cheat; that the Abbé of Perigord was a sharper, who had imposed upon the honest simplicity of Candid, and that the officer was a knave, whom they might easily get rid of.

Candid, following the advice of his friend Martin, and burning with impatience to see the real Miss Cunegund, rather than be obliged to appear at a court of justice, proposes to the officer to make him a present of three small diamonds, each of them worth three thousand pistoles. Ah, Sir!

Sir! said this understrapper of justice, had you committed ever so much villainy, this would render you the honestest man living, in my eyes. Three diamonds, worth three thousand pistoles! why, my dear Sir, so far from carrying you to jail, I would lose my life to serve you. There are orders for stopping all strangers; but leave it to me; I have a brother at Dieppe, in Normandy; I myself will conduct you thither, and if you have a diamond left to give him, he will take as much care of you as I myself should.

But why, said Candid, do they stop all strangers? The Abbé of Perigord made answer, That it was because a poor devil of the country of Atre-bata heard some body tell foolish stories, and this induced him to commit a parricide; not such a one as that in the month of May 1610, but such as that in the month of December, in the year 1594, and such as many that have been perpetrated in other months and years, by other poor devils, who had heard foolish stories.

The officer then explained to them what the Abbé meant. Horrid monsters, exclaimed Candid, is it possible that such scenes should pass among a people who are perpetually singing and dancing! Is there no flying this abominable country immediately, this execrable kingdom, where monkees provoke tigers? I have seen bears in my country, but men I have beheld no where but in El Dorado. In the name of God, Sir, said he to the officer, do me the kindness to conduct me to Venice, where I am to wait for Miss Cunegund. Really, Sir, replied the officer, I cannot possibly wait on you farther than Normandy. So saying, he ordered Candid's irons to be struck off, acknowledged himself mistaken, and sent his followers

followers about their business after which he conducted Candid and Martin to Dieppe, and left them to the care of his brother. There happened just then to be a small Dutch ship in the road. The Norman, whom the other three diamonds had converted into the most obliging, serviceable being that ever breathed, took care to see Candid and his attendants safe on board the vessel, that was just ready to sail for Portsmouth in England. This was not the nearest way to Venice indeed; but Candid thought himself escaped out of hell, and did not in the least doubt but he should quickly find an opportunity of resuming his voyage to Venice.

C H A P. XXIII.

Candid and Martin touch upon the English coast; what they see there.

AH Pangloss! Pangloss! ah Martin! Martin! ah my dear Miss Cunegund! what sort of a world is this? Thus exclaimed Candid, as soon as he had got on board the Dutch ship. Why, something very foolish, and very abominable, said Martin. You are acquainted with England, said Candid; are they as great fools in that country as in France? Yes, but in a different manner, answered Martin. You know that these two nations are at war about a few acres of barren land in the neighbourhood of Canada, and that they have expended much greater sums in the contest than all Canada is worth. To say exactly whether there are a greater number fit to be inhabitants of a

mad-house in the one country than the other, exceeds the limits of my imperfect capacity ; I know in general, that the people we are going to visit, are of a very dark and gloomy disposition.

As they were chatting thus together, they arrived at Portsmouth. The shore, on each side the harbour, was lined with a multitude of people, whose eyes were stedfastly fixed on a lusty man, who was kneeling down on the deck of one of the men of war, with something tied before his eyes. Opposite to this personage stood four soldiers, each of whom shot three bullets into his skull, with all the composure imaginable ; and when it was done, the whole company went away perfectly well satisfied. What the devil is all this for ? said Candid ; and what demon, or foe to mankind, lords it thus tyrannically over the world ? He then asked, who was that lusty man who had been sent out of the world with so much ceremony ? when he received for answer, that it was an admiral. And, pray, why do you put your admiral to death ? Because he did not put a sufficient number of his fellow-creatures to death. You must know, he had an engagement with a French admiral, and it has been proved against him, that he was not near enough to his antagonist. But, replied Candid, the French admiral must have been as far from him. There is no doubt of that ; but in this country it is found requisite, now and then, to put one admiral to death, in order to spirit up the others to fight.

Candid was so shocked at what he saw and heard, that he would not set foot on shore, but made a bargain with the Dutch skipper (were he even to rob him like the Captain of Surinam) to carry him directly to Venice.

The

The skipper was ready in two days. They sailed along the coast of France, and passed within sight of Lisbon, at which Candid trembled. From thence they proceeded to the straits, entered the Mediterranean, and at length arrived at Venice. God be praised, said Candid, embracing Martin; this is the place where I am to behold my beloved Cunegund once again. I can confide in Cacambo, like another self. All is well, all very well, all as well as possible.

C H A P. XXIV.

Of Paquette and Friar Giroflee.

UPON their arrival at Venice, he went in search of Cacambo at every inn and coffee-house, and among all the ladies of pleasure; but could hear nothing of him. He sent every day to enquire what ships were come in, still no news of Cacambo. It is strange! said he to Martin, very strange! that I should have had time to sail from Surinam to Bourdeaux; to travel from thence to Paris, to Dieppe, to Portsmouth; to sail along the coast of Portugal and Spain, and up the Mediterranean, to spend some months at Venice; and that my lovely Cunegund should not be arrived. Instead of her, I only met with a Parisian impostor, and a rascally Abbé of Perigord. Cunegund is actually dead, and I have nothing to do but to follow her. Alas! how much better would it have been for me to have remained in the paradise of El Dorado, than to have returned to this

curfed Europe! You are in the right, My dear Martin; you are certainly in the right; all is mifery and deceit.

He fell into a deep melancholy, and neither went to the opera in vogue, nor partook of any of the diverfions of the Carnival; nay, he even flighted the fair fex. Martin faid to him, Upon my word, I think you are very fimple to imagine, that a rafcally valet, with five or fix millions in his pocket, would go in fearch of your miftrefs to the further end of the world, and bring her to Venice to meet you. If he finds her, he will take her for himfelf; if he does not, he will take another. Let me advife you to forget your valet Cacambo, and your miftrefs Cunegund. Martin's fpeech was not the moft confolatory to the dejected Candid. His melancholy increafed, and Martin never left proving to him, that there is very little virtue or happinefs in this world; except, perhaps, in El Dorado, where hardly any body can gain admittance.

While they were difputing on this important fubject, and ftill expecting Mifs Cunegund, Candid perceived a young Theatin friar in St Mark's Place, with a girl under his arm. The Theatin looked frefh-coloured, plump, and vigorous; his eyes sparkled; his air and gait were bold and lofty. The girl was very pretty, and was finging a fong; and every now and then gave her Theatin an amorous ogle and wantonly pinched his ruddy cheeks. You will at leaft allow, faid Candid to Martin, that thefe two are happy. Hitherto I have met with none but unfortunate people in the whole habitable globe, except in El Dorado; but, as to this couple, I would venture to lay a wager they are happy. Done, faid Martin; they are not, for
what

what you will. Well, we have only to ask them to dine with us, said Candid, and you will see whether I am mistaken or not.

Thereupon he accosts them, and with great politeness invites them to his inn to eat some macaroni, with Lombard partridges and caviare, and to drink a bottle of Montepulciano, Lacryma Christi, Cyprus and Samos wine. The girl blushed; the Theatin accepted the invitation, and she followed him, eyeing Candid every now and then with a mixture of surprise and confusion, while the tears stole down her cheeks. No sooner did she enter his apartment, than she cried out, How, Mr Candid, have you quite forgot poor Pacquette? do you not know her again? Candid, who had not regarded her with any degree of attention before, being wholly occupied with the thoughts of his dear Cunegund, exclaimed, Ah! is it you, child? was it you that reduced Dr Pangloss to that fine condition I saw him in?

Alas! Sir, answered Pacquette, it was I, indeed. I find you are acquainted with every thing; and I have been informed of all the misfortunes that happened to the whole family of my lady baroness and the fair Cunegund. But I can safely swear to you, that my lot was no less deplorable; I was innocence itself when you saw me last. A Cordelier, who was my confessor, easily seduced me; the consequences proved terrible. I was obliged to leave the castle some time after the baron kicked you out from thence; and if a famous surgeon had not taken compassion on me, I had been a dead woman. Gratitude obliged me to live with him some time as a mistress: his wife, who was a very devil for jealousy, beat me unmercifully every day. Oh! she was a perfect fury. The doctor
himself

himself was the most ugly of all mortals, and I the most wretched creature existing, to be continually beaten for a man whom I did not love. You are sensible, Sir, how dangerous it was for an ill-natured woman to be married to a physician. Incensed at the behaviour of his wife, he one day gave her so affectionate a remedy for a slight cold she had caught, that she died in less than two hours in most dreadful convulsions. Her relations prosecuted the husband, who was obliged to fly, and I was sent to prison. My innocence would not have saved me, if I had not been tolerably handsome. The judge gave me my liberty, on condition he should succeed the doctor. However, I was soon supplanted by a rival, turned off without a farthing, and obliged to continue the abominable trade which you men think so pleasing, but which to us unhappy creatures, is the most dreadful of all sufferings. At length I came to follow the business at Venice. Ah! Sir, did you but know what it is to be obliged to lie with every fellow; with old tradesmen, with counsellors, with monks, watermen, and abbés; to be exposed to all their insolence and abuse; to be often necessitated to borrow a petticoat, only that it may be taken up by some disagreeable wretch; to be robbed by one gallant of what we get from another; to be subject to the extortions of civil magistrates; and to have for ever before one's eyes the prospect of old age, an hospital, or a dunghill, you would conclude that I am one of the most unhappy wretches breathing.

Thus did Pacquette unbosom herself to honest Candid in his closet, in the presence of Martin, who took occasion to say to him, You see I have half won the wager already.

Friar

Friar Giroflee was all this time in the parlour refreshing himself with a glass or two of wine till dinner was ready. But, said Candid to Pacquette, you looked so gay and content, when I met you, you sung and caressed the Theatin with so much fondness, that I absolutely thought you as happy as you say you are now miserable. Ah! dear Sir, said Pacquette, this is one of the miseries of the trade; yesterday I was stript and beaten by an officer; yet to-day I must appear good-humoured and gay to please a friar.

Candid was convinced, and acknowledged that Martin was in the right. They sat down to table with Pacquette and the Theatin; the entertainment was very agreeable, and towards the end they began to converse together with some freedom. Father, said Candid, to the friar, you seem to me to enjoy a state of happiness that even kings might envy; joy and health are painted in your countenance. You have a tight pretty wench to divert you; and you seem to be perfectly well contented with your condition as a Theatin.

Faith, Sir, said Friar Giroflee, I wish with all my soul the Theatins were every one of them at the bottom of the sea. I have been tempted a thousand times to set fire to the convent and go and turn Turk. My parents obliged me, at the age of fifteen, to put on this detestable habit only to increase the fortune of an elder brother of mine, whom God confound! Jealousy, discord, and fury, reside in our convent. It is true, I have preached often paltry sermons, by which I have got a little money, part of which the prior robs me of, and the remainder helps to pay my girls; but, at night, when I go hence to my convent, I am ready to dash my brains against the walls of the dormitory;

and

and this is the case with all the rest of our fraternity.

Martin, turning towards Candid, with his usual indifference, said, Well, what think you now? have I won the wager entirely? Candid gave two thousand piastres to Pacquette, and a thousand to Friar Giroflée, saying, I will answer that this will make them happy. I am not of your opinion, said Martin; perhaps this money will only make them wretched. Be that as it may, said Candid, one thing comforts me; I see that one often meets with those whom we expected never to see again; so that, perhaps, as I have found my red sheep and Pacquette, I may be lucky enough to find Miss Cunegund also. I wish, said Martin, she one day may make you happy, but I doubt it much. You are very hard of belief, said Candid. It is because, said Martin, I have seen the world.

Observe those gondoliers, said Candid, are they not perpetually singing? You do not see them, answered Martin, at home with their wives and brats. The doge has his chagrin, gondoliers theirs. Nevertheless, in the main, I look upon the gondolier's life as preferable to that of the doge; but the difference is so trifling, that it is not worth the trouble of examining into.

I have heard great talk, said Candid, of the Senator Pococurante, who lives in that fine house at the Brenta, where, they say, he entertains foreigners in the most polite manner. They pretend this man is a perfect stranger to uneasiness. I should be glad to see so extraordinary a being, said Martin. Candid thereupon sent a messenger to Seignor Pococurante, desiring permission to wait on him the next day.

C H A P. XXV.

Candid and Martin pay a visit to Seignor Pococurante, a noble Venetian.

CANDID and his friend Martin went in a gondola on the Brenta, and arrived at the palace of the noble Pococurante: the gardens were laid out in an elegant taste, and adorned with fine marble statues; his palace was built after the most approved rules in architecture. The master of the house, who was a man of sixty, and very rich, received our two travellers with great politeness, but without much ceremony, which somewhat disconcerted Candid, but was not at all displeasing to Martin.

As soon as they were seated, two very pretty girls, neatly dressed, brought in chocolate, which was extremely well frothed. Candid could not help making encomiums upon their beauty and graceful carriage. The creatures are well enough, said the senator; I make them lie with me sometimes, for I am heartily tired of the women of the town, their coquetry, their jealousy, their quarrels, their humours, their meannesses, their pride, and their folly; I am weary of making sonnets, or of paying for sonnets to be made on them; but, after all, these two girls begin to grow very indifferent to me.

After having refreshed himself, Candid walked into a large gallery, where he was struck with the sight of a fine collection of paintings. Pray, said Candid, by what master are the two first of these?

They are Raphaël's, answered the senator. I gave a great deal of money for them seven years ago; purely out of curiosity, as they were said to be the finest pieces in Italy; but I cannot say they please me: the colouring is dark and heavy; the figures do not swell nor come out enough, and the drapery is very bad. In short, notwithstanding the encomiums lavished upon them, they are not, in my opinion, a true representation of nature. I approve of no paintings but where I think I behold nature herself; and there are very few, if any, of that kind to be met with. I have what is called a fine collection, but I take no manner of delight in them.

While dinner was getting ready, Pococurante ordered a concert. Candid praised the music to the skies. This noise, said the noble Venetian, may amuse one for a little time; but if it was to last above half an hour, it would grow tiresome to every body, though perhaps no one would care to own it. Music is become the art of executing what is difficult; now whatever is difficult cannot be long pleasing.

I believe I might take more pleasure in an opera, if they had not made such a monster of that species of dramatic entertainment as perfectly shocks me; and I am amazed how people can bear to see wretched tragedies set to music; where the scenes are contrived for no other purpose than to lug in, as it were by the ears, three or four ridiculous songs, to give a favourite actress an opportunity of exhibiting her pipe. Let who will, or can die away in raptures at the trills of an eunuch quavering the majestic part of Cæsar or Cato, and strutting in a foolish manner upon the stage; for my part, I have long ago renounced these paltry entertainments, which constitute the glory of modern Italy,

and

and are so dearly purchased by crowned heads. Candid opposed these sentiments; but he did it in a discreet manner; as for Martin, he was entirely of the old senator's opinion.

Dinner being served up they sat down to table, and, after a very hearty repast, returned to the library. Candid observing Homer richly bound, commended the noble Venetian's taste. This, said he, is a book that was once the delight of the great Pangloss, the best philosopher in Germany. Homer is no favourite of mine, answered Pococurante, very coolly: I was made to believe once that I took a pleasure in reading him; but his continual repetitions of battles have all such a resemblance with each other; his gods that are for ever in a hurry and bustle, without ever doing any thing; his Helen, that is the cause of the war, and yet hardly acts in the whole performance; his Troy, that holds out so long, without being taken: in short, all these things together make the poem very insipid to me. I have asked some learned men, whether they are not in reality as much tired as myself with reading this poet: those who spoke ingenuously, assured me that he had made them fall asleep; and yet, that they could not well avoid giving him a place in their libraries; but it was merely as they would do an antique, or those rusty medals which are kept only for curiosity, and are of no manner of use in commerce.

But your excellency does not surely form the same opinion of Virgil? said Candid. Why, I grant, replied Pococurante, that the second, third, fourth, and sixth book of his *Æneid* are excellent; but as for his pious *Æneas*, his strong *Cleanthus*, his friendly *Achates*, his boy *Ascanius*, his silly king *Latinus*, his ill-bred *Amata*, his insipid *Lavinia*,

nia, and some other characters much in the same strain; I think there cannot in nature be any thing more flat and disagreeable. I must confess, I prefer Tasso far beyond him; nay, even that sleepy tale-teller Ariosto.

May I take the liberty to ask if you do not receive great pleasure from reading Horace? said Candid. There are maxims in this writer, replied Pococurante, from whence a man of the world may reap some benefit; and the short measure of the verse makes them more easily to be retained in the memory. But I see nothing extraordinary in his journey to Brundisium, and his account of his bad dinner; nor in his dirty low quarrel between one Rupilius, whose words, as he expresses it, were full of poisonous filth; and another, whose language was dipped in vinegar. His indelicate verses against old women and witches have frequently given me great offence; nor can I discover the great merit of his telling his friend Mecænas, that if he will but rank him in the class of lyric poets, his lofty head shall touch the stars. Ignorant readers are apt to praise every thing by the lump in a writer of reputation. For my part, I read only to please myself. I like nothing but what makes for my purpose. Candid, who had been brought up with a notion of never making use of his own judgment, was astonished at what he had heard; but Martin found there was a good deal of reason in the senator's remarks.

O! here is a Tully, said Candid; this great man, I fancy, you are never tired of reading? Indeed, I never read him at all, replied Pococurante. What a deuce is it to me whether he pleads for Rabirius or Cluentius? I try causes enough myself. I had once some liking to his philosophical works; but
when

when I found he doubted of every thing, I thought I knew as much as himself, and had no need of a guide to learn ignorance.

Ha! cried Martin, here are fourscore volumes of the memoirs of the academy of sciences; perhaps there may be something curious and valuable in this collection. Yes, answered Pococurante; so there might if any one of these compilers of this rubbish had only invented the art of pin-making: but all these volumes are filled with mere chimerical systems without one single article conducive to real utility.

I see a prodigious number of plays, said Candid, in Italian, Spanish, and French. Yes, replied the Venetian; there are I think three thousand, and not three dozen of them good for any thing. As to these huge volumes of divinity, and those enormous collections of sermons, they are not altogether worth one single page in Seneca; and I fancy you will readily believe that neither myself, nor any one else, ever looks into them.

Martin, perceiving some shelves filled with English books, said to the senator, I fancy that a republican must be highly delighted with those books, which are most of them written with a noble spirit of freedom. It is noble to write as we think, said Pococurante; it is the privilege of humanity. Throughout Italy we write only what we do not think; and the present inhabitants of the country of the Cæsars and Antoninus's dare not acquire a single idea without the permission of a father dominican. I should be enamoured of the spirit of the English nation, did it not utterly frustrate the good effects it would produce, by passion and the spirit of party.

Candid,

Candid, seeing a Milton, asked the senator if he did not think that author a great man? Who? said Pococurante sharply; that barbarian who writes a tedious commentary in ten books of rumbuling verse, on the first chapter of Genesis? that slovenly imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the creation, by making the Messiah take a pair of compasses from heaven's armoury to plan the world; whereas Moses represented the Deity as producing the whole universe by his fiat? Can I, think you, have any esteem for a writer who has spoiled Tasso's hell and the devil? who transforms Lucifer sometimes into a toad, and, at others, into a pigmy? who makes him say the same thing over again an hundred times? who metamorphoses him into a school-divine? and who, by an absurdly serious imitation of Ariosto's comic invention of fire-arms, represents the devils and angels, cannonading each other in heaven? Neither I nor any other Italian can possibly take pleasure in such melancholy reveries; but the marriage of Sin and Death, and snakes issuing from the womb of the former, are enough to make any person sick that is not lost to all sense of delicacy. This obscene, whimsical, and disagreeable poem, met with the neglect it deserved at its first publication; and I only treat the author now as he was treated in his own country by his cotemporaries.

Candid was sensibly grieved at this speech, as he had a great respect for Homer, and was very fond of Milton. Alas! said he softly to Martin, I am afraid this man holds our German poets in great contempt. There would be no such great harm in that, said Martin. O what a surprising man! said Candid still to himself; what a prodigious genius is this Pococurante! nothing can please him.

After

After finishing their survey of the library, they went down into the garden, when Candid commended the several beauties that offered themselves to his view. I know nothing upon earth laid out in such bad taste, said Pocourante; every thing about it is childish and trifling; but I shall have another laid out to-morrow upon a nobler plan.

As soon as our two travellers had taken leave of his excellency, Well, said Candid to Martin, I hope you will own, that this man is the happiest of all mortals, for he is above every thing he possesses. But do not you see, answered Martin, that he likewise dislikes every thing he possesses? It was an observation of Plato, long since, that those are not the best stomachs that reject, without distinction, all sorts of aliments. True, said Candid, but still there must certainly be a pleasure in criticising every thing, and in perceiving faults where others think they see beauties. That is, replied Martin, there is a pleasure in having no pleasure. Well, well, said Candid, I find that I shall be the only happy man at last, when I am blessed with the sight of my dear Cunegund. It is good to hope, said Martin.

In the mean while, days and weeks passed away, and no news of Cacambo. Candid was so overwhelmed with grief, that he did not reflect on the behaviour of Pacquette and friar Giroflée, who never staid to return him thanks for the presents he had so generously made them.

C H A P. XXVI.

Candid and Martin sup with fix strangers; and who they were.

ONE evening that Candid, with his attendant Martin, were going to sit down to supper with some foreigners, who lodged in the same inn where they had taken up their quarters, a man, with a face the colour of soot, came behind him, and taking him by the arm, said, Hold yourself in readiness to go along with us, be sure you do not fail. Upon this, turning about to see from whom the above came, he beheld Cacambo. Nothing but the sight of miss Cunegund could have given greater joy and surprize. He was almost beside himself. After embracing this dear friend, Cunegund, said he, Cunegund is come with you, doubtless? Where, where is she? Carry me to her this instant, that I may die with joy in her presence. Cunegund is not here, answered Cacambo; she is at Constantinople. Good heavens, at Constantinople! but no matter if she was in China, I would fly thither. Quick, quick, dear Cacambo, let us be gone. Soft and fair, said Cacambo, stay till you have supped. I cannot at present stay to say any thing more to you; I am a slave, and my master waits for me; I must go and attend him at table: but mum! say not a word, only get your supper, and hold yourself in readiness.

Candid,

Candid, divided between joy and grief, charmed to have thus met with his faithful agent again, and surpris'd to hear he was a slave, his heart palpitating, his senses confus'd, but full of the hopes of recovering his dear Cunegund, sat down to table with Martin, who beheld all these scenes with great unconcern, and with six strangers who were come to spend the carnival at Venice.

Cacambo waited at table upon one of those strangers. When supper was nearly over, he drew near to his master, and whisper'd him in the ear, Sire, your majesty may go when you please, the ship is ready; and so saying he left the room. The guests, surpris'd at what they had heard, looked at each other without speaking a word; when another servant drawing near to his master, in like manner said, Sire, your majesty's post-chaise is at Padua, and the bark is ready. The master made him a sign, and he instantly withdrew. The company all stared at each other again, and the general astonishment was increased. A third servant then approached another of the strangers, and said, Sire, if your majesty will be advis'd by me, you will not make any longer stay in this place; I will go and get every thing ready; and instantly disappeared.

Candid and Martin then took it for granted, that this was some of the diversions of the carnival, and that these were characters in masquerade. Then a fourth domestic said to the fourth stranger, Your majesty may set off when you please; saying this, he went away like the rest. A fifth valet said the same to a fifth master. But the sixth domestic spoke in a different style to the person on whom he waited, and who sat near to Candid. Troth, Sir, said he, they will trust your majesty no longer, nor myself neither; and we may both of us chance to

be sent to gaol this very night; and therefore I shall e'en take care of myself, and so adieu. The servants being all gone, the six strangers, with Candid and Martin, remained in a profound silence. At length Candid broke it, by saying, Gentlemen, this is a very singular joke, upon my word; why, how came you all to be kings? For my part, I own frankly, that neither my friend Martin here, nor myself, have any claim to royalty.

Cacambo's master then began, with great gravity, to deliver himself thus in Italian: I am not joking in the least, my name is Achmet III. I was grand seignor for many years; I dethroned my brother, my nephew dethroned me, my viziers lost their heads, and I am condemned to end my days in the old seraglio. My nephew, the grand sultan Mahomet, gives me permission to travel sometimes for my health, and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

A young man who sat by Achmet spoke next, and said, My name is Ivan. I was once emperor of all the Russias, but was dethroned in my cradle. My parents were confined, and I was brought up in a prison; yet I am sometimes allowed to travel, though always with persons to keep a guard over me, and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

The third said, I am Charles-Edward, king of England; my father has renounced his right to the throne in my favour. I have fought in defence of my rights, and near a thousand of my friends have had their hearts taken out of their bodies alive, and thrown in their faces. I have myself been confined in a prison. I am going to Rome to visit the king my father, who was dethroned as well as myself.

self and my grandfather; and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

The fourth spoke thus, I am the king of Poland; the fortune of war has stripped me of my hereditary dominions. My father experienced the same vicissitudes of fate. I resign myself to the will of providence, in the same manner as sultan Achmet, the emperor Ivan, and king Charles-Edward, whom God long preserve; and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

The fifth said, I am king of Poland also. I have twice lost my kingdom; but Providence has given me other dominions, where I have done more good than all the Sarmatian kings, put together, were ever able to do on the banks of the Vistula: I resign myself likewise to Providence; and am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

It now came to the sixth monarch's turn to speak. Gentlemen, said he, I am not so great a prince as the rest of you, it is true; but I am, however, a crowned head. I am Theodore, elected king of Corsica. I have had the title of Majesty, and am now hardly treated with common civility. I have coined money, and am not now worth a single ducat. I have had two secretaries, and am now without a valet. I was once seated on a throne, and since that have lain upon a truss of straw, in a common gaol in London, and I very much fear I shall meet with the same fate here in Venice, where I come, like your majesties, to divert myself at the carnival. The other five kings listened to this speech with great attention; it excited their compassion; each of them made the unhappy Theodore a present of twenty sequins, and Candid gave him a diamond worth just an hundred times that sum. Who can this private person be, said the five princes to

one another, who is able to give, and has actually given, an hundred times as much as any of us?

Just as they rose from table, in came four serene highnesses, who had also been stripped of their territories by the fortune of war, and were come to spend the remainder of the carnival at Venice. Candid took no manner of notice of them; for his thoughts were wholly employed on his voyage to Constantinople, whither he intended to go in search of his lovely Miss Cunegund.

C H A P. XXVII.

Candid's Voyage to Constantinople.

THE trusty Cacambo had already engaged the captain of the Turkish ship that was to carry sultan Achmet back to Constantinople, to take Candid and Martin on board. Accordingly, they both embarked, after paying their obeisance to his miserable highness. As they were going on board, Candid said to Martin, You see we supped in company with six dethroned kings, and to one of them I gave charity. Perhaps there may be a great many other princes still more unfortunate. For my part, I have lost only an hundred sheep, and am now going to fly to the arms of my charming Miss Cunegund.—My dear Martin, I must insist on it, that Pangloss was in the right. All is for the best. I wish it may, said Martin.—But this was an odd adventure we met with at Venice. I do not think there ever was an instance before, of six dethroned monarchs supping together at a public inn. This

is not more extraordinary, said Martin, than most of what has happened to us. It is a very common thing for kings to be dethroned; and as for our having the honour to sup with six of them, it is a mere accident, not deserving our attention.

As soon as Candid set his foot on board the vessel, he flew to his old friend and valet Cacambo; and throwing his arms about his neck, embraced him with transports of joy. Well, said he, what news of Miss Cunegund? Does she still continue the paragon of beauty? Does she love me still? How does she do? You have, doubtless, purchased a superb palace for her at Constantinople.

My dear master, replied Cacambo, Miss Cunegund washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, in the house of a prince who has very few to wash. She is at present a slave in the family of an ancient sovereign, named Ragotsky, whom the grand Turk allows three crowns a-day to maintain him in his exile; but the most melancholy circumstance of all is, that she is turned horribly ugly. Ugly or handsome, said Candid, I am a man of honour; and, as such, am obliged to love her still. But how could she possibly have been reduced to so abject a condition, when I sent five or six millions to her by you? Lord bless me, said Cacambo, was not I obliged to give two millions to seignor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza, the governor of Buenos-Ayres, for liberty to take Miss Cunegund away with me? and then did not a brave fellow of a pirate very gallantly strip us of all the rest? and then did not this same pirate carry us with him to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Miss Cunegund and the old woman are now servants

wants to the prince I have told you of; and I myself am slave to the dethroned sultan. What a chain of shocking accidents! exclaimed Candid. But, after all, I have still some diamonds left, with which I can easily procure Miss Cunegund's liberty. It is a pity, though she is grown so very ugly.

Then turning to Martin, What think you, friend, said he, whose condition is most to be pitied, the emperor Achmer's, the emperor Ivan's, king Charles-Edward's, or mine? Faith, I cannot resolve your question, said Martin, unless I had been in the breasts of you all. Ah! cried Candid, was Pangloss here now, he would have known, and satisfied me at once. I know not, said Martin, in what balance your Pangloss could have weighed the misfortunes of mankind, and have set a just estimation on their sufferings. All that I pretend to know of the matter is, that there are millions of men on the earth, whose conditions are an hundred times more pitiable than those of king Charles-Edward, the emperor Ivan, or sultan Achmet. Why, that may be, answered Candid.

In a few days they reached the Bosphorus; and the first thing Candid did, was to pay a high ransom for Cacambo: then, without losing time, he and his companions went on board a galley, in order to search for his Cunegund, on the banks of the Propontis, notwithstanding she was grown so ugly.

There were two slaves among the crew of the galley, who rowed very ill, and to whose bare backs the master of the vessel frequently applied a bull's pizzle. Candid, from natural sympathy, looked at these two slaves more attentively than at any of the rest, and drew near them with an eye of pity.

Their

Their features, though greatly disfigured, appeared to him to bear a strong resemblance with those of Pangloss and the unhappy baron Jesuit, Miss Cunegund's brother. This idea affected him with grief and compassion: he examined them more attentively than before. In truth, said he, turning to Martin, if I had not seen my master Pangloss fairly hanged, and had not myself been unlucky enough to run the baron through the body, I should absolutely think those two rowers were the men.

No sooner had Candid uttered the names of the baron and Pangloss, than the two slaves gave a great cry, ceased rowing, and let fall their oars out of their hands. The master of the vessel, seeing this, ran up to them, and redoubled the discipline of the bull's pizzle. Hold, hold, cried Candid, I will give you what money you shall ask for these two persons. Good heavens! it is Candid, said one of the men. Candid! cried the other. Do I dream, said Candid, or am I awake? Am I actually on board this galley? Is this my lord baron, whom I killed? and that my master Pangloss, whom I saw hanged before my face?

It is I! it is I! cried they both together. What! is this your great philosopher? said Martin. My dear Sir, said Candid to the master of the galley, how much do you ask for the ransom of the baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, who is one of the first barons of the empire, and of Mr Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany? Why then, Christian cur, replied the Turkish captain, since these two dogs of Christian slaves are barons and metaphysicians, who no doubt are of high rank in their own country, thou shalt give me fifty thousand sequins. You shall have them, Sir: carry me back as quick as thought to Constantinople, and

and you shall receive the money immediately—No! carry me first to Miss Cunegund. The captain, upon Candid's first proposal, had already tacked about, and he made the crew apply their oars so effectually, that the vessel flew through the water quicker than a bird cleaves the air.

Candid bestowed a thousand embraces on the baron and Pangloss. And so then, my dear baron, I did not kill you? and you, my dear Pangloss, are come to life again after your hanging? But how came you slaves on board a Turkish galley? And is it true that my dear sister is in this country? said the baron. Yes, said Cacambo; And do I once again behold my dear Candid? said Pangloss. Candid presented Martin and Cacambo to them; they embraced each other, and all spoke together. The galley flew like lightning, and now they were got back to the port. Candid instantly sent for a Jew, to whom he sold for fifty thousand sequins a diamond richly worth one hundred thousand, though the fellow swore to him all the time, by father Abraham, that he gave him the most he could possibly afford. He no sooner got the money into his hands, than he paid it down for the ransom of the baron and Pangloss. The latter flung himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed him with his tears: the former thanked him with a gracious nod, and promised to return him the money the first opportunity.—But is it possible, said he, that my sister should be in Turkey? Nothing is more possible, answered Cacambo; for she scours the dishes in the house of a Transylvanian prince. Candid sent directly for two Jews, and sold more diamonds to them; and then he set out with his companions in another galley, to deliver Miss Cunegund from slavery.

C H A P. XXVIII.

What befel Candid, Cunegund, Pangloss, Martin, &c.

PARDON, said Candid to the baron; once more let me intreat your pardon, reverend father, for running you through the body. Say no more about it, replied the baron; I was a little too hasty I must own: but as you seem to be desirous to know by what accident I came to be a slave on board the galley where you saw me, I will inform you. After I had been cured of the wound you gave me, by the college apothecary, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spanish troops, who clapped me up in prison in Buenos-Ayres, at the very time my sister was setting out from thence. I asked leave to return to Rome, to the general of my order, who appointed me chaplain to the French ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been a week in my new office, when I happened to meet one evening with a young Icoylan, extremely handsome and well made. The weather was very hot; the young man had an inclination to bathe. I took the opportunity to bathe likewise. I did not know it was a crime for a Christian to be found naked in company with a young Turk. A cadi ordered me to receive an hundred blows on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the gallies. I do not believe that there was ever an act of more flagrant injustice. But I would fain know how my sister came to be a

scullion to a Transylvanian prince, who has taken refuge among the Turks?

But how happens it that I behold you again, my dear Pangloss? said Candid. It is true, answered Pangloss, you saw me hanged, though I ought properly to have been burnt; but you may remember, that it rained extremely hard when they were going to roast me. The storm was so violent, that they found it impossible to light the fire; so they e'en hanged me, because they could do no better. A surgeon purchased my body, carried it home, and prepared to dissect me. He began by making a crucial incision from my navel to the clavicle. It is impossible for any one to have been more lamely hanged than I had been. The executioner of the holy inquisition was a sub-deacon, and knew how to burn people very well, but as for hanging, he was a novice at it, being quite out of the way of his practice; the cord being wet, and not slipping properly, the noose did not join. In short, I still continued to breathe; the crucial incision made me scream to such a degree, that my surgeon fell flat upon his back; and imagining it was the devil he was dissecting, ran away, and in his fright tumbled down stairs. His wife hearing the noise, flew from the next room, and seeing me stretched upon the table with my crucial incision, was still more terrified than her husband, and fell upon him. When they had a little recovered themselves, I heard her say to her husband, My dear, how could you think of dissecting an heretic? Don't you know, that the devil is always in them? - I'll run directly to a priest to come and drive the evil spirit out. I trembled from head to foot at hearing her talk in this manner, and exerted what little strength I had left to cry out, Have mercy on me! At length the Portuguese

Portuguese barber took courage, sewed up my wound, and his wife nursed me; and I was upon my legs in a fortnight's time. The barber got me a place to be lacquey to a knight of Malta, who was going to Venice; but finding my master had no money to pay me my wages, I entered into the service of a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Constantinople.

One day I happened to enter a mosque, where I saw no one but an old iman and a very pretty young female devotee, who was telling her beads; her neck was quite bare, and in her bosom she had a beautiful nosegay of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas. She let fall her nosegay. I ran immediately to take it up, and presented it to her with a most respectful bow. I was so long in delivering it, that the iman began to be angry; and, perceiving I was a Christian, he cried out for help; they carried me before the cadi, who ordered me to receive one hundred bastinadoes, and sent me to the gallies. I was chained in the very galley, and to the very same bench with the baron. On board this galley there were four young men belonging to Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks of Corfu, who told us that the like adventures happened every day. The baron pretended that he had been worse used than myself; and I insisted that there was far less harm in taking up a nosegay, and putting it into a woman's bosom, than to be found stark naked with a young Icoglan. We were continually whipt, and received twenty lashes a-day with a bull's pizzle, when the concatenation of sublunary events brought you on board our galley to ransom us from slavery.

Well, my dear Pangloss, said Candid to them, when you was hanged, dissected, whipped, and tug-

ging at the oar, did you continue to think, that every thing in this world happens for the best? I have always abided by my first opinion, answered Pangloss; for, after all, I am a philosopher; and it would not become me to retract my sentiments; especially, as Leibnitz could not be in the wrong; and that pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world, as well as a plenum and the materia subtilis.

C H A P. XXIX.

In what manner Candid found Miss Cunegund and the old woman again.

WHILE Candid, the baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo, were relating their several adventures, and reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of this world; on causes and effects, on moral and physical evil; on free-will and necessity; and on the consolation that may be felt by a person, when a slave and chained to an oar in a Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the coasts of the Propontis. The first objects they beheld there, was Miss Cunegund and the old woman, who were hanging some table-cloths on a line to dry.

The baron turned pale at the sight. Even the tender Candid, that affectionate lover, upon seeing his fair Cunegund all sun-burnt, with blear-eyes, a withered neck, wrinkled face and arms, all covered with a red scurf, started back with horror; but, recovering himself, he advanced towards her out of good

good manners. She embraced Candid and her brother; they embraced the old woman, and Candid ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighbourhood, which the old woman proposed to Candid to make a shift with till the company should meet with a more favourable destiny. Cunegund, not knowing that she was grown ugly, as no one had informed her of it, reminded Candid of his promise in so peremptory a manner, that the simple lad did not dare to refuse her; he then acquainted the baron that he was going to marry his sister. I will never suffer, said the baron, my sister to be guilty of an action so derogatory to her birth and family; nor will I bear this insolence on your part: no, I never will be reproached that my nephews are not qualified for the first ecclesiastical dignities in Germany; nor shall a sister of mine ever be the wife of any person below the rank of a baron of the empire. Cunegund flung herself at her brother's feet, and bedewed them with her tears, but he still continued inflexible. Thou foolish fellow, said Candid, have I not delivered thee from the gallies, paid thy ransom, and thy sister's too; who was a scullion, and is very ugly, and yet I condescend to marry her? and shalt thou pretend to oppose the match? If I were to listen only to the dictates of my anger, I should kill thee again. Thou mayest kill me again, said the baron, but thou shalt not marry my sister while I am living.

C H A P. XXX.

Conclusion.

CANDID had, in truth, no great inclination to marry Miss Cunegund; but the extreme impertinence of the baron determined him to conclude the match; and Cunegund pressed him so warmly, that he could not recant. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss composed a fine memorial, by which he proved that the baron had no right over his sister; and that she might, according to all the laws of the empire, marry Candid with the left hand. Martin concluded to throw the baron into the sea: Cacambo decided, that he must be delivered to the Turkish captain and sent to the galleys; after which he should be conveyed by the first ship to the father-general at Rome. This advice was found to be very good; the old woman approved of it, and not a syllable was said to his sister; the business was executed for a little money: and they had the pleasure of tricking a Jesuit, and punishing the pride of a German baron.

It was altogether natural to imagine, that after undergoing so many disasters, Candid married to his mistress, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, having besides brought home so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, would lead the most agreeable life in the world. But he had been so much choused by the

the Jews, that he had nothing else left but his little farm; his wife, every day growing more and more ugly, became headstrong and insupportable; the old woman was infirm, and more ill-natured yet than Cunegund. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and carried the produce of it to sell at Constantinople, was past his labour, and cursed his fate. Pangloss despaired of making a figure in any of the German universities. And as to Martin, he was firmly persuaded, that a person is equally ill situated every where. He took things with patience. Candid, Martin, and Pangloss, disputed sometimes about metaphysics and morality. Boats were often seen passing under the windows of the farm fraught with effendis, bashaws, and cadis, that were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mitilene, and Erzerum. And other cadis, bashaws, and effendis, were seen coming back to succeed the place of the exiles, and were driven out in their turns. They saw several heads very curiously stuck upon poles, and carrying as presents to the sublime Porte. Such sights gave occasion to frequent dissertations; and when no disputes were carried on, the irksomeness was so excessive, that the old woman ventured one day to tell them, I would be glad to know, which is worst, to be ravished a hundred times by negro pirates, to have one buttock cut off, to run the gantlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipt and hanged at an auto-da-fe, to be dissected, to be chained to an oar in a galley, and in short to experience all the miseries through which every one of us hath passed,—or to remain here doing of nothing? This, said Candid, is a grand question.

This discourse gave birth to new reflections, and Martin especially concluded, that man was born to live

live in the convulsions of disquiet, or in the lethargy of idleness. Though Candid did not absolutely agree to this; yet he did not determine any thing on the head. Pangloss avowed that he had undergone dreadful sufferings; but having once maintained that every thing went on as well as possible, he still maintained it, and at the same time believed nothing of it.

There was one thing which, more than ever, confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, made Candid hesitate, and embarrassed Pangloss,—which was, the arrival of Pacquette and brother Giroflée one day at their farm. This couple had been in the utmost distress; they had very speedily made away with their three thousand piastres; they had parted, been reconciled; quarrelled again, thrown into prison; had made their escape, and, at last brother Giroflée turned Turk. Pacquette still continued to follow her trade wherever she came; but she got little or nothing by it. I foresaw very well, says Martin to Candid, that your presents would soon be squandered, and only make them more miserable. You and Cacambo have spent millions of piastres, and yet you are not more happy than brother Giroflée and Pacquette. Ah! says Pangloss to Pacquette, It is heaven who has brought you here among us, my poor child! Do you know that you have cost me the tip of my nose, one eye, and one ear? What a handsome shape is here! and what is this world! This new adventure engaged them more deeply than ever in philosophical disputations.

In the neighbourhood lived a very famous dervise who passed for the best philosopher in Turkey; him they went to consult: Pangloss, who was their spokesman, addressed him thus, Master, we come
to

to intreat you to tell us, why so strange an animal as man has been formed?

Why do you trouble your head about it? said the dervise; is it any business of yours? But, my reverend father, says Candid, there is a horrible deal of evil on the earth. What signifies it, says the dervise, whether there is evil or good? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he trouble his head, whether the rats in the vessel are at their ease or not? What must then be done? says Pangloss. Be silent, answers the dervise. I flattered myself, replied Pangloss, to have reasoned a little with you on the causes and effects, on the best or possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and a pre-established harmony. At these words the dervise shut the door in their faces.

During this conversation, news was spread abroad, that two vizirs of the bench and the musti had been just strangled at Constantinople, and several of their friends empaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours. Pangloss, Candid, and Martin, as they were returning to the little farm, met with a good-looking old man, who was taking the air at his door, under an alcove formed of the boughs of orange-trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was disputative, asked him what was the name of the musti who was lately strangled? I cannot tell, answered the good old man; I never knew the name of any musti or vizir breathing. I am entirely ignorant of the event you speak of; I presume, that in general, such as are concerned in public affairs sometimes come to a miserable end; and that they deserve it: but I never enquire what is doing at Constantinople; I am contented with sending thither the produce of my

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garden, which I cultivate with my own hands. After saying these words, he invited the strangers to come into his house. His two daughters and two sons presented them with diverse sorts of sherbet of their own making; besides caymac, heightened with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, pine-apples, pistachio-nuts, and Moccha-coffee unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia or the American islands. After which the two daughters of this good mussulman perfumed the beards of Candid, Pangloss, and Martin.

You must certainly have a vast estate, said Candid to the Turk: who replied, I have no more than twenty acres of ground, the whole of which I cultivate myself with the help of my children; and our labour keeps off from us three great evils, idleness, vice, and want.

Candid, as he was returning home, made profound reflections on the Turk's discourse. This good old man, said Pangloss and Martin, appears to me to have chosen for himself a lot much preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honour to sup. Human grandeur, said Pangloss, is very dangerous, if we believe the testimonies of almost all philosophers; for we find Eglon, king of Moab, was assassinated by Aod; Absalom was hanged by the hair of his head, and run thro' with three darts; king Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was slain by Baaza; king Ela by Zimri; Okofias by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; the kings Jehoia-kim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah, were led into captivity: I need not tell you what was the fate of Cræsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II. Henry VI.

Richard

Richard III. Mary Stuart, Charles I. the three Henrys of France, and the emperor Henry IV. Neither need you tell me, said Candid, that we must take care of our garden. You are in the right, said Pangloss; for when man was put into the garden of Eden, it was with an intent to dress it: and this proves that man was not born to be idle. Work then without disputing, said Martin; it is the only way to render life supportable.

The little society, one and all, entered into this laudable design; and set themselves to exert their different talents. The little piece of ground yielded them a plentiful crop. Cunegund indeed was very ugly, but she became an excellent hand at pstry-work; Pacquette embroidered; the old woman had the care of the linen. There was none, down to brother Giroflée, but did some service; he was a very good carpenter, and became an honest man. Pangloss used now and then to say to Candid, There is a concatenation of all events in the best of possible worlds; for, in short, had you not been kicked out of a fine castle for the love of Miss Cunegund; had you not been put into the inquisition; had you not travelled over America on foot; had you not run the baron through the body; and had you not lost all your sheep, which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio nuts. Excellently observed, answered Candid; but let us take care of our garden.

[illegible]

CANDID:
OR, THE
OPTIMIST.
PART SECOND.

IT was thought that Dr Ralph had no intention to carry on his treatise of Optimism any further ; and therefore it was translated and published as a complete piece ; but Dr Ralph, spirited up by the little cabals of the German universities, added a second part, which we have caused to be translated, to satisfy the impatience of the public ; and, especially, of such who are diverted with the witticisms of Master Alibron, who know what a Merry Andrew is, and who never read the JOURNAL of TREVoux.

CANDID;

OR, THE

OPTIMIST.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

How Candid quitted his companions, and what happened to him.

WE soon become tired of every thing in life : riches fatigue the possessor ; ambition, when satisfied, leaves only remorse behind it ; the joys of love are but transient joys ; and Candid, made to experience all the vicissitudes of fortune, was soon disgusted with cultivating his garden. Mr Pangloss, said he, if we are in the best of possible worlds, you will own to me, at least, that this is not enjoying that portion of possible happiness ; but living obscure in a little corner of the Propontis, having no other resource than that of my own manual labour, which may one day fail me ; no other pleasures than what Mrs Cunegund gives me, who is very ugly ;

ugly; and, which is worse, is my wife; no other company than yours, which is sometimes irksome to me; or that of Martin, which makes me melancholy; or that of Giroflee, who is but very lately become an honest man; or that of Pacquette, the danger of whose correspondence you have so fully experienced; or that of the hag who has but one hip, and is constantly repeating old wives' tales.

To this Pangloss made the following reply: Philosophy teaches us, that Monads * divisible in infinitum, arrange themselves with wonderful sagacity, in order to compose the different bodies which we observe in nature. The heavenly bodies are what they ought to be; they are placed where they should be; they describe the circles which they ought to do: man follows the bent he ought to follow; he is what he ought to be; he does what he ought to do. You bemoan yourself, O Candid! because the Monad of your soul is disgusted: but disgust is a modification of the soul; and this does not hinder, but every thing is for the best, both for you and others. When you beheld me covered with sores, I did not maintain my opinion the less for that; for if Miss Pacquette had not made me taste the pleasures of love and its poison, I should not have met with you in Holland; I should not have given the anabaptist James an opportunity of performing a meritorious act; I should not have been hanged in Lisbon for the edification of my neighbour; I should not have been here to assist you with

* From the Greek word *Monas adēs*, which signifies a point, unity, the beginning of number; and is sometimes used to signify God himself.

with my advice, and make you live and die in Leibnitz's opinion. Yes, my dear Candid, every thing is linked in a chain, every thing is necessary in the best of possible worlds. There is a necessity that the burgher of Montauban should instruct kings; that the worm of Quimper-Corentin should carp, carp, carp; that the declaimer against philosophers should occasion his own crucifixion in St Denis-street; that a rascally recollet, and the arch-deacon of St Malo, should diffuse their gall and calumny thro' their Christian Journals; that philosophy should be accused at the tribunal of Melpomene; and that philosophers should continue to enlighten human nature, notwithstanding the croakings of ridiculous animals that flounder in the marshes of learning: and should you be once more driven by a hearty kicking from the finest of all castles, to learn again your exercise among the Bulgarians; should you again suffer the dirty effects of a Dutch-woman's zeal; be half drowned again before Lisbon; be unmercifully whipped again by order of the most holy inquisition; should you run the same risks again among Los Padres, the Oreillons, and the French; should you, in short, suffer every possible calamity, and never understand Leibnitz better than I myself do, you will still maintain that all is well; that all is for the best; that a *plenum*, the *materia subtilis*, a pre-established harmony, and Monads, are the finest things in the world; and that Leibnitz is a great man, even to those who do not comprehend him.

To this fine speech, Candid, the mildest being in nature, though he had killed three men, two of whom were priests, answered not a word: but weary of the doctor and his society, next morning, at break of day, taking a white staff in his hand,

he marched off, without knowing whither he was going, but in quest of a place where one does not become disgusted, and where men are not men, as in the good country of El Dorado.

Candid, so much the less unhappy as he had no longer a love for Miss Cunegund, living upon the bounty of different people, who are not Christians, but yet give alms, arrived, after a very long and very tiresome journey, at Tauris, upon the frontiers of Persia, a city noted for the cruelties which the Turks and Persians have by turns exercised therein.

Half dead with fatigue, having hardly more clothes than what were necessary to cover that part which constitutes the man, and which men call shameful, Candid could not well relish Pangloss's opinion, when a Persian accosted him, in the most polite manner, beseeching him to ennoble his house with his presence. You make a jest of me, says Candid to him; I am a poor devil, who have left a miserable dwelling I had in Propontis, because I had married Miss Cunegund; because she is grown very ugly, and because I was disgusted: I am not, indeed, made to ennoble any body's house; I am not noble myself, thank God: If I had the honour of being so, baron Thunder-ten-tronckh should have paid very dearly for the kicks on the backside with which he favoured me, or I should have died of shame for it, which would have been pretty philosophical: besides, I have been whipt very ignominiously by the executioners of the most holy inquisition, and by two thousand heroes at three-pence halfpenny a-day. Give me what you please, but do not insult my distress with taunts which would deprive you of the whole value of your beneficence. My lord, replied the Persian, you may be a beggar, and

and this appears pretty plainly ; but my religion obliges me to use hospitality : it is sufficient that you are a man, and under misfortunes, that the apple of my eye should be the path for your feet ; vouchsafe to ennoble my house with your radiant presence. I will, since you desire it, answered Candid. Come then, enter, says the Persian. They went in accordingly, and Candid could not forbear admiring the respectful treatment shown him by his host. The slaves prevented his desires ; the whole house seemed to be busied in nothing but contributing to his satisfaction. Should this last, said Candid to himself, all does not go so badly in this country. Three days were past, during which time the kind proceedings of the Persian were all of a piece ; and Candid already cried out, Master Pangloss, I always imagined you were in the right, for you are a great philosopher.

C H A P. II.

What befel Candid in this house ; and how he got out of it.

CANDID, being well fed, well clothed, and free from chagrin, soon became again as ruddy, as fresh, and as gay, as he had been at Westphalia. His host, Ismael Raab, was pleased to see this change : he was a man six feet high, adorned with two small eyes extremely red, and a large nose full of pimples, which sufficiently declared his infraction of Mahomet's law : his whiskers were the most famous in the country, and mothers wished their

sons nothing so much as a like pair. Raab had wives, because he was rich : but he thought in a manner that is but too common in the East, and in some of our colleges in Europe. Your excellence is brighter than the stars, says one day the cunning Persian to the brisk Candid, half smiling and half suppressing his words : you must have captivated a great many hearts : you are formed to give and receive happiness. Alas ! answered our hero, I was happy only by halves, behind a screen, where I was but so so at my ease. Mademoiselle Cunegund was handsome then——Mademoiselle Cunegund ! poor innocent thing ! Follow me, my lord, says the Persian ; and Candid followed accordingly. They came to a very agreeable retreat, where silence and pleasure reigned. There Ismael Raab tenderly embraced Candid, and in a few words made a declaration of love like that which the beautiful Alexis expresses with so much pleasure in Virgil's Eclogues. Candid could not recover from his astonishment. No, cried he, I can never suffer such infamy ! what cause, and what horrible effect ! I had rather die. So you shall, says Ismael enraged : how, thou Christian dog ! because I would politely give you pleasure—resolve directly to satisfy me, or to suffer the most cruel death. Candid did not long hesitate. The cogent reason of the Persian made him tremble, for he feared death like a philosopher.

We accustom ourselves to every thing in time. Candid, well-fed, well taken care of, but closely watched, was not absolutely disgusted with his condition. Good cheer, and the different diversions performed by Ismael's slaves, gave some respite to his chagrin : he was unhappy only when he thought ;

thought; and thus it is with the greatest part of mankind.

At that time, one of the most staunch supporters of the monkish crew in Persia, the most learned of the Mahometan doctors, who understood Arabic perfectly, and even Greek, as spoken at this day in the country of Demosthenes and Sophocles, the reverend Ed-Ivan-baal-Denk, returned from Constantinople, where he had conversed with the reverend Mamoud-Abram on a very delicate point of doctrine; namely, whether the prophet had plucked from the angel Gabriel's wing the pen which he used for the writing of the Alcoran; or, if Gabriel had made him a present of it. They had disputed for three days and three nights with a warmth worthy of the noblest ages of controversy: and the doctor returned home persuaded, like all the disciples of Ali, that Mahomet had plucked the quill; while Mamoud-Abram remained convinced, like the rest of Omar's followers, that the prophet was incapable of committing any such rudeness, and that the angel had very politely made him a present of this quill for his pen.

It is said that there was at Constantinople a certain free-thinker, who insinuated that it was necessary to examine first whether the Alcoran was really written with a pen taken from the wing of the angel Gabriel; but he was stoned.

Candid's arrival had made a noise in Tauris: many who had heard him speak of contingent and non-contingent effects, imagined he was a philosopher. The reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk was told of him: he had the curiosity to come and see him; and Raab, who could hardly refuse a person of such consequence, sent for Candid to make his appearance. He seemed to be well pleased with the manner

ner in which Candid spake of bad physics, bad morals, of agent and actuated. I understand that you are a philosopher, and that's all. But it is enough, Candid, says the venerable recluse: it is not right, that so great a man as you are should be treated with such indignity, as I am told, in the world. You are a stranger, Ismael Raab has no right over you. I propose to conduct you to court; there you shall meet with a favourable reception: the sopher loves the sciences. Ismael, you must put this young philosopher into my hands, or dread incurring the displeasure of the prince, and drawing upon yourself the vengeance of heaven; but especially of the monks. These last words frightened the otherwise undaunted Persian, and he consented to every thing: Candid, blessing heaven and the monks, went the same day out of Tauris, with the Mahometan doctor. They took the road to Ispahan, where they arrived loaded with the blessings and favours of the people.

C H A P. III.

Candid's reception at court, and what followed.

THE reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk made no delay in presenting Candid to the king. His majesty took a particular pleasure in hearing him: he made him dispute with several learned men of his court, and those looked upon him as a fool, an ignoramus, and idiot; which very much contributed to persuade his majesty, that he was a great man. Because, said he to them, you do not comprehend Candid's reasonings, you abuse him; but
I,

I, who also comprehend nothing at all of them, assure you that he is a great philosopher, and I swear to it by my whisker. Upon these words, the literati were struck dumb.

Candid had apartments assigned him in the palace; he had slaves to wait on him; he was dressed, in magnificent cloaths, and the sopher commanded, that whatever he should say no one should dare to assert that he was wrong. His majesty did not * stop here. The venerable monk was continually soliciting him in favour of his guest, and his majesty, at length, resolved to rank him among the number of his most intimate favourites.

God be praised, and our holy prophet, says the iman, addressing himself to Candid; I am come to tell you a very agreeable piece of news; that you are happy, my dear Candid; that you are going to raise the envy of the world; you shall swim in opulence; you may aspire to the most splendid posts in the empire. But do not forget me, my friend: think that it is I who have procured you the favour you are just upon the point of enjoying: let gaiety reign over the horizon of your countenance. The king grants you a favour which has been sought by many, and you will soon exhibit a sight which the court has not enjoyed these two years past. And what are these favours, demanded Candid, with which the prince intends to honour me? This very day, answered the monk,
quite

* If this would induce philosophers who lose their time in barking in Procopius's cottage, to take a short trip into Persia, this frivolous work would be of pretty great service to messieurs the Parisians.

This note by Mr Ralph.

quite overjoyed, this very day you are to receive fifty strokes with a bull's-pizzle on the soles of your feet, in the presence of his majesty. The eunuchs named for perfuming you for the occasion are to be here directly; prepare yourself to go cheerfully through this little trial, and thereby render yourself worthy of the King of Kings. Let the King of Kings, cried Candid in a rage, keep his favours to himself, if I must receive fifty blows with a bull's pizzle in order to merit them. It is thus, replied the doctor coldly, that he deals with those on whom he means to pour down his benefits. I love you too much to regard the little pet which you show on the occasion, and I will make you happy in spite of yourself.

He had not done speaking, when the eunuchs arrived, preceded by the executor of his majesty's private pleasures, who was one of the greatest and most robust Lords of the court. Candid in vain remonstrated against their proceedings. They perfumed his legs and feet, according to custom. Four eunuchs carried him to the place appointed for the ceremony, through the midst of a double file of soldiers, while the trumpets sounded, the cannon fired, and the bells of all the mosques of Isfahan jingled: the *sophi* † was already there, accompanied with his principal officers and the most distinguished personages of his court. In an instant they stretched out Candid upon a little form finely gilt, and the

† I make use of the word *Sophi*, because it is more universally known than that of *Sesey*, which is the proper name, according to Mr. Petit de la Croix, who says that *Sophi*, signifies *Capuchin Emperor*; but this is of very little signification.

A note of the translator's.

the executor of the private pleasures put himself in a posture for entering upon his office. O! master Pangloss, master Pangloss, were you but here!—said Candid weeping and roaring out with all his force; a circumstance which would have been thought very indecent, if the monk had not given the people to understand, that his guest had put himself into such violent agitations, only the better to divert his majesty. This great king, it is true, laughed like a fool: he even took such delight in the affair, that after the fifty blows had been given he ordered fifty more to be added. But his first minister having represented to him with a firmness not very common, that such an unheard-of favour with regard to a stranger, might alienate the hearts of his subjects, he revoked that order, and Candid was carried back to his apartments.

They put him to bed, after having bathed his feet with vinegar. The grandees came round him in order to congratulate him on his good fortune. The sopher then came to assist him in person, and not only gave him his hand to kiss, according to the custom, but likewise honoured him with a great blow of his fist on the mouth. From whence the politicians conjectured, that Candid would arrive at extraordinary preferment, and what is very uncommon, though politicians, they were not deceived.

C H A P. IV.

Fresh favours conferred on Candid ; his great advancement.

AS soon as our hero was cured, he was introduced to the king, to return him his thanks. The monarch received him very graciously. He gave him two or three hearty boxes on the ear during their conversation, and conducted him back as far as the guard-room, with several sound kicks on the posteriors ; at which the courtiers were ready to burst for envy. Since his majesty had been in a drubbing humour, no person had ever received such signal marks of his majesty's favour in this way as Candid.

Three days after this interview, our philosopher, who was enraged at the favours he had received, and thought that every thing went very bad, was nominated governor of Chufistan, with an absolute power. He was decorated with a fur cap, which is a grand mark of distinction in Persia. He took his leave of the fophi, and departed for Sus, the capital of his province. From the moment that Candid made his appearance at court, the grandees had conspired his destruction. The excessive favours which the fophi had heaped on him, served but to increase the storm ready to burst upon his head. He however applauded himself on his good fortune ; and, especially, his removal from court :
he

he enjoyed in prospect the pleasures of supreme rank, and he said from the bottom of his heart,

How blest the subject from his lord remov'd!

He had not gone quite twenty miles from Isfahan, before five hundred horsemen, armed cap-a-pie, came up with him and his attendants, and discharged a volley of fire-arms upon them. Candid imagined at first that this was intended to do him an honour; but the ball, which broke his leg, soon gave him to know what was going on. His people laid down their arms, and Candid, more dead than alive, was carried to a castle remote from any other dwelling. His baggage, camels, slaves, white and black eunuchs, with thirty-six women which the sophi had given him for his use, all became the prey of the conqueror. Our hero's leg was cut off for fear of a mortification; and care was taken of his life, that a more cruel death might be inflicted on him.

O Pangloss! Pangloss! what would now become of your optimism, if you saw me, short of one leg, in the hands of my cruellest enemies; just as I was entering upon the path of happiness, and was governor, or king, as one may say, of one of the most considerable provinces of the empire of ancient Media; when I had camels, slaves, black and white eunuchs, and thirty-six women for my own use, and of which I had not made any? Thus spoke Candid as soon as he was able to speak.

But while he was thus bemoaning himself, every thing was going for the best for him. The ministry, informed of the outrages committed against him, had detached a body of well-disciplined troops in pursuit of the mutineers, and the monk Ed-Ivan-Baal Denk, took care to publish by means of

others of his fraternity, that Candid being the work of the monks, was consequently the work of God. Such as had any knowledge of this atrocious attempt, were so much the more ready to discover it, as the ministers of religion gave assurance on the part of Mahomet, that every one who had eaten pork, drank wine, omitted bathing for any number of days together; or had conversed with women at the time of their impurity, against the express prohibitions of the Alcoran, should be, ipso facto, absolved, upon declaring what they knew concerning the conspiracy. They soon discovered the place of Candid's confinement, which they broke open; and, as it was a religious affair, the party worsted were exterminated to a man, agreeable to custom in that case. Candid, marching over a heap of dead bodies, made his escape, triumphed over the greatest peril he had hitherto encountered, and with his attendants resumed the road to his government. He was received there as a favourite who had been honoured with fifty blows of a bull's pizzle on the soles of his feet, in the presence of the king of kings.

C H A P. V.

How Candid becomes a very great man, and yet is not contented,

THE good of philosophy is its inspiring us with a love for our fellow-creatures. Paschal is almost the only philosopher who seems desirous to make us hate our neighbours. Luckily Candid had

had not read Paschal, and he loved the poor human race very cordially. This was soon perceived by the upright part of the people. They had always kept at a distance from the pretended legates of heaven, but made no scruple of visiting Candid, and assisting him with their counsels. He made several wise regulations for the encouragement of agriculture, population, commerce, and the arts. He rewarded those who had made any useful experiments; and even encouraged such as had produced some essays on literature. When the people in my province are in general content, said he, with a charming candour, possibly I shall be so myself. Candid was a stranger to mankind: he saw himself torn to pieces in seditious libels, and calumniated in a work, intituled, *The Friend to Mankind*. He found, that while he was labouring to make people happy, he had only made them ungrateful. Ah! cried Candid, how hard it is to govern these beings without feathers, which vegetate on the earth! Why am I not still in Propontis, in the company of Mr Pangloss, Miss Cunegund, the daughter of pope Urban X. with only one buttock, brother Giroflée, and the most luscious Pacquette.

C H A P. VI.

The Pleasures of Candid,

CANDID, in the bitterness of his grief, wrote a very pathetic letter to the Rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk. He painted to him in such lively colours the present state of his soul, that Ed-Ivan, greatly affected

affected with it, obtained permission of the sopher, that Candid should resign his employments. His majesty, in recompense of his services, granted him a very considerable pension. Eased from the weight of grandeur, our philosopher immediately sought after Pangloss's optimism, in the pleasures of a private life. He till then had lived for the benefit of others, and seemed to have forgotten that he had a seraglio.

He now called it to remembrance with that emotion which the very name inspires. Let every thing be got ready, says he to his first eunuch, for my visiting the women. My lord, answered the shrill-piped slave, it is now that your excellency deserves the title of Wise. The men for whom you have done so much were not worthy of employing your thoughts; but the women—— That may be, said Candid modestly.

At the bottom of a garden, where art had assisted nature to unfold her beauties, stood a small house, of simple and elegant structure; and by that means alone, very different from those which are to be seen in the suburbs of the finest city in Europe. Candid could not approach it without blushing: the air round this charming retreat diffused a delicious perfume; the flowers, amorously intermingled, seemed here to be guided by the instinct of pleasure, and preserved, for a long time, their various beauties. Here the rose never lost its lovely hue: the view of a rock, from which the waters precipitated themselves with a murmuring and confused noise, invited the soul of that soft melancholy, which is ever the forerunner of pleasure. Candid enters trembling into a saloon, where taste and magnificence were united: his senses are drawn by a secret charm: he casts his eyes on young Telemachus

chus, who breathes on the canvas in the midst of the nymphs of Calypso's court. He next turns them to Diana, half naked, who flies into the arms of the tender Endymion; his agitation increases at the sight of a Venus, faithfully copied from that of Medicis: his ears on a sudden are struck with a divine harmony; a company of young Circassian females appear covered with their veils; they form round him a sort of dance, agreeably designed, and more just than those trifling jigs that are performed on as trifling stages, after the representation of the death of Cæsar and Pompey.

At a signal given they throw off their veils, and discover faces full of expression, that lend new life to the diversion. These beauties studied the most seducing attitudes, without appearing to intend it: one expressed in her looks a passion without bounds; another a soft languor, which waits for pleasures without seeking them: this fair stoops and raises herself precipitately, to give leave to a cursory view of those enchanting charms, which the fair sex display in such full scope at Paris; and that other throws aside a part of her cymar to show a leg, which alone is capable of enflaming a mortal of any delicacy. The dance ceases, and they remain in profound silence.

This pause recalls Candid to himself. The fire of love takes possession of his breast: he darts the most ardent looks on all around him; imprints warm kisses on lips as warm, and eyes that swim in liquid fire: he passes his hand over globes whiter than alabaster, whose palpitating motion repels the touch; admires their proportion; perceives little vermillion protuberances, like those rose buds which only wait the genial rays of the sun to unfold

fold them : he kisses them with rapture, and his lips for some time remained as if glued to the spot.

Our philosopher next admires, for a while, a majestic figure, of a fine and delicate shape. Burning with desire, he at length throws the handkerchief to a young person, whose eyes he had observed to be always fixed upon him, and which seemed to say, Teach me the meaning of a trouble I am ignorant of; and who, blushing at the secret avowal, became a thousand times more charming. The eunuch then opened the door of a private chamber, consecrated to the mysteries of love, into which the lovers enter; and the eunuch addressing his master, said, Here it is, my lord, you are going to be truly happy. Oh! answered Candid, I truly hope so.

The ceiling and walls of this little retreat, were covered with looking-glass: in the midst was placed a couch of black sattin, on which Candid threw the young Circassian, and undressed her with incredible haste. The fair one gave him no other interruption, but to imprint kisses, full of fire, on his lips. My lord, said she to him in the Turkish language, which she spoke perfectly, how fortunate is your slave, to be thus honoured with your transports! An energy of sentiment can be expressed in every language by those who truly feel it. These few words enchanted our philosopher: he was no longer himself; all he saw, all he heard, was new to him. What difference between Miss Cune-gund, grown ugly, and violated by Bulgarian freebooters, and a Circassian girl of eighteen, till then a stranger to man. This was the first time of the wise Candid's enjoying her. The objects which he devoured were repeated in the glasses; on what side soever he cast his eyes, he saw upon the black
sattin

fattin the most beautiful, and fairest body possible, and the contrast of colours lent it new lustre, with round, firm, and plump thighs, an admirable fall of loins, a ——— but I am obliged to have a regard to the false delicacy of our language. It is sufficient for me to say, that our philosopher tasted, by frequent repetitions, of that portion of happiness he was capable of receiving; and that the young Circassian in a little time proved his sufficing reason.

O master! my dear master! cried Candid, almost beside himself, every thing here is as well as in El Dorado; a fine woman can alone complete the wishes of man. I am as happy as it is possible to be. Leibnitz is in the right, and you are a great philosopher. For instance; I engage that you, my lovely girl, have always had a bias towards optimism, because you have always been happy. Alas! no, answered she, I do not know what optimism is; but I swear to you, that your slave has not known happiness till to-day. If my Lord is pleased to give me leave, I will convince him of it, by a succinct recital of my adventures. I am very willing, said Candid; I am in a pretty calm situation for hearing an historical detail. Upon which the fair slave began as follows:

C H A P. VII.

The history of Zirza.

MY father was a Christian, and so likewise am I, as far as I have been told. He had a little hermitage near Cotatis, where, by his fervent devotion, and practising austerities shocking to human nature, he acquired the veneration of the faithful. Crowds of women came to pay him their homage, and took a particular satisfaction in bathing his posteriors, which he lashed every day with several smart strokes of discipline: doubtless it was to one of the most devout of these visitants that I owe my being. I was brought up in a cave, in the neighbourhood of my father's little cell. I was twelve years of age, and had not yet left this kind of grave, when the earth shook with a dreadful noise; the arch of the vault fell in, and I was drawn out from under the rubbish half dead, when light struck my eyes for the first time. My father took me into his hermitage as a predestinated child. The whole of this adventure appeared strange to the people; my father cried it up as a miracle, and so did they.

I was called Zirza, which in Persian signifies Child of Providence. Notice was soon taken of my poor charms: the women already came but seldom to the hermitage, and the men much oftner. One of them tells me that he loved me. Villain, says my father to him, hast thou substance sufficient to love her? This is a deposit which God has entrusted to me: he has made his appearance to me
this

this night, under the shape of a venerable hermit, and forbid me to give up the possession thereof out of my hands, for less than a thousand sequins. Get thee gone, poor devil, lest thine impure breath should blast her charms. I have, answered he, only a heart to offer her. But say, barbarian, dost thou not blush to make sport of the deity, for the gratifying thine avarice? With what front, vile wretch, darrest thou pretend that God has spoken to thee? This is throwing the greatest contempt upon the author of beings, to represent him conversing with such men as thou art. O blasphemy! cried my father in a rage, God himself has commanded me to stone blasphemers. As he spoke these words, he fell upon my lover, and with repeated blows laid him dead on the ground, and his blood flew in my face. Though I had not yet known what love is, this man had given me concern, and his death threw me into an affliction, so much the greater, as it rendered the sight of my father insupportable to me. I took a resolution to leave him: he perceived it. Ungrateful, says he to me, it is to me thou owest thy being. Thou art my daughter,—and thou hastest me: but I am going to deserve thy hatred, by the most rigorous treatment. He kept his word but too well with me, cruel man! During years, which I spent in tears and groans, neither my youth, nor my clouded beauty, could in the least abate his wrath. Sometimes he stuck a thousand pins into all the parts of my body: at other times, with his discipline, he made the blood trickle down my thighs.—This, says Candid, gave you less pain than the pins. True, my lord, answers Zirza. At last, continued she, I fled from my father's habitation; and not daring to trust myself to any body, I flung myself into the thickest

part of the woods, where I was three days without food, and should have died, had it not been for a tyger I had the happiness to please, and which was willing to share with me the prey he caught. But I had many horrors to encounter from this formidable beast; and the brute was very near depriving me of the flower, which you, my lord, have plucked from me, with so much pain and pleasure. Bad food gave me the scurvy. Scarcely was I cured, before I followed a merchant of slaves, who was going to Teflis; the plague was there then, and I took it. These various misfortunes did not absolutely affect my features, nor hinder the sophi's purveyor from buying me for your use. I have languished in tears these three months, that I have been among the number of your women. My companions and I imagined ourselves to be the objects of your contempt; and if you knew, my lord, how disagreeable eunuchs are, and how little adapted for comforting young girls who are despised—In short, I am not yet eighteen years of age; and of these I have spent twelve in a frightful cavern; undergone an earthquake; been covered with the blood of the first lovely man I had hitherto seen; endured, for the space of four years, the most cruel tortures, and have had the scurvy, and the plague. Consumed with desires, amidst a crew of black and white monsters, still preserving that which I have saved from the fury of an awkward tyger; and, cursing my fate, I have passed three months in this seraglio; where I should have died of the jaundice, had not your excellency honoured me at last with your embraces. O heavens! cried Candid, is it possible that you have experienced such sensible misfortunes at so tender an age? What would Pangloss say could he hear you? But your misfortunes
are

are at an end, as well as mine. Every thing does not go badly now ; is not this true ? Upon that Candid resumed his careffes, and was more than ever confirmed in the belief of Pangloss's system.

C H A P. VIII.

Candid's disgusts. An unexpected meeting.

OUR philosopher, in the midst of his seraglio, dispensed his favours equally. He tasted the pleasures of variety, and always returned to the Child of Providence with fresh ardour. But this did not last long ; he soon felt violent pains in his loins, and excruciating colics. He dried up, as he grew happy. Then Zirza's breast appeared no longer so white, or so well placed ; her thighs not so hard, nor so plump ; her eyes lost all their vivacity in those of Candid ; her complexion, its lustre ; and her lips that pure vermilion which had enchanted him at first sight. He now perceived that she walked badly, and had an offensive smell : he saw, with the greatest disgust, a spot upon the mount of Venus, which he had never observed before to be tainted with any blemish : the vehement ardour of Zirza became burdensome to him : he could see, with great coolness, the faults of his other women, which had escaped him in his first transports of passion ; he saw nothing in them but a bare-faced impudence : he was ashamed to have walked in the steps of the wisest of men ; and " he found women more bitter than death."

Candid,

Candid, always cherishing these christian sentiments, spent his leisure time in walking over the streets of Sus; when one day a cavalier, in a superb dress, came up to him suddenly and called him by his name. Is it possible! cried Candid, my lord, that you are — it is not possible; otherwise you are so very like—the abbé of Perigord—I am the very man, answered the abbé. Upon this Candid started back, and, with his usual ingenuousness, said, Are you happy, Mr Abbé? A fine question, replied the abbé; the little deceit which I put upon you has contributed not a little to gain me credit. The police had employed me for some time; but, having fallen out with them, I quitted the ecclesiastical habit, which was no longer of any service to me. I went over into England, where persons of my profession are better paid. I said all I knew, and all I did not know, about the strength and weakness of the country I had lately left. I especially gave bold assurances, that the French were the dregs of the world, and that good sense dwelt no where but in London. In short, I made a splendid fortune, and have just concluded a treaty at the court of Persia, which tends to exterminate all the Europeans, who come for cotton and silk into the sopher's dominions, to the detriment of the English. The object of your mission is very commendable, says our philosopher; but, Mr Abbé, you are a cheat; I like not cheats, and I have some credit at court. Tremble; now your happiness has arrived at its utmost limits; you are just upon the point of suffering the fate you deserve. My lord Candid, cried the abbé, throwing himself on his knees, have pity on me: I feel myself drawn to evil by an irresistible force, as you find yourself necessitated to the practice of virtue. This fatal propensity

propensity I have perceived, from the moment I became acquainted with Mr Wasp, and worked at the Feuilles. What do you call Feuilles*? says Candid. Feuilles, answered the abbé, are sheets of seventy-two pages in print, in which the public are entertained in the strain of calumny, satire, and dullness. An honest man who can read and write, and not being able to continue among the Jesuits so long as he chose, has set himself to compose this pretty little work, that he may have wherewithal to give his wife some lace, and bring up his children in the fear of God; and there are certain honest people, who for a few pence, and some bottles of bad wine, assist the man in carrying on his scheme. This Mr Wasp is, besides, a member of a curious club, who divert themselves with making poor ignorant people drunk, and setting them to blaspheme; or in bullying a poor simple devil, and breaking his furniture, and afterwards challenging him. Such little pretty amusements these gentry call mistifications, and richly deserve the attention of the police. In fine, this very honest man, Mr Wasp, who boasts he never was in the galleys, is troubled with a lethargy, which renders him insensible to the clearest truths; and out of which he can be drawn only by certain violent means, which he sustains with a resignation and courage above conception. I have worked for some time under this

* *Feuilles* is one of the thirty or forty journals printed at Paris, and known only in France, where it is pretty current among the people of all ranks. Besides, this detached piece of seventy-two pages must not be confounded with others of the same number of pages, which the author himself respects, and which philosophers highly value. *This is a note of Dr Ralph's.*

this celebrated genius ; I am become an eminent writer in my turn, and I had but just quitted Mr Wasp, to do a little for myself, when I had the honour of paying you a visit at Paris. Though you are a very great cheat, Mr Abbé, yet your sincerity in this point makes some impression upon me. Go to court ; ask for the rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal Denk ; I shall write to him in your behalf, but upon express condition, that you promise me to become an honest man ; and that you will not be the occasion of some thousands having their throats cut, for the sake of a little silk and cotton. The abbé promised all that Candid required, and they parted very good friends.

C H A P. IX.

Candid's disgraces, travels, and adventures.

N O sooner had the abbé gotten access to court, than he employed all his skill in order to ingratiate himself with the minister, and ruin his benefactor. He spread a report, that Candid was a traitor, and that he had spoke disrespectfully of the hallowed whiskers of the king of kings. All the courtiers condemned him to be burnt in a slow fire ; but the sopher, more favourable, only sentenced him to perpetual banishment, after having previously kissed the sole of his accuser's foot, according to the usage among the Persians. The abbé went in person to put the sentence in execution : he found our philosopher in pretty good health, and disposed to become again happy. My friend, says the
English

English ambassador to him, I come with regret to let you know, that you must quit this kingdom with all expedition, and kiss my feet, with a true repentance for your horrid crimes. Kiss your feet, Mr Abbé! certainly you are not in earnest, and I do not understand joking. Upon which some mutes, who had attended the abbé, entered, and took off his shoes, letting poor Candid know, by signs, that he must submit to this piece of humiliation, or else expect to be impaled. Candid, by virtue of his free will, kissed the abbé's feet. They put on him a sorry linen robe, and the executioner drove him out of the town, crying all the time, Behold a traitor! who has spoken irreverently of the sopher's whiskers! irreverently of the imperial whiskers!

What did the officious monk, while his friend, whom he protected, was treated thus? I know nothing of that. It is probable that he was tired of protecting Candid. Who can depend on the favour of kings, and especially that of monks?

In the mean time our hero went melancholy on. I never spoke, said he to himself, about the king of Persia's whiskers. I am cast in an instant from the pinnacle of happiness into the abyss of misery; because a wretch, who has violated all laws, accuses me of a pretended crime which I have never committed; and this wretch, this monster, this persecutor of virtue—he is happy.

Candid, after travelling for some days, found himself upon the frontiers of Turkey. He directed his course towards the Propontis, with a design to settle there again, and pass the rest of his days in the cultivation of his garden. He saw, as he entered a little village, a great multitude of people tumultuously assembled: he inquired into the cause

of it. This, says an old man to him, is an accident pretty singular. It is some time ago since the wealthy Mahomet demanded in marriage the daughter of the janissary Zamoud: he found her not to be a virgin; and in pursuance of a principle quite natural, and authorised by the laws, he sent her home to her father, after having branded her in the face. Zamoud, exasperated at the disgrace brought on his family, in the first transports of a fury that is very natural, with one stroke of his scymetar clove the disfigured visage of his daughter. His eldest son, who loved his sister passionately, and this is very frequent in nature, flew upon his father, and plunged, quite naturally too, a very sharp poignard to his heart. Afterwards, like a lion who grows more enraged at seeing his own blood flow, the furious Zamoud ran to Mahomet's house; and after striking to the ground some slaves who opposed his passage, murdered Mahomet, his wives, and two children then in the cradle; all which was very natural, considering the violent situation he then was in. At last, to crown all, he killed himself with the same poignard, reeking with the blood of his father and his enemies, which is also very natural. What a scene of horrors! cried Candid. What would you have said, master Pangloss, had you found such barbarities in nature? Would not you acknowledge that nature is corrupted, that all is not—No, says the old man, for the pre-established harmony—O, heavens! do ye not deceive me? Is this Pangloss, says Candid, whom I again see? The very same, answered the old man: I knew you, but I was willing to find out your sentiments, before I would discover myself. Come, let us discourse a little on contingent effects, and see if you have made any progress in the

the art of wisdom. Alas! says Candid, you chuse your time improperly; rather let me know what is become of Miss Cunegund; tell me where are brother Giroflée, Pacquette, and pope Urban's daughter. I know nothing of them, says Pangloss; it is now two years since I left our habitation in order to find you out. I have travelled over almost all Turkey: I was upon the point of setting out for the court of Persia, where I heard you made a great figure, and I only tarried in this little village, among these good people, till I had gathered strength for continuing my journey. What is this I see? answered Candid, quite surpris'd. You want an arm, my dear Doctor. That is nothing, says the one-handed and the one-eyed doctor: nothing is more common in the best of worlds, than to see persons who want one eye and one arm. This accident besel me in a journey from Mecca. Our caravan was attacked by a troop of Arabs: our guard attempted to make resistance; and, according to the rules of war, the Arabs, who found themselves to be the strongest side, massacred us all without mercy. There perished about five hundred persons in this attack, among whom was about a dozen of big-bellied women. For my part, I had only my skull split, and an arm cut off; I did not die for all this, and I still found that every thing went for the best. But as to yourself, my dear Candid, whence is it that you have a wooden leg? Upon this Candid began, and gave an account of his adventures. Our philosophers turned together towards the Propontis, and enlivened their journey by discoursing on physical and moral evil, free-will and predestination, monads and pre-established harmony.

C H A P. X.

Candid and Pangloss arrive in the Propontis ; what they saw there ; and what became of them.

O Candid ! said Pangloss, why was you so tired of cultivating your garden ? Why did we not still continue to eat citrons and pistachio nuts ? Why was you weary of your happiness ? Because every thing is necessary in the best of worlds, there was a necessity that you should undergo the bastinado, in the presence of the king of Persia ; have your leg cut off, in order to make Chusistan happy, to experience the ingratitude of men, and draw down upon the heads of some atrocious villains the punishment which they had deserved. With such talk as this, they arrived at their old habitation. The first objects that presented themselves were Martin and Pacquette, in the habit of slaves. Whence, said Candid to them, is this metamorphosis ? after embracing them tenderly. Alas ! answered they sobbing, You have no more a habitation ; another has undertaken the labour of cultivating your garden ; he eats your preserved citrons and pistachios, and we are treated like negroes. Who, says Candid, is this other ? The high admiral, answered they, a mortal the least humane of all mortals. The sultan, willing to recompense his services without putting himself to any expence, has confiscated all your goods, under pretext that you had gone over to his enemies, and condemned us to slavery. Be advised by me, Candid, added Martin,

Martin, and continue your journey. I always told you every thing is for the worst; the sum of evil exceeds by much that of good. Be gone, and I do not despair but you may become a Manichean, if you are not so already. Pangloss would have begun an argument in form; but Candid interrupted him, to ask about Miss Cunegund, the old woman, brother Giroflée, and Cacambo. Cacambo, answered Martin, is here; he is at present employed about emptying a house of office. The old woman is dead, from a kick given her by an eunuch in the breast. Brother Giroflée has entered among the janissaries. Miss Cunegund has recovered her plumpness, and former beauty; she is in our master's seraglio. What a chain of misfortunes, says Candid! Was there a necessity for Miss Cunegund to become handsome, only to make me a cuckold? It matters little, says Pangloss, whether Miss Cunegund be beautiful or ugly in your arms or those of another, that is nothing to the general system: for my part I wish her a numerous progeny. Philosophers do not perplex themselves by whom women have children, provided they have them. Population—Alas! says Martin, philosophers ought much rather to employ themselves in rendering a few individuals happy, than engaging them to multiply the number of sufferers. While they were thus arguing, a great noise was heard on a sudden; it was the admiral diverting himself, by causing a dozen slaves to be whipped. Pangloss and Candid, both frighted, with tears in their eyes parted from their friends, and in all haste took the road to Constantinople.

There they found all the people in a great stir. A fire had broke out in the suburb of Pera; five or six hundred houses were already consumed, and

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two or three thousand persons perished in the flames. What a horrible disaster! cried Candid. All is well, says Pangloss; these little accidents happen every year. It is entirely natural for the fire to catch houses built of wood, and for those who are in them to be burnt; besides, this procures some resources to honest people, who languish in misery.—What is this I hear? says an officer of the sublime porte: How, wretch, dar’st thou say that all is well, when half Constantinople is in flames? Dog, be cursed of our prophet; receive the punishment due to thy impudence! And as he uttered these words he took Pangloss by the middle, and flung him headlong into the flames. Candid, half dead with fright, crept on all fours, as well as he could, to a neighbouring quarter, where all was more quiet; and we shall see what became of him in the next chapter.

C H A P. XI.

Candid continues his travels, and in what quality.

I Have nothing left, said our philosopher, but to make myself either a slave or a Turk. Happiness has forsaken me for ever. A turban would corrupt all my pleasures. I shall be incapable of tasting tranquillity of soul, in a religion full of imposture, into which I enter merely from a motive of vile interest. No, I shall never be content, if I cease to be an honest man: let me make myself then a slave. Candid had no sooner taken this resolution than he set about putting it into execution.

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He chose an Armenian merchant for his master, who was a man of a very good character, and passed for virtuous, as much as an Armenian can be. He gave Candid two hundred sequins, as the price of his liberty. The Armenian was upon the point of departing for Norway: he took Candid with him, in hopes that a philosopher would be of use to him in his traffic. They embarked, and the wind was so favourable for them, that they were not above half the usual time in their passage. They even had no occasion for buying a wind from the Lapland witches, and contented themselves with giving them some stock-fish, that they might not disturb their good fortune with their enchantments; which sometimes happens, if we may believe Moreau's dictionary on this head.

The Armenian no sooner landed than he provided a stock of whale-blubber, and ordered our philosopher to go over all the country to buy him some dried salt fish: he acquitted himself of his commission in the best manner he could, returned with several rein-deers loaded with this merchandise, and made profound reflections on the astonishing difference which is to be found between the Laplanders and other men. A very diminutive female Laplander, whose head was a little bigger than her body, her eyes red and full of fire, a flat nose, and mouth as wide as possible, wished him a good day, with an infinite grace. My little lord, says this being, (a foot and ten inches high) to him, I think you very handsome; do me the favour to love me a little. So saying, she flew to him and caught him round the neck. Candid pushed her away with horror. She cries out, when in comes her husband with several other Laplanders. What is the meaning of all this uproar? say they. It is,
answers

answers the little thing, that this stranger—Alas! I am choaked with grief; he despises me. So then, says the Lapland husband, thou unpolite, dishonest, brutal, infamous, cowardly rascal; thou bringest disgrace upon my house; thou dost me the most sensible injury; thou refuselt to lie with my wife. Lo! here's the good of our neighbour, cried our hero: what would you have said then, if I had lain with her? I would have wished thee all sort of prosperity, says the Laplander to him in wrath, but thou only deservest my indignation. At uttering this, he discharged on Candid's back a volley of blows with a cudgel. The rein-deer were seized by the relations of the offended husband, and Candid, for fear of worse, was forced to betake himself to flight, and renounce for ever his good master; for how dared he present himself before him without money, whale-blubber, or rein-deer?

C H A P. XII.

Candid still continues his travels. New adventures.

CANDID travelled a long time without knowing whither he was going, at length he resolved to go to Denmark, where he had heard that every thing went pretty well. He had a few pieces of money about him, which the Armenian had made him a present of; and this sum, though inconsiderable, he hoped would carry him to the end of his journey. Hope rendered his misery support-
able

able to him; and he still passed some happy moments. He found himself one day in an inn with three travellers, who talked to him with great warmth about a plenum and the *materia subtilis*. Mightily well, says Candid to himself, these are philosophers. Gentlemen, says he to them, a plenum is incontestible: there is no vacuum in nature, and the *materia subtilis* is a well-imagined hypothesis. You are then a Cartesian? say the three travellers. Yes, answers Candid, and a Leibnitzian, which is more. So much the worse for you, replied the philosophers. Des Cartes and Leibnitz had not common sense. We are Newtonians, and we glory in it; if we dispute, it is only the better to confirm ourselves in our opinions, and we all think the same. We search for truth in Newton's tract, because we are persuaded that Newton is a great man.—And Des Cartes too, and Leibnitz and Pangloss likewise, says Candid: these great men are worth a thousand of yours. You are a fool, friend, answered the philosophers: do you know the laws of refraction, attraction, and motion? Have you read the truths which Dr Clarke has published, in answer to the reveries of your Leibnitz? Do you know what centrifugal and centripetal force is? and that colours depend on their density? Have you any notion of the theory of light and gravitation? Do you know the period of twenty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty years, which unluckily do not agree with chronology? No, undoubtedly, you have but false ideas of all these things: peace, then, thou contemptible monad, and beware how you insult giants by comparing them to pygmies. Gentlemen, answered Candid, were Pangloss here, he would tell you very fine things; for he is a great philosopher: he has a

sovereign contempt for your Newton; and, as I am his disciple, I likewise make no great account of him. The philosophers enraged beyond measure, fell upon poor Candid, and drubbed him most philosophically.

Their wrath subsiding, they asked our hero's pardon for their too great warmth. Upon this, one of them began a very fine harangue on mildness and moderation.

While they were talking, they saw a grand burial pass by: our philosophers from thence took occasion to descant on the foolish vanity of man. Would it not be more reasonable, says one of them, that the relations and friends of the deceased should, without pomp and noise, carry the bier themselves? Would not this funeral act, by presenting to them the idea of death, produce an effect the most salutary, the most philosophical? This reflection, which would offer itself, namely, "The body I carry is that of my friend, my relation; he is no more; and, like him, I must cease to be in this world: would not this, I say, be a means of lessening the number of crimes in this vile world, and of bringing back to virtue beings who believe the immortality of the soul? Men are too much inclined to remove from them the thoughts of death, for fear of presenting too strong images of it. Whence is it that people keep at a distance from such a spectacle as a mother and a wife in tears? The plaintive accents of nature, the piercing cries of despair, would do much greater honour to the ashes of the dead, than all these individuals clad in black from head to foot, together with useless female mourners, and that crowd of ministers, who sing in a gay air funeral orations, which the deceased do not hear.

This

This is extremely well spoken, says Candid ; and did you always speak thus well, without thinking proper to thresh people, you would be a great philosopher.

Our travellers parted with expressions of mutual confidence and friendship. Candid still continued travelling towards Denmark. He plunged into the woods ; where musing deeply on all the misfortunes which had happened to him in the best of worlds, he turned aside from the road and lost himself. The day began to draw towards the evening, when he perceived his mistake : he was seized with dismay, and raising in a melancholy manner his eyes to heaven, and leaning against the trunk of a tree, our hero spoke in the following terms : I have gone over half the world ; seen fraud and calumny triumphant ; have only fought to do service to mankind, and I have been persecuted. A great king honours me with his favour and fifty blows of a bull's pizzle. I arrive with a wooden leg in a very fine province ; there I taste pleasures after having drank deep of mortifications. An abbé comes ; I protect him ; he insinuates himself at court thro' my means, and I am obliged to kiss his feet—I meet with my poor Pangloss only to see him burnt. I find myself in company with philosophers, the mildest and most sociable of all the species of animals that are spread over the face of the earth, and they give me an unmerciful drubbing—All must necessarily be for the best, since Pangloss has said it ; but, nevertheless, I am the most wretched of all possible beings. Here Candid stopt short to listen to cries of distress, which seemed to come from a place near him. He stepped forward out of curiosity, when he beheld a young woman who was tearing her hair with all the signs of the greatest despair.

Whoever you are, says she to him, if you have a heart, follow me. He went with her, but they had not gone many paces before Candid perceived a man and a woman stretched out on the grass: their faces declared the nobleness of their souls and origin; their features, though distorted by pain, had something so interesting, that Candid could not forbear bemoaning them, and informing himself with a lively eagerness about the cause which reduced them to so miserable a situation. It is my father and mother whom you see, says the young woman: yes, these are the authors of my wretched being, continued she, throwing herself into their arms. They fled to avoid the rigour of an unjust sentence: I accompanied them in their flight, happy to share in their misfortune, from a thought that in the deserts where we were going to hide ourselves my feeble hands might procure them a necessary subsistence. We have stopped here to take some rest; I discovered that tree which you see, whose fruit has deceived me—Alas! Sir, I am a wretch to be detested by the world and myself! Arm your hand to avenge offended virtue, and to punish the parricide!—Strike!—this fruit—I presented it to my father and mother; they ate of it with pleasure: I rejoiced to have found the means of quenching the thirst with which they were tormented.—Unhappy wretch! it was death I presented to them: this fruit is poison.

This tale made Candid shudder; his hair stood on end, and a cold sweat ran over all his body. He was eager, as much as his present condition could permit, to give some relief to this unfortunate family; but the poison had already made too much progress; and the most efficacious remedies would not have been able to stop its fatal effect.

Dear

Dear child, our only hope! cried the two unhappy parents, God pardon thee as we pardon thee; it was the excess of thy tenderness which has robbed us of our lives.—Generous stranger, vouchsafe to take care of her; her heart is noble and formed to virtue; she is a deposit which we leave in your hands, that is infinitely more precious to us than our past fortune—Dear Zenoida, receive our last embraces; mingle thy tears with ours. Heavens! how happy are these moments to us! Thou hast opened to us the dreary cave in which we languished for forty years past. Tender Zenoida, we bless thee; mayst thou never forget the lessons which our prudence hath dictated to thee; and may they preserve thee from the abyss which we see ready to swallow thee.

They expired as they pronounced these words. Candid had great difficulty to bring Zenoida to herself. The moon enlightened the affecting scene; the day appeared, and Zenoida, plunged in sad affliction, had not as yet recovered the use of her senses. As soon as she opened her eyes, she entreated Candid to dig a hole in the ground in order to inter the bodies: she assisted in the work, with an astonishing courage. This duty fulfilled, she gave free scope to her tears. Our philosopher drew her from this fatal place: they travelled a long time without observing any certain route. At length, they perceived a little cottage; two persons in the decline of life dwelt in this desert, who were always ready to give every assistance in their power to their fellow-creatures in distress. These old people were such as Philemon and Baucis are described to us. For fifty years they had tasted the soft endearments of marriage, without ever experiencing its bitterness; an unimpaired health, the fruit of
temperance

temperance and tranquillity of mind, mild and simple manners; a fund of inexhaustible candour in their character; all the virtues which man owes to himself, formed the glorious, and only fortune which heaven had granted them. They were held in veneration in the neighbouring villages, the inhabitants of which, full of an happy rusticity, might have passed for honest people, had they been catholics. They looked upon it as a duty not to suffer Agaton and Suname (for so the old couple were called) to want for any thing. Their charity extended to the new-comers. Alas! said Candid, it is a great loss, my dear Pangloss, that you were burnt: you was master of sound reason; but yet in all the parts of Europe and Asia, which I have travelled over in your company, every thing is not for the best: it is only in El Dorado, whither no one can go; and in a little cottage situated in the coldest, most barren, and frightful region in the world. What pleasure should I have to hear you harrangue about the pre-established harmony and monads? I should be very willing to pass my days among these honest Lutherans; but I must renounce going to mass, and resolve to be torn to pieces in the Journal Chretien.

Candid was very inquisitive to learn the adventures of Zenoida, but complaisance withheld him from speaking to her about it; she perceived the respectful constraint he put upon himself, and satisfied his impatience in the following terms.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

The History of Zenoida. How Candid fell in love with her ; and what followed.

I Am come of one of the most ancient families in Denmark ; one of my ancestors perished at that horrid feast which the wicked Christiern prepared for the destruction of so many senators. The riches and dignities with which our family has been distinguished, have hitherto served only to make them more eminently unfortunate. My father had the presumption to displease a great man in power by boldly telling him the truth ; he was presently accused by suborned witnesses of a number of crimes which had no foundation. His judges were deceived. Alas ! where is that judge who can always discover those snares which envy and treachery lay for unguarded innocence ! My father was sentenced to be beheaded. He had no way left to avoid his fate but by flight : accordingly he withdrew to the house of an old friend, whom he thought deserving of that truly noble appellation : we remained some time concealed in a castle belonging to him on the sea-side ; and we might have continued there to this day, had not the base wretch with whom we had taken refuge attempted to repay himself for the services he did us, in a manner that gave us all reason to detest him. This infamous monster had conceived a most unnatural passion for my mother and myself at the same time ; he attempted

tempted our virtue by methods the most unworthy of a man of honour; and we were obliged to expose ourselves to the most dreadful dangers to avoid the effects of his brutal passion. In a word, we took to flight a second time, and you know the rest.

In finishing this short narrative, Zenoida burst into tears afresh. Candid wiped them from her eyes, and said to her, by way of consolation, Madam, every thing is for the best; if your father had not died by poison, he would infallibly have been discovered, and then his head would have been cut off. The good lady, your mother, would, in all probability have died of grief, and we should not have been in this poor hut, where every thing is as well as in the finest of possible castles. Alas! Sir, replied Zenoida, my father never told me that every thing was for the best; but he has often said, We are all children of the same divine father, who loves us, but who has not exempted us from the most calamitous sorrows, the most grievous maladies, and an innumerable tribe of miseries that afflict the human race. Poison grows by the side of the salutarious quinquina, in America. The happiest of all mortals has some time or other shed tears. What we call life is a compound of pleasure and pain; it is the passing away of a certain stated portion of time that always appears too long in the sight of the wise man, and which every one ought to employ in doing good to the community in which he is placed; in the enjoyment of the works of Providence, without idly seeking after hidden causes; in squaring his conduct by the rules of conscience; and, above all, in showing a due respect to religion. Happy is he who can follow this unerringly!

These

These things my ever-respected father has frequently inculcated to me. Ill betide those wretched scribblers, he would often say, who attempt to pry into the hidden ways of Providence. From the principle, that God will be honoured from thousands of atoms, mankind have blended the most absurd chimeras with respectable truths. The Turkish dervise, the Persian bramin, the Chinese bonza, and the Indian talapoin, all worship the Deity in a different manner : but they enjoy a tranquillity of soul amidst the darkness in which they are plunged ; and he who would endeavour to enlighten them, does them but ill service. It is not loving mankind to tear the bandage of prejudice from their eyes.

Why, you talk like a philosopher, said Candid ; may I ask you, my pretty young lady, of what religion you are ? I was brought up in the Lutheran profession, answered Zenoida. Every word you have spoke, said Candid, has been like a ray of light that has penetrated to my heart, and I find a sort of esteem and admiration for you, that—But how, in the name of wonder, came so bright an understanding to be lodged in so beautiful a form ? Upon my word, Miss, I esteem and admire you, as I said before, so much that—Candid stammered out a few words more, when Zenoida, perceiving his confusion, quitted him, and from that moment carefully avoided all occasions of being alone with him ; and Candid, on his part, sought every opportunity of being alone with her, or else being by himself. He was buried in a melancholy that to him had charms ; he was deeply enamoured of Zenoida ; but endeavoured to conceal his passion from himself : his looks, however, too plainly evinced the feelings of his heart. Alas ! would he of-

ten say to himself, if master Pangloss was here, he would give me good advice, for he was a great philosopher.

C H A P. XIV.

Continuation of the loves of Candid.

THE only consolation that Candid felt, was in conversing with Zenoida in the presence of their hosts. How happens it, said he to her one day, that the monarch to whom you have access has suffered such injustice to be done to your family? assuredly you have sufficient reason to hate him. How! said Zenoida, who can hate their king? who can do otherwise than love that person to whose hand is consigned the keen-edged sword of the laws? Kings are the living images of the Deity, and we ought never to arraign their conduct; obedience and respect is the duty of a subject. I admire you more and more, said Candid; indeed, Madam, I do: pray, do you know the great Leibnitz, and the great Pangloss, who was burnt, after having escaped a hanging bout? Are you acquainted with the monads, the *materia subtilis*, and the vortices? No, Sir, replied Zenoida; I never heard my father mention any of these; he only gave me a slight tincture of experimental philosophy, and taught me to hold in contempt all those kinds of philosophy that do not directly tend to make mankind happy; that give him false notions of his duty to himself and his neighbour; that do not teach him to regulate his conduct, and fill his mind only with uncouth terms,

terms, or ill-founded conjectures ; that do not give him a clearer idea of the author of nature than what he may acquire from his works, and the wonders that are every day passing before our sight. Once again, Miss, you enchant me ; you ravish me ; you are an angel that heaven has sent to remove from before my eyes the mist of master Pangloss's sophistical arguments. Poor wretch that I was ! after having been so heartily kicked, flogged, and bastinadoed ; after having been in an earthquake ; having seen doctor Pangloss once hanged, and very lately burnt ; after having been ravished by a villainous Persian, who put me to the most excruciating torture ; after having been robbed by a decree of the divan, and soundly drubbed by the philosophers : after all these things, I say, to think that every thing was for the best ! but now, thank heaven ! I am disabused. But, truly speaking, nature never appeared half so charming to me as since I have been blessed with the sight of you. The melody of the rural choristers charms my ears with an harmony, to which they were till now utter strangers ; I breathe a new soul, and the glow of sentiment that enchants me seems imprinted on every object : I do not feel that effeminate languor which I did in the gardens of Sus ; the sensation with which you inspire me is wholly different. Let us stop here, said Zenoida ; you seem to be running to lengths that may, perhaps, offend my delicacy, which you ought to respect. I will be silent then, said Candid ; but my passion will only burn with the more force. On saying these words, he looked stedfastly at Zenoida ; he perceived her to blush, and as a man who was taught by experience, conceived the most flattering hopes from these appearances.

The beautiful Dane continued a long time to shun the pursuits of Candid. One day, as he was walking hastily to and fro in the garden, he cried out in an amorous extasy, Ah! why have I not now my El Dorado sheep? why have I it not in my power to purchase a small kingdom? Ah! was I but a king——What should I be to you? said a voice, which pierced the heart of our philosopher. Is it you, lovely Zenoida? cried he, falling on his knees. I thought myself alone. The few words I heard you just now utter seem to promise me the felicity to which my soul aspires. I shall, in all probability, never be a king, nor ever possessed of a fortune; but, if you love me—Do not turn from me those lovely eyes, but suffer me to read in them a declaration which is alone capable of confirming my happiness. Beauteous Zenoida, I adore you; let your heart be open to compassion—What do I see! you weep! Ah! my happiness is too great. Yes, you are happy, said Zenoida; nothing can oblige me to disguise my tenderness for a person I think deserving of it: hitherto you have been attached to my destiny only by the bands of humanity; it is now time to strengthen those by ties more sacred: I have consulted my heart, reflect maturely in your turn; but remember, that if you marry me, you become obliged to be my protector; to share with me those misfortunes that fate may yet have in store for me, and to sooth my sorrows. Marry you! said Candid; those words have shown me all the folly of my conduct. Alas! dear idol of my soul, I am not deserving of the goodness you show towards me. Cunegund is still living—Cunegund! who is that? She is my wife, answered Candid, with his usual frankness.

Our

Our two lovers remained some moments without uttering a word ; they attempted to speak, but the accents died away on their lips ; their eyes were bathed in tears. Candid held the fair Zenoida's hands in his ; he prest them to his breast, and devoured them with kisses ; he had even the boldness to carry his to the bosom of his mistress ; he found her breath grow short ; his soul flew to his lips, and fixing his mouth to that of Zenoida, he brought the fair one back to those senses which she had nearly lost. Candid thought he read his pardon in her eyes. Dearest lover, said she to him, anger would but ill suit with the liberty which I have given myself. Yet hold, you will ruin me in the opinion of the world ; and you yourself would soon cease to have an affection for me, when once I was become the object of contempt. Forbear, therefore, and spare my weakness. How ! cried Candid ; because the ill-judging vulgar say, that a woman loses her honour by bestowing happiness on a being whom she loves, by following the tender bent of nature, that in the first happy ages of the world—But I will forbear to relate the whole of the interesting conversation, and content myself with saying that the eloquence of Candid, heightened by the warmth of amorous expression, had all the effect that may be imagined on a young sensible female philosopher.

The lovers, who till then had passed their days in tedious melancholy, now counted every hour by a fresh succession of amorous joys. Pleasure flowed through their veins in an uninterrupted current. The gloomy woods, the barren mountains, surrounded by horrid precipices, the icy plains, and dreary fields, covered with snow on all sides, were so many continual mementos to them of the necessity

sity of loving. They determined never to quit that dreadful solitude, but fate was not yet weary of persecuting them, as we shall see in the ensuing chapter.

C H A P. XV.

The arrival of Wolhall. A journey to Copenhagen,

CANDID and Zenoida amused themselves with discoursing on the works of the Deity, the worship which mankind ought to pay him, the mutual duties they owe to each other, especially that of charity, the most useful of all virtues. They did not confine themselves to frivolous declamations. Candid taught the young men the respect due to the sacred curb of the laws; Zenoida instructed the young women in the duties they owed their parents: both joined their endeavours to sow the hopeful seeds of religion in their young hearts. One day, as they were busied in those pious offices, Sunama came to tell Zenoida, that an old gentleman with several servants was just alighted at their house; and that, by the description he had given her of a person of whom he was in search, she was certain it could be no other than Zenoida herself. This stranger had followed Sunama close at her heels, and entered before she had done speaking, into the room where were Candid and Zenoida.

At sight of him Zenoida instantly fainted away; but Wolhall, not in the least affected with the situation he saw her in, took hold of her hand, and pulling her to him with violence, brought her to her

her senses ; which she had no sooner recovered, than she burst into a flood of tears. So, niece, said he, with a sarcastic smile, I find you in very good company. I do not wonder you prefer this habitation to the capital, to my house, and the company of your family. Yes, Sir, replied Zenaida, I do prefer this place, where dwell simplicity and truth, to the mansions of treason and imposture. I can never behold but with horror that place where first began my misfortunes ; where I have had so many proofs of your black actions, and where I have no other relations but yourself. Come, Madam, said Wolhall, follow me, if you please ; for you must along, even if you should faint again. Saying this, he dragged her to the door of the house, and made her get into a post-chaise, which was waiting for him. She had only time to tell Candid to follow, and to bestow her blessing on her hosts, with promises of rewarding them amply for their generous cares.

A domestic of Wolhall was moved with pity at the grief in which he saw Candid plunged ; he imagined that he felt no other concern for the fair Dane than what unfortunate virtue inspires : he proposed to him taking a journey to Copenhagen, and he facilitated the means for his doing it. He did more ; he insinuated to him that he might be admitted as one of Wolhall's domestics, if he had no other resources than going to service. Candid liked his proposal ; and no sooner arrived than his future fellow-servant presented him as one of his relations, for whom he would be answerable. Rascal, says Wolhall to him, I consent to grant you the honour of approaching a person of such rank as I am : never forget the profound respect which you owe to my commands ; prevent them
if

if you have sufficient sagacity for it: think, that a man like me degrades himself in speaking to a wretch such a you. Our philosopher answered with great humility to this impertinent discourse; and from that day he was clad in his master's livery.

It is easy to imagine the joy and surprise that Zenoida felt when she recognized her lover among her uncle's servants: she threw several opportunities in the way of Candid, who knew how to profit by them: they swore eternal constancy. Zenoida had some unhappy moments; she sometimes reproached herself on account of her love for Candid; she vexed him sometimes by a few caprices: but Candid idolized her; he knew that perfection is not the portion of man, and still less so of woman. Zenoida resumed her good humour. The kind of constraint under which they lay, rendered their pleasures the more lively: they were still happy.

C H A P. XVI.

How Candid found his wife again, and lost his mistress.

OUR hero had only to bear with the haughty humours of his master, and that was purchasing his mistress's favours at no dear rate. Happy love is not so easily concealed as many imagine. Our lovers betrayed themselves. Their connection was no longer a mystery, but to the short-sighted eyes of Wolhall; all the domestics knew

knew it. Candid received congratulations on that head which made him tremble; he expected the storm ready to burst upon his head, and did not doubt but a person who had been dear to him was upon the point of accelerating his misfortune. He had for some days before perceived a face resembling Miss Cunegund; he again saw the same face in Wolhall's court-yard: the object which struck him was very poorly cloathed, and there was no likelihood that a favourite of a great Mahometan should be found in the court-yard of a house at Copenhagen. This disagreeable object, however, looked at Candid very attentively: when coming up to him, and seizing him by the hair, she gave him the smartest blow on the face with her open hand that he had received for some time. I am not deceived, cried our philosopher. O heavens! who would have thought it! What do you here, after having suffered yourself to be violated by a follower of Mahomet? Go, perfidious spouse, I know you not. Thou shalt know me, replied Cunegund, by my outrageous fury; I know the life thou ledest, thy love for thy master's niece, and thy contempt for me. Alas! it is now three months since I quitted the seraglio, because I was there good for nothing farther. A merchant has bought me to mend his linen, he takes me along with him when he makes a voyage to this country; Martin, Cacambo, and Pacquette, whom he has also bought, are with me; Dr Pangloss, through the greatest chance in the world, was in the same vessel as a passenger; we were shipwrecked some miles from hence; I escaped the danger with the faithful Cacambo, who, I swear to thee, has a skin as fine as thy own: I behold thee again, and find thee false.

VOL. II.

A a

Tremble

Tremble then, and fear every thing from a provoked wife.

Candid was quite stupified at this affecting scene; he had suffered Cunegund to depart, without thinking of the proper measures which are always to be kept with those who know our secrets, when Cacambo presented himself to his sight: they embraced each other with tenderness. Candid informed him of the conversation he had just had; he was very much afflicted for the loss of the great Pangloss, who, after having been hanged and burnt, was at last unhappily drowned. They spoke with that free effusion of heart which friendship inspires. A little billet thrown in at the window by Zenoida put an end to the conversation. Candid opened it, and found in it these words:

“ Fly, my dear lover; all is discovered. An innocent propensity which nature authorises, and which hurts no one, is a crime in the eyes of credulous and cruel men. Wolhall has just left my chamber, and has treated me with the utmost inhumanity: he is gone to obtain an order for thee to be clapt into a dungeon, there to perish. Fly, my ever-dear lover; preserve a life which thou canst not pass any longer near me. Those happy moments are no more, in which we gave proofs of our reciprocal tenderness.— Ah! sad Zenoida, how hast thou offended heaven, to merit so rigorous a fate! But I wander from the purpose: remember always thy precious, dear Zenoida, and thou, my dear lover, shalt live eternally within my heart—thou hast never thou roughly understood how much I loved thee— Canst thou receive upon my enflamed lips my last adieu! I find myself ready to join my unhappy
“ father

"father in the grave; the light is hateful to me;
"it serves only to reveal crimes."

Cacambo, always wise and prudent, drew Candid, who no longer was himself, along with him; they made the best of their way out of the city. Candid opened not his mouth, and they were already a good way from Copenhagen before he was roused out of that lethargy in which he was buried. At last, he looked at his faithful Cacambo, and spoke in these terms.

C H A P. XVII.

How Candid had a mind to kill himself, and did not do it. What happened to him at an inn.

DEAR Cacambo, formerly my valet, now my equal, and always my friend, thou hast borne a share in my misfortunes; thou hast given me salutary advice, and thou hast been witness to my love for Miss Cunegund. Alas! my old master, says Cacambo, it is she who has served you this scurvy trick; it is she who, after having learned from your fellow-servants that your love for Zenoida was as great as hers for you, revealed the whole to the barbarous Wolhall. If this is so, says Candid, I have nothing further to do but die. Our philosopher pulled out of his pocket a little knife, and began whetting it with a coolness worthy of an ancient Roman or an Englishman. What do you mean to do? says Cacambo. To cut my throat, answers Candid. A most noble thought!

A a 2

replied

replied Cacambo ; but the philosopher ought not to take any resolution but upon reflection : you will always have it in your power to kill yourself, if your mind does not alter. Be advised by me, my dear master ; defer your resolution till to-morrow ; the longer you delay it, the more courageous will the action be. I perceive the strength of thy reasoning, says Candid : besides, if I should cut my throat immediately, the gazeteer of Trevoux would insult my memory : I am determin'd, therefore, that I will not kill myself till two or three days hence. As they talked thus, they arrived at Elsinour, a pretty considerable town, not far from Copenhagen ; there they lay that night, and Cacambo hugged himself for the good effect which sleep had produced upon Candid. They left the town at day-break. Candid, still the philosopher, (for the prejudices of childhood are never effaced) entertained his friend Cacambo on the subject of physical good and evil, the discourses of the sage Zenonida, and the striking truths which he had learnt from her conversation. Had not Pangloss been dead, said he, I should combat his system in a victorious manner. God keep me from becoming a Manichean. My mistress taught me to respect the impenetrable veil with which the Deity envelopes his manner of operating upon us. It is perhaps man who precipitates himself into the abyss of misfortunes under which he groans. Of a frugiverous animal he has made himself a carnivorous one. The savages which we have seen, eat only Jesuits, and do not live upon bad terms among themselves. These savages, if there be one scattered here and there in the woods, only subsisting on acorns and herbs, are, without doubt, still more happy. Society has given birth to the greatest crimes. There are

are men in society, who are necessitated by their condition to wish the death of others. The shipwreck of a vessel, the burning of a house, and the loss of a battle, cause sadness in one part of society, and give joy to another. All is very bad! my dear Cacambo, and there is nothing left for a philosopher, but to cut his own throat with all imaginable calmness. You are in the right, says Cacambo: but I perceive an inn, you must be very dry. Come, my old master! let us drink one draught, and we will after that continue our philosophical disquisitions.

When they entered the inn, they saw a company of country lads and lasses dancing in the midst of the yard, to the sound of some wretched instruments. Gaiety and mirth sat on every countenance; it was a scene worthy the pencil of Vatau. As soon as Candid appeared, a young woman took him by the hand, and intreated him to dance. My pretty maid, answered Candid, when a person has lost his mistress, found his wife again, and heard that the great Pangloss is dead, he can have little or no inclination to cut capers. Moreover, I am to kill myself to-morrow morning; and you know that a man who has but a few hours to live, ought not to lose them in dancing. Cacambo, hearing Candid talk thus, addressed him in these terms: A thirst for glory has always been the characteristic of great philosophers. Cato of Utica killed himself, after having taken a sound nap. Socrates drank the hemlock potion, after discoursing familiarly with his friends. Many of the English have blown their brains out with a pistol, after coming from an entertainment. But I never yet heard of a great man, who cut his own throat after a dancing-bout. It is for you, my dear master, that this honour is reserved. Take my advice, let us dance our fill,
and

and we will kill ourselves to-morrow. Have you not remarked, answered Candid, this young country girl? Is she not a very pretty brunette? She has somewhat very taking in her countenance, says Cacambo. She has squeezed my hand, replied the philosopher. Did you mind, says Cacambo, how that, in the hurry of the dance, her handkerchief falling aside, discovered two little admirable bubbies? I took particular notice of them. Look you, said Candid, had I not my heart filled with Miss Zenoida?—The little brunette interrupted him, by begging him to take one dance with her. Our hero at length consented, and danced with the best grace in the world. The dance finished, he kissed his smart country girl, and retired to his seat, without calling out the queen of the ring. Upon this a murmuring arose; every one, as well performers as spectators, appeared greatly incensed at so flagrant a piece of disrespect. Candid never dreamed he had been guilty of any fault, and consequently did not attempt to make any reparation. A rude clown came up to him, and gave him a blow with his fist upon the nose. Cacambo returns it to the peasant, with a kick in the belly. In an instant the musical instruments are all broken; the girls lose their caps; Candid and Cacambo fight like heroes, but at length are obliged to take to their heels, after a very hearty drubbing.

Every thing is embittered to me, said Candid, giving his arm to his friend Cacambo; I have experienced a great many misfortunes, but I did not expect to be thus bruised to a mummy, for my dancing with a country girl at her own request.

C H A P. XVIII.

Candid and Cacambo go into an hospital; and whom they meet with there.

CACAMBO, and his old master, were quite dispirited. They began to fall into that sort of malady of the mind, which extinguishes all the faculties: they fell into a depression of spirits and despair, when they perceived an hospital, which was built for strangers. Cacambo proposed going into it; Candid followed him. There they met with the most obliging reception, and charitable treatment. In a little time they were cured of their wounds, but they caught the itch. The cure of this malady did not appear to be the work of a day, the idea of which filled the eyes of our philosopher with tears; and he said, scratching himself, Thou wouldst not let me cut my throat, my dear Cacambo; thy misplaced counsels have brought me again into disgrace and misfortune; and yet should I cut my throat now, it will be published in the journal of Trevoux, and it will be said this man was a poltroon, who killed himself only for having the itch. See what thou hast exposed me to, by the mistaken compassion thou hadst for my fate. Our disasters are not without remedy, answered Cacambo. If you will but please to listen to me, let us settle here as friars; I understand a little surgery, and I promise you to alleviate and render supportable our wretched condition.—Ah! says Candid, may all asses perish, and especially
asses

asses of surgeons, who are so dangerous to mankind. I will never suffer that thou shouldst give out thy self to be what thou art not : this is a treachery, the consequences of which I dread. Besides, if thou didst but conceive how hard it is, after having been viceroy of a fine province, after having seen one's self rich enough to purchase kingdoms, and after having been the favourite lover of Zenoida, to resolve to serve in quality of friar in an hospital.—I conceive all that you say, replied Cacambo; but I also conceive, that it is very hard to die of hunger. Think, moreover, that the expedient which I propose to you, is perhaps the only one which you can take, to elude the enquiries of bloody-minded Woll-hall, and avoid the punishment which he is preparing for you.

One of the friars was passing along as they talked in this manner; they put some questions to him, to which he gave satisfactory answers: he assured them that the brothers wanted for nothing, and enjoyed a reasonable liberty. Candid thereupon determined to acquiesce with Cacambo's counsels. They took the habit together, which was granted them upon the first application; and our two poor adventurers now became underlings to those whose duty it was to perform the most servile offices.

One day, as Candid was serving the patients with some wretched broth, an old man fixed his eye earnestly upon him. The visage of this poor wretch was livid, his lips were covered with froth, his eyes half turned in his head, and the image of death strongly imprinted on his lean and fallen cheeks. Poor man, says Candid to him, I pity you, your sufferings must be horrible. They are very great indeed, answered the old man, with a hollow voice like a ghost; I am told that I am hectic, phthificky

phthisicky, asthmatic, and poxed to the bone. If that be the case, I am indeed very ill; yet all does not go so badly, and this gives me comfort. Ah! says Candid, none but Dr Pangloss, in a case so deplorable, can maintain the doctrine of Optimism, when all others besides would preach up Pessim—Do not pronounce that abominable word, cried the poor man; I am the Pangloss you speak of. Wretch that I am, let me die in peace.—All is well, all is for the best. The effort which he made in pronouncing these words, cost him the last tooth, which he spitted out with a great quantity of corrupted matter, and expired a very few moments after.

Candid lamented him greatly, for he had a good heart. His obstinate perseverance was a source of reflection to our philosopher; he often called to mind all his adventures. Cunegund remained at Copenhagen; he learned that she exercised there the occupation of a mender of old cloaths, with all possible distinction. The humour of travelling had quite left him. The faithful Cacambo supported him with his counsels and friendship. Candid did not murmur against Providence; I know, said he, at times, that happiness is not the portion of man; happiness dwells only in the good country of El Dorado, where it is impossible for any one to go.

C H A P. XIX.

New discoveries.

CANDID was not quite unhappy, as he had a true friend. He found in a mongrel valet what the world vainly look for in our quarter of the globe. Perhaps nature, which gives origin to herbs in America, that are proper for the maladies of bodies on our continent, has also placed remedies there for the maladies of our hearts and minds. Possibly there are men in the new world of a quite different conformation from us, who are not slaves to personal interests, and are worthy to burn with the noble fire of friendship. How desirable would it be, that instead of bales of indigo and cochineal, all covered with blood, some of these men were imported among us! This sort of traffick would be of vast advantage to mankind. Cacambo was of greater value to Candid, than a dozen of red sheep loaded with the pebbles of El Dorado. Our philosopher began again to taste the pleasure of life. It was a comfort to him to watch for the conservation of the human species, and not to be an useless member of society. God blessed such pure intentions, by giving him, as well as Cacambo, the enjoyment of health. They got rid of the itch, and fulfilled with cheerfulness the painful functions of their station; but fortune soon deprived them of the security which they enjoyed. Cunegund, who had set her heart upon tormenting her husband, left Copenhagen to follow his footsteps. Chance brought her to the hospital: she was accompanied by

by a man, whom Candid knew to be baron Thunder-ten-tronckh. One may easily imagine what must have been his surprise. The baron, who saw him, addressed him thus; I did not tug long at the oar in the Turkish gallies; the Jesuits heard of my misfortune, and redeemed me for the honour of their society. I have made a journey into Germany, where I received some favours from my father's heirs. I omitted nothing to find my sister; and having learned at Constantinople, that she had sailed from thence in a vessel, which was ship-wrecked on the coasts of Denmark, I disguised myself. I took letters of recommendation to Danish merchants, who have correspondence with the society: and, in fine, I found my sister, who still loves you, base and unworthy as you are of her regard; and since you have had the impudence to lie with her, I consent to the ratification of the marriage; or rather a new celebration of it, with this express proviso, that my sister shall give you only her left hand; which is very reasonable, since she has seventy-one quarters, and you have never a one. Alas! says Candid, all the quarters of the world without beauty——Miss Cunegund was very ugly, when I had the imprudence to marry her; she afterwards became handsome again, and another has enjoyed her charms. She is once more grown ugly, and you would have me give her my hand a second time. No, upon my word, my reverend father, send her back to her seraglio at Constantinople; she has done me too much injury in this country. Ungrateful man, says Cunegund, with the most frightful contortions; be persuaded, and relent in time; do not provoke the baron, who is a priest, to kill us both, to work out his disgrace with our blood. Dost thou believe me capable of having

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failed

failed in intention, to the fidelity which I owed thee? What wouldst thou have had me do against a man who found me handsome? Neither my tears, nor my cries, could have softened his brutal insensibility. Seeing there was nothing to be done, I disposed myself in such a manner, as to be violated with the least inconveniency possible, and every other woman would have done the same. This is all the crime I have committed, and does not merit thy displeasure. But I know my greatest crime with thee, is having deprived thee of thy mistress; and yet this action ought to convince thee of my love. Come, my dear spouse, if ever I should again become handsome: if ever my breasts, now lank and withered, should recover their roundness and elasticity; if—it will be only for thee, my dear Candid. We are no longer in Turkey, and I swear faithfully to thee, never to suffer any violation for the future.

This discourse did not make much impression upon Candid; he desired a few hours to take his resolution how to proceed. The baron granted him two hours; during which time he consulted his friend Cacambo. After having weighed the reasons, *pro* and *contra*, they determined to follow the Jesuit and his sister into Germany. They accordingly leave the hospital, and set out together on their travels, not on foot, but on good horses hired by the baron. They arrive on the frontiers of the kingdom. A huge man, of a very villainous aspect, surveys our hero with close attention: it is the very man, says he, casting his eyes at the same time upon a little bit of paper he had in his hand. Sir, if I am not too inquisitive, is not your name Candid? Yes, Sir, so I have always been called. Sir, I flatter myself you are the very same; you have

have black eye-brows, eyes level with your head, ears not prominent, of a middling size, and a round flesh-coloured visage; to me you plainly appear to be five feet five inches high. Yes, Sir, that is my stature; but what have you to do with my ears and stature? Sir, we cannot use too much circumspection in our office. Permit me further to put one single question more to you: Have you not formerly been a servant to lord Wolhall? Sir, upon my word, answered Candid, quite disconcerted, I know nothing of what you mean. May be so, Sir, but I know for certain that you are the person whose description has been sent me. Take the trouble then to walk into the guard-house, if you please.—Here, soldiers, take care of this gentleman; get the black-hole ready, and let the armourer be sent for, to make him a pretty little set of fetters, of about thirty or forty pounds weight. Mr Candid, you have a good horse there; I am in want of such a one; and I fancy he will answer my purpose—I shall make free with him.

The baron was afraid to say the horse was his. They carried off poor Candid, and Miss Cunegund wept for a whole quarter of an hour. The Jesuit seemed perfectly unconcerned at this accident. I should have been obliged to have killed him, or to have made him marry you over again, says he to his sister; and, all things considered, what has just happened, is much the best for the honour of our family. Cunegund departed with her brother, and only the faithful Cacambo remained, who would not forsake his friend.

C H A P. X.

Consequence of Candid's misfortune. How he found his mistress again; and the fortune that happened to him.

O Pangloss! said Candid, what a pity it is you perished so miserably! You have been witness only to a part of my misfortunes, and I hoped to have prevailed on you to forsake the ill-founded opinion which you maintained to your last breath. No man ever suffered greater calamities than I have done; but there is not a single individual who has not cursed his existence, as the daughter of pope Urban warmly expressed herself. What will become of me, my dear Cacambo? Faith, I cannot tell, said Cacambo; all I know is, that I will not forsake you. But Miss Cunegund has forsaken me, says Candid. Alas! a wife is of far less value than a menial servant who is a true friend.

Candid and Cacambo discoursed thus in the black hole. From thence they were taken out to be carried back to Copenhagen. It was there that our philosopher was to know his doom: he expected it to be dreadful, and our readers, doubtless, expect so too; but Candid was mistaken, as our readers will be likewise. It was at Copenhagen that happiness waited to crown all his sufferings: he was hardly arrived, when he understood that Wolhall was dead. This barbarian had no one to regret him, while every body interested themselves for Candid. His irons were knocked off, and his enlargement

largement gave him so much the more joy, as it was immediately followed by the sight of his dear Zenoida. He flew to her with the utmost transport; they were a long time without speaking a word; but their silence was infinitely more expressive than words. They wept; they embraced each other; they attempted to speak, but tears stopt their utterance. Cacambo was a pleased spectator of this scene so truly interesting to a sensible being; he shared in the happiness of his friend, and was almost as much affected as himself. Dear Cacambo! adorable Zenoida! cried Candid; you efface from my heart the deep traces of my misfortunes. Love and friendship prepare for me future days of serenity and uninterrupted delight. Through what a number of trials have I passed to arrive at this unexpected happiness! But they are all forgot: dear Zenoida! I behold you once more! you love me; every thing is for the best, in regard to me; all is good in nature.

By Wolhall's death, Zenoida was left at her own disposal. The court had given her a pension out of her father's fortune, which had been confiscated; she shared it with Candid and Cacambo; she appointed them apartments in her own house, and gave out that she had received several considerable services from these two strangers, which obliged her to procure them all the comforts and pleasures of life, and to repair the injustice which fortune had done them. There were some who saw thro' the motive of her beneficence; which was no very hard matter to do, considering the great talk her connection with Candid had formerly occasioned. The greater part blamed her, and her conduct was only approved of by some few who knew how to reflect. Zenoida, who set a proper value on the
good

good opinion even of fools, was, nevertheless, too happy to repent the loss of it. The news of the death of Miss Cunegund, which was brought by the correspondents of the Jesuit merchants in Copenhagen, procured Zenoida the means of conciliating the minds of people; she ordered a genealogy to be drawn up for Candid. The author, who was a man of abilities in his way, derived his pedigree from one of the most ancient families in Europe; he even pretended his true name was Canute, which was that of one of the former kings of Denmark; which appeared very probable, as *did* into *ute* is not such a great metamorphosis; and Candid, by means of this little change, became a very great lord. He married Zenoida in public; they lived with as much tranquillity as it is possible to do. Cacambo was their common friend; and Candid said often, All is not so well as in El Dorado; but all does not go so badly,

END OF CANDID.

THE
H U R O N,

OR,
PUPIL OF NATURE.

VOL. II.

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PEOPLE OF NATURE

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THE
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C H A P. I.

ONE day, Saint Dunstan, an Irishman by nation, and a faint by trade, left Ireland on a small mountain, which took its route towards the coast of France, and set his saintship down in the bay of St Malo's: when he had dismounted, he gave his blessing to the mountain, which, after some profound bows, took its leave, and returned to its former place.

Here St Dunstan laid the foundation of a small priory, and gave it the name of the Priory Mountain, which it still keeps, as every body knows.

In the year 1689, the fifteenth day of July, in the evening, the abbot Kerkabon, prior of our Lady

of the Mountain. happened to take the air along the shore with Miss Kerkabon his sister: the prior, who was a little declined in age, was a very good clergyman, beloved by his neighbours, after having been so formerly by their wives. What added most to the respect that was paid him, was, that among all his clerical neighbours, he was the only one that could walk to his bed after supper: he was tolerably read in theology; and when he was tired of reading St Augustin, he refreshed himself with Rabelais; so all the world spoke well of him.

Miss Kerkabon, who had never been married, notwithstanding her hearty wishes so to be, had preserved a freshness of complexion in her forty-fifth year: her character was that of a good and sensible woman: she was fond of pleasure, and was a devotee.

As they were walking, the prior, looking on the sea, said to his sister, "It was here, alas! that our poor brother embarked with our dear sister-in-law, Madam Kerkabon, his wife, on board the Swallow frigate, in 1669, to serve the king in Canada: had he not been killed, probably we might see him again."

"Do you believe," says Miss Kerkabon, "that our sister-in-law has been eaten by the Cherokees, as we have been told?" "Certain it is, had she not been eaten, she would have come back; I shall weep for her all my life-time: she was a charming woman; and our brother, who had a great deal of wit, would no doubt have made a fortune."

Thus were they going on with mutual tenderness, when they beheld a small vessel enter the bay of Rence with the tide: it was from England, and came to sell provisions: the crew leaped on shore without

without looking at the prior, or Miss his sister, who were shocked at the little attention shewn them.

That was not the behaviour of a well-made youth, who, darting himself over the heads of his companions, stood on a sudden before Miss Kerkabon. Being unaccustomed to bowing, he made her a sign with his head. His figure and his dress attracted the notice of brother and sister: his head was uncovered, and his legs bare; instead of shoes, he wore a kind of sandals: from his head his long hair flowed in tresses; a small close doublet displayed the beauty of his shape; he had a sweet and martial air; in one hand he held a small bottle of Barbadoes water, and in the other a bag, in which he had a goblet, and some sea-biscuit: he spoke French very intelligibly: he offered some of his Barbadoes to Miss Kerkabon and her brother: he drank with them, he made them drink a second time, and all this with an air of such native simplicity, that quite charmed brother and sister. They offered him their service, and asked him who he was, and whither going? The young man answered, "That he knew not where he should go; that he had some curiosity; that he had a desire to see the coast of France; that he had seen it, and should return."

The prior, judging by his accent that he was not an Englishman, took the liberty of asking of what country he was. "I am a Huron," answered the youth.

Miss Kerkabon, amazed and enchanted to see a Huron who had behaved so politely to her, begged the young man's company to supper: he complied immediately, and all three went together to the priory of our Lady of the Mountain. This short and round Miss devoured him with her little eyes, and said from time to time to her brother, "This
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tall lad has a complexion of lilies and roses ; what a fine skin he has for a Huron !” “ Very true, sister,” says the prior.” She put a hundred questions, one after another, and the traveller answered always pertinently.

The report was soon spread that there was a Huron at the priory : all the genteel company of the country came to supper. The abbot of St Yves came with Miss his sister, a fine, handsome, well-educated girl : the bailiff, the tax-gatherer, and their wives, came all together. The foreigner was seated between Miss Kerkabon and Miss St Yves ; the company eyed him with admiration ; they all questioned him together. This did not confound the Huron ; he seemed to have taken lord Bolingbroke’s motto, *Nil admirari* ; but at last tired out with so much noise, he told them in a sweet, but serious tone, “ Gentlemen, in my country one talks after another ; how can I answer you, if you will not allow me to hear you ?” Reasoning always brings people to a momentary reflection ; they were all silent. Mr Bailiff, who always made a property of a foreigner wherever he found him, and who was the first man for asking questions in the province, opening a mouth of half a foot, began : “ Sir, what is your name ?” “ I have always been called the *Ingenu*, answered the Huron ; and the English have confirmed that name, because I always speak as I think, and act as I like.” “ But being born a Huron, how could you come to England ?” I have been carried thither ; I was made prisoner by the English after some resistance, and the English, who love brave people, because they are brave and as honest as we, proposed to me, either to return to my family, or go with them to England. I accepted the latter, having naturally a relish for travelling.”

ling." "But, Sir, says the bailiff with his usual gravity, how could you think of abandoning father and mother?" "Because I never knew either father or mother," says the foreigner. This moved the company; they all repeated, "Neither *father* nor *mother*!" "We will be in their stead," says the mistress of the house to her brother the prior: how interesting this Huron gentleman is!" The Ingenu thanked her with a noble and proud cordiality, and gave her to understand, that he wanted the assistance of nobody.

"I perceive, Mr Huron," said the huge bailiff, "that you talk better French than can be expected from an Indian." "A Frenchman," answered he, "whom they had made prisoner when I was a boy, and with whom I contracted a great friendship, taught it me. I presently learn what I like to learn. When I came to Plymouth, I met with one of your French refugees, whom you, I know not why, call Huguenots: he improved my knowledge of your language; and as soon as I could express myself intelligibly, I came to see your country, because I like the French well enough, if they do not put too many questions."

Notwithstanding this small advertisement, the abbé of St Yves asked him, which of the three languages pleased him best, the Huron, English, or French? "The Huron, to be sure," answered the Ingenu. "Is it possible," cries Miss Kerkabon? "I always thought the French was the first of all languages, after that of Low-Britanny."

Then all were eager to know how, in Huron, they asked for snuff? He replied, "*Taya*." "What signifies to eat?" "*Essenten*." Miss Kerkabon was impatient to know how they called "to make love?" He informed her, *Trovander*; and

and insisted on it, not without reason, that these words were well worth their synonyms in French and English. *Trovander*, especially, seemed very pretty to all the company. The prior, who had, in his library, a Huron grammar, which had been given by the rev. father Sagar Theodat, a Recollect and famous missionary, rose from the table to consult it: he returned quite panting with tenderness and joy; he acknowledged the foreigner for a true Huron: the company speculated a little on the multiplicity of languages; and all agreed, that had it not been for the affair of the Tower of Babel, all the world would have spoken French.

The inquisitive bailiff, who till then had some suspicions of the foreigner, conceived the deepest respect for him; he spoke to him with more civility than before, and the Huron took no notice of it.

Miss St Yves was very curious to know how people made love among the Hurons. "In performing great actions to please such as resemble you." All the company admired and applauded, Miss St Yves blushed, and was extremely well pleased. Miss Kerkabon blushed likewise, but was not so well pleased; she was a little piqued that this gallantry was not addressed to her; but she was so good-natured, that her affection for the Huron was not diminished at all. She asked him, with great complacency, how many mistresses he had at home? "Only one," answered the foreigner; "Miss Abacaba, the good friend of my dear nurse. The reed is not more straight, ermine is not more white, no lamb meeker, no eagle fiercer, nor a stag swifter, than was my Abacaba. One day she pursued a hare not above fifty leagues from my habitation: a base Algonquin, who dwells an hundred leagues farther,

farther, took her hare from her. I was told of it; I ran thither, and with one stroke of my club levelled him with the ground. I brought him to the feet of my mistress bound hand and foot. Abacaba's parents were for eating him, but I always had a disrelish for such kind of dishes; I set him at liberty, I made him my friend. Abacaba was so pleased with my conduct, that she preferred me to all her lovers: how would she continue to love me, had she not been devoured by a bear! I slew the bear, and wore his hide a long while; but that has not comforted me."

Miss St Yves felt a secret pleasure at hearing that Abacaba had been his only mistress, and that she was no more; yet she understood not the cause of her own pleasure. All eyes were rivetted on the Huron, and he was much applauded for delivering an Algonquin from the spits of his countrymen:

The merciless bailiff was now grown so furious, that he even asked the Huron what religion he was of; whether he had chosen the English, the French, or that of the Huguenots? "I am of my own religion," said he, "just as you are of yours." "Lord!" cried Miss Kerkabon, "I see already that those wretched English have not once thought of baptizing him!" "Good God," said Miss St Yves, "how is it possible! how is it possible the Hurons should not be Roman Catholics! Have not those reverend fathers the Jesuits converted all the world?" The Huron assured her, "that in his country nobody was converted, that no true American had ever changed his opinion, and that there was not in their language a word to express inconsistency."

These last words extremely pleased Miss St Yves. "Oh! we'll baptize him, we'll baptize him," said Miss Kerkabon to the Prior; "you shall have that honour, my dear brother, and I will be his god-mother; the Abbot St Yves shall present him at the font; it will make a fine appearance; it will be talked of all over Britany, and do us the greatest honour." The company were all of the same mind with the mistress of the house; they all cried, "We'll baptize him." The Huron interrupted them, by saying, "that in England every one was allowed to live as he pleased." He rather shewed some aversion to the proposal which was made, and could not help telling them, that the laws of the Hurons were to the full as good as those of Low-Britany; he finished with saying, "that he should return the next day." The bottles grew empty, and the company went to bed.

After the Huron had been conducted to his room, Miss Kerkabon and her friend Miss St Yves could not help peeping through the key-hole, to see how a Huron went to bed: they saw that he spread the blankets on the floor, and laid himself down upon them in the finest attitude in the world.

CH A P. II.

The Huron, called the Ingenu, acknowledged by his relations.

THE Ingenu, according to custom, awoke with the sun, at the crowing of the cock, which is called in England and Huronia, "the trumpet of
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of the day." He did not imitate what is styled good company, who languish in the bed of indolence till the sun has performed half his career, unable to sleep, but not disposed to rise, and lose so many precious hours in that doubtful state, between life and death, and who nevertheless complain that life is too short.

He had already traversed two or three leagues, and killed fifteen brace of game; with ball only, when, upon his return, he found the prior of our Lady of the Mountain, with his discreet sister, walking in their night-caps in their little garden. He presented them with the spoils of his morning labour, and taking from his bosom a kind of little talisman, which he constantly wore about his neck, he intreated them to accept of it as an acknowledgement for the kind reception they had given him: "It is, said he, the most valuable thing I am possessed of; I have been assured that I shall always be happy whilst I carry this little toy about me; and I give it you that you may be always happy."

The prior and Miss smiled with pity at the frankness of the Ingenu. This present consisted of two little portraits very ill done, tied together with a greasy string.

Miss Kerkabon asked him, if there were any painters in Huronia? "No, replied the Ingenu, I had this curiosity from my nurse; her husband had obtained it by conquest, in stripping some of the French of Canada, who had made war upon us; this is all I know of the matter."

The prior looked attentively upon these pictures, whilst he changed colour, his hands trembled, and he seemed much affected: "By our Lady of the mountain," he cried out, "I believe these to be

the faces of the captain my brother, and his lady.²² Miss, after having consulted them with the like emotion, thought the same. They were both struck with astonishment and joy blended with grief: they both melted, they both wept, their hearts throbbed, and during their disorder, the pictures were interchanged between them at least twenty times in a second. They seemed to devour the Huron's pictures with their eyes; they asked one after another, and even both at once, at what time, in what place, and how these miniatures fell into the hands of the nurse? they reckoned and computed the time from the captain's departure; they recollected having received advice, that he had penetrated as far as the country of the Hurons; and from that time they had never heard any thing more of him.

The Huron had told them, that he had never known either father or mother. The Prior, who was a man of sense, observed, "that he had a little beard, and he knew very well that the Hurons never had any. His chin was somewhat hairy; he was therefore the son of an European. My brother and sister-in-law were never seen after the expedition against the Hurons, in 1669. My-nephew must then have been sucking at the breast; the Huron nurse has preserved his life, and been a mother to him." At length, after an hundred questions and answers, the prior and his sister concluded that the Huron was their own nephew. They embraced him, whilst tears streamed from their eyes: and the Huron laughed to think, that an Indian should be nephew to a prior of Lower Britany.

All the company went down stairs. Mr de St Yves, who was a great physiognomist, compared the two pictures with the Huron's countenance: they observed very skilfully, that he had the mother's

ther's eyes, the forehead and nose of the late Captain Kerkabon, and the cheeks common to both.

Miss St Yves, who had never seen either father or mother, was strenuously of opinion, that the young man had a perfect resemblance of them. They all admired providence and the concatenation of events of this world. In a word, they were so persuaded, so convinced of the birth of the Huron, that he himself consented to be the prior's nephew, saying, "that he would as soon have him for his uncle as another."

He went to return thanks in the church of our Lady of the Mountain; whilst the Huron, with an air of indifference, amused himself with drinking in the house.

The English who had brought him over, and who were ready to set sail, came to tell him that it was time to depart. "Probably, said he to them, you have not met with any of your uncles or aunts; I shall stay here, go you back to Plymouth. I give you all my cloaths, as I have no longer occasion for any thing in this world, since I am the nephew of a prior." The English set sail, without being at all concerned whether the Huron had any relations or not in Lower Brittany.

After the uncles, the aunt, and the company had sung *Te Deum*; after the bailiff had once more overwhelmed the Huron with questions; after they had exhausted all their astonishment, joy, and tenderness, the Prior of the Mountain and the Abbé of St Yves, concluded, that the Huron should be baptized with all possible expedition. But the case was very different with a tall robust Indian of twenty-two, and an infant who is regenerated without his knowing any thing of the matter. It was necessary

cessary to instruct him, and this appeared difficult; for the Abbé of St Yves supposed, that a man, who was not born in France, could not be endued with common sense.

The prior indeed observed to the company, "that though, in fact, the ingenious gentleman his nephew was not so fortunate as to be born in Lower Britany, he was not, upon that account, any way deficient in sense; which might be concluded from all his answers; and that, doubtless, nature had greatly favoured him, as well on his father as on his mother's side."

He then was asked, if he had ever read any book? He said, "he had read Rabelais translated into English, and some passages in Shakespeare, which he knew by heart; that these books belonged to the Captain, on board of whose ship he came from America to Plymouth; and that he was very well pleased with them." The bailiff failed not putting many questions to him concerning these books. "I acknowledge," said the Huron, "I thought I understood some things, but not the whole."

The Abbé of St Yves reflected upon this discourse, that it was in this manner he had always read, and that most men read no other way. "You have," said he to the Huron, "doubtless read the Bible." "Never, Mr Abbé: it was not among the Captain's books; I never heard it mentioned." "This is the way of those cursed English," said Miss Kerkabon; "they mind more a piece of Shakespeare's, a plumb-pudding, or a bottle of rum, than they do the Pentateuch. For this reason they have never converted any Indians in America. They are certainly cursed by God; and we shall conquer Jamaica and Virginia from them in a very short time."

Be this as it may, the most skilful tailor in all St Malo was sent for, to dress the Huron from head to foot. The company separated, and the bailiff went elsewhere to display his inquisitiveness. Miss St Yves, in parting, returned several times to observe the young stranger, and made him lower courtesies than ever she did any one in her life.

The bailiff, before he took his leave, presented to Miss Yves a stupid dolt of a son, just come from the college ; but she scarce looked at him, so much was she taken up with the politeness of the Huron.

C H A P. III.

The Huron converted.

THE prior finding that he was somewhat advanced in years, and that God had sent him a nephew for his consolation, took it into his head that he would resign his benefice in his favour, if he succeeded in baptizing him, and of making him enter into orders.

The Huron had an excellent memory. The firmness of the organs of Lower Britany, strengthened by the climate of Canada, had made his head so vigorous, that when he was struck upon it, he scarce felt it ; and when any thing was graven in it, nothing could efface it ; nothing had ever escaped his memory. His conception was the more sure and lively, by reason that his infancy not having been loaded with useless fooleries, which overwhelm

whelms ours, things entered into his head without being clouded. The Prior at length resolved to make him read the New Testament; the Huron devoured it with great pleasure; but not knowing at what time, or in what country, all the adventures related in this book had happened, he did not in the least doubt that the scene of action had been in Lower Britany; and he swore, that he would cut off Caiphas and Pontius Pilate's ears, if ever he met those scoundrels.

His uncle, charmed with these good dispositions, soon brought him to the point; he applauded his zeal, but, at the same time, acquainted him, that it was needless, as these people had been dead upwards of 1690 years. The Huron soon got the whole book by heart. He sometimes proposed difficulties that greatly embarrassed the Prior. He was often obliged to consult the Abbé St Yves, who not knowing what to answer, brought a Jesuit of Lower Britany to perfect the conversion of the Huron.

Grace, at length, operated; and the Huron promised to become a Christian. He did not doubt but that the first step towards it was circumcision: "for," said he, "I do not find in the book that was put into my hands a single person who was not circumcised; it is therefore evident, that I must make a sacrifice of my prépuce, and the sooner the better." He sent for the surgeon of the village, and desired him to perform the operation, thinking thereby greatly to rejoice Miss Kerkabon, and all the company, when the thing was once done. The surgeon, who had never performed such an operation, acquainted the family, who screamed out. The good Kerkabon trembled lest her nephew, whom she knew to be resolute and expeditious,

expeditious, should perform the operation unskillfully himself; and that fatal consequences should ensue, in which the ladies, through the goodness of their hearts, are always concerned.

The Prior rectified the Huron's mistake, representing to him, that circumcision was no longer in fashion; that baptism was much more gentle and salutary; that the law of grace was not like the law of rigour. The Huron, who had much good sense, and was well disposed, disputed, but soon acknowledged his error, which seldom happens in Europe among disputants; in a word, he promised to let himself be baptised whenever they pleased.

It was necessary that he should go previously to confession; and this was the greatest difficulty to surmount. The Huron had constantly in his pocket the book his uncle gave him. He did not there find that a single Apostle had ever been confessed, and this made him very restive. The Prior silenced him, by shewing him, in the epistle of St James the Minor, these words: *Confess your sins to one another.* The Huron was mute, and confessed his sins to a Recollet. When he had done, he dragged the Recollet from the confessional chair, and seizing him with a vigorous arm, placed himself in his seat, making the Recollet kneel before him; "Come, my friend, it is said, *we must confess our sins to one another*; I have related to you my sins, and you shall not stir till you recount yours." Whilst he said this, he fixed his great knee against his adversary's stomach. The Recollet roared and groaned, till he made the Church re-echo. The noise brought people to his assistance, who found the Catechumen cuffing the Monk in the name of St James the Minor. The joy diffused at the baptizing at once a Low-Breton, a

Huron, and an Englishman, surmounted all these singularities. There were even some theologians of opinion, that confession was not necessary, as baptism supplied the place of every thing.

The Bishop of St Malo was chosen for the ceremony, who flattered, as may be believed, at baptizing a Huron, arrived in a pompous equipage, followed by his clergy. Miss St Yves put on her best gown to bless God, and sent for a hair-dresser from St Malo's to shine at the ceremony. The inquisitive bailiff brought the whole country with him. The Church was magnificently ornamented. But when the Huron was summoned to attend the baptismal font, he was not to be found.

His uncle and aunt sought for him every where. —It was imagined he was gone a-hunting, according to his usual custom. Every one convened to the festival, searched the neighbouring woods and villages; but no intelligence could be obtained of the Huron. They began to fear he was returned to England. Some remembered that he had said he was very fond of that country. The Prior and his sister were persuaded that nobody was baptized there, and were troubled for their nephew's soul. The Bishop was confounded, and ready to return home; the Prior and the Abbé of St Yves were in despair; the bailiff interrogated all passengers with his usual gravity; Miss Kerkabon melted into tears; Miss St Yves did not weep, but she vented such deep sighs, as seemed to testify her sacramental disposition. They were walking in this melancholy mood, among the willows and reeds upon the banks of the little river Rence, when they perceived, in the middle of the stream, a large figure, tolerably white, with its two arms across its breast. They
screamed

screamed out, and ran away. But, curiosity being stronger than any other consideration, they slipped softly amongst the reeds; and when they were pretty certain they could not be seen, they were willing to descry what it was.

C H A P. IV.

The Huron baptized.

THE Prior and the Abbé having run to the river side, they asked the Huron what he was doing? "In faith, said he, gentlemen, I am waiting to be baptized. I have been an hour in the water up to my neck, and I do not think it is civil to let me be quite spent." "My dear nephew," said the Prior to him tenderly, "this is not the way of being baptized in Lower Britany; put on your cloathes, and come with us." Miss St Yves, listening to the discourse, said in a whisper to her companion, "Miss, do you think he will put his cloathes on in such a hurry?"

The Huron, however, replied to the Prior, "You will not make me believe now as you did before; I have studied very well since, and I am very certain there is no other kind of baptism. The eunuch of Queen Candace was baptized in a rivulet. I defy you to shew me, in the book you gave me, that people were ever baptized in any other way. I either will not be baptized at all, or the ceremony shall be performed in the river."

It was in vain to remonstrate to him that customs

were altered. He always recurred to the eunuch of Queen Candace. And though Miss and his aunt, who had observed him through the willows, were authorised to tell him, that he had no right to quote such a man; they, nevertheless, said nothing;—so great was their discretion. The bishop came himself to speak to him, which was a great thing; but he could not prevail; the Huron disputed with the bishop.

“Shew me,” said he, “in the book my uncle gave me, one single man that was not baptised in a river, and I will do whatever you please.

His aunt, in despair, had observed, that the first time her nephew bowed, he made a much lower bow to Miss St Yves, than to any one in the company; that he had not even saluted the bishop with so much respect, blended with cordiality, as he did that agreeable young lady. She thought it adviseable, to apply to her in this great embarrassment; she intreated her to use her influence to engage the Huron to be baptised according to the custom of Britany, thinking that her nephew could never be a Christian if he persisted in being christened in the stream.

Miss St Yves blushed at the secret joy she felt in being appointed to execute so important a commission. She modestly approached the Huron, and squeezing his hand in quite a noble manner, she said to him, “What, will you do nothing to please me?” and, in uttering these words, she raised her eyes from a downcast look into a graceful tenderness. “Oh! yes, Miss, every thing you require, all that you command, whether it is to be baptised in water, fire, or blood;—there is nothing I can refuse you.” Miss St Yves had the glory of effecting, in two words, what neither the im-
portunities

portunities of the Prior, the repeated interrogations of the bailiff, nor the reasoning of the bishop, could effect. She was sensible of her triumph; but she was not yet sensible of its utmost latitude.

Baptism was administered, and received with all the decency, magnificence, and propriety possible. His uncle and aunt yielded to the Abbé St Yves and his sister, the favour of supporting the Huron upon the font. Miss St Yves's eyes sparkled with joy at being a god-mother. She was ignorant how much this high title subjected her; she accepted the honour, without being acquainted with its fatal consequences.

As there never was any ceremony that was not followed by a good dinner, the company took their seats at table after the christening. The humourists of Lower Britany said, "they did not chuse to have their wine baptized." The Prior said, "that wine, according to Solomon, cherished the heart of man." The bishop added, "that the Patriarch Judah ought to have tied his ass-colt to the vine, and steeped his cloak in the blood of the grape; and that he was sorry the same could not be done in Lower Britany, to which God had not allotted vines." Every one endeavoured to say a good thing upon the Huron's christening, and strokes of gallantry to the god-mother. The bailiff, ever interrogating, asked the Huron, "if he was faithful in keeping his promises?" "How," said he, "can I fail keeping them, since I have deposited them in the hands of Miss St Yves?"

The Huron grew warm; he had drank plentifully his god-mother's health. "If," said he, "I had been baptized with your hand, I feel that the water which was poured on the nape of my neck
would

would have burnt me." The bailiff thought that this was too poetical, being ignorant that allegory is a familiar figure in Canada. But his god-mother was very well pleased.

The Huron had, at his baptism, received the name of Hercules. The Bishop of St Malo frequently enquired, who was this tutelar saint, whom he had never heard mentioned before? The Jesuit, who was very learned, told him, "that he was a saint who had wrought twelve miracles." There was a thirteenth, which was well worth the other twelve, but it was not proper for a Jesuit to mention it: this was the transforming fifty girls into women in one night's time. A wag, who was present, related this miracle very feelingly. The ladies all cast down their eyes, and judged, from the physiognomy of the Huron, that he was worthy of the saint whose name he bore.

C H A P. V.

The Huron in love.

IT must be acknowledged, that from the time of this christening and this dinner, Miss St Yves passionately wished that the bishop would make her again an assistant with Mr Hercules in some other fine ceremony. However, as she was well brought up, and very modest, she did not dare entirely agree with herself in regard to these tender sentiments; but if a look, a word, a gesture, a thought, escaped from her, she concealed it admirably well under

under the veil of modesty. She was tender, lively, and sagacious.

As soon as the bishop was gone, the Huron and Miss St Yves met together, without thinking they were in search of one another. They spoke together, without premeditating what they said. The sincere youth immediately declared, "that he loved her with all his heart; and that the beautiful Abacaba, with whom he had been desperately in love in his own country, was far inferior to her." Miss replied, with her usual modesty, "that the Prior her uncle, and the lady her aunt, should be spoken to immediately; and that, on her side, she would say a few words to her dear brother the Abbé of St Yves, and that she flattered herself it would meet with no opposition.

The youth replied, "That the consent of any one was entirely superfluous, that it appeared to him extremely ridiculous to go and ask others what they were to do; that when two parties were agreed, there was no occasion for a third, to accomplish their union. I never consult any one, said he, when I have a mind to breakfast, to hunt, or to sleep: I am sensible, that in love it is not amiss to have the consent of the person whom we wish for; but as I am neither in love with my uncle nor my aunt, I have no occasion to address myself to them in this affair; and if you will believe me, you may equally dispense with the advice of the Abbé of St Yves."

It may be supposed that the young lady exerted all the delicacy of her wit, to bring her Huron to the terms of good breeding. She was even angry, but soon softened. In a word, it cannot be said how this conversation would have ended, if the declining day had not brought the Abbé to conduct

duct his sister home. The Huron left his uncle and aunt to rest, being somewhat fatigued with the ceremony, and their long dinner. He passed part of the night in writing verses in the Huron language, upon his well-beloved ; for it should be known, there is no country where love has not rendered lovers poets.

The next day his uncle spoke to him in the following manner, after breakfast, in the presence of Miss Kerkabon, who was quite melted at the discourse : “ Heaven be praised, that you have the honour, my dear nephew, to be a Christian of Lower Britany ! But this is not enough ; I am somewhat advanced in years : my brother has left only a little bit of ground, which is a very small matter ; I have a good priory. If you will only make yourself sub-deacon, as I hope you will, I will resign my priory in your favour ; and you will live quite at your ease, after having been the consolation of my old age.”

The Huron replied, Uncle, much good may it do you ; live as long as you can. I do not know what it is to be a sub-deacon, or what it is to resign ; but every thing will be agreeable to me, provided I have Miss St Yves at my disposal.”

“ Good God, nephew ! what is it you say ? You love that beautiful young lady to distraction !”

“ Yes, uncle.” “ Alas ! nephew, it is impossible you should ever marry her.” “ It is very possible, uncle ; for she did not only squeeze my hand when she left me, but she promised she would ask me in marriage : I certainly shall wed her.” It is impossible, I tell you, she is your god mother : it is a dreadful sin for a god-mother to give her hand to her god-son ; it is contrary to all laws, human and divine.” “ Why the deuce, uncle, should it be

be forbidden to marry one's godmother, when she is young and handsome? I did not find, in the book you gave, that it was wrong to marry young women who assisted at christenings. I perceive, every day, that an infinite number of things are done here which are not in your book, and nothing is done that is said in it. I must acknowledge to you, that this astonishes and displeases me. If I am deprived of the charming Miss St Yves on account of my baptism, I give you notice, that I will run away with her and unbaptize myself."

The prior was confounded; his sister wept. "My dear brother," said she, "our nephew must not damn himself; our holy father the Pope can give him a dispensation, and then he may be happy, in a christian-like manner, with the person he likes." The ingenuous Hercules embraced his aunt: "For goodness sake," said he, "who is this charming man, who is so gracious as to promote the amours of girls and boys? I will go and speak to him this instant."

The dignity and character of the Pope was explained to him, and the Huron was still more astonished than before. "My dear uncle," said he, "there is not a word of all this in your book; I have travelled, and am acquainted with the sea; we are now upon the coast of the ocean, and I must leave Miss St Yves, to go and ask leave to have her of a man who lives towards the Mediterranean, 400 leagues from hence, and whose language I do not understand! This is most incomprehensibly ridiculous! But I will go first to the Abbé of St Yves, who lives only a league from hence; and I promise you I will wed my mistress before night."

Whilst he was yet speaking, the bailiff entered, and, according to his usual custom, asked him where he was going? "I am going to be married," replied the ingenuous Hercules, running along; and in less than a quarter of an hour he was with his charming dear mistress, who was still asleep. "Ah! my dear brother," said Miss Kerabon to the prior, "you will never make a sub-deacon of our nephew."

The bailiff was very much displeased at this journey; for he laid claim to Miss Yves in favour of his son, who was a still greater and more insupportable fool than his father.

CHAP. VI.

The Huron flies to his Mistress, and becomes quite furious.

NO sooner had the ingenuous Hercules reached the house, than having asked his old servant, which was his mistress's apartment; he forced open the door, which was badly fastened, and flew towards the bed. Miss St Yves, startled out of her sleep, cried, "Ah! what, is it you! Stop, what are you about?" He answered, "I am going to marry;" and he would have actually consummated the nuptials, if she had not opposed him with all the decency of a young lady so well educated.

The Huron did not understand raillery, he found all these evasions extremely impertinent. "Miss Abacaba, my first mistress, did not behave in this manner; you have no honesty; you promised

mised me marriage, and you will not marry; this is being deficient in the first laws of honour; I will teach you to keep your word, and I will replace you in the path of virtue."

He possessed an intrepid masculine virtue, worthy of his patron Hercules, whose name was given him at his christening; and he was going to practise it in all its latitude, when the alarming outcries of the lady, more discreetly virtuous, brought the sagacious Abbé de St Yves with his housekeeper, an old devotee servant, and the parish priest. The sight of these moderated the courage of the assailant. "Good God!" cried the Abbé, "my dear neighbour, what are you about?" "My duty," replied the young man; "I am fulfilling my promises, which are sacred."

Miss St Yves adjusted herself, not without blushing. The lover was conducted into another apartment. The Abbé remonstrated to him the enormity of his conduct. The Huron defended himself upon the privileges of the law of nature, which he understood perfectly well. The Abbé maintained, that the law positive should be allowed all its advantages; and that without conventions agreed on between men, the law of nature must almost constantly be nothing more than natural felony. Notaries, priests, witnesses, contracts, and dispensations, are absolutely necessary." The ingenuous Hercules made answer with the observation constantly adopted by savages; "You are then very great rogues, since so many precautions are necessary."

This remark somewhat disconcerted the Abbé. "There are, I acknowledge, libertines and cheats among us, and there would be as many among the Hurons, if they were united in a great city: but,

at the same time, we have discreet, honest, enlightened people; and these are the men who have framed the laws. The more upright we are, the more readily we should submit to them, as we thereby set an example to the vicious, who respect those bounds which virtue has given herself."

This answer struck the Huron. It has already been observed, that his mind was well disposed. He was softened by flattering speeches, which promised him hopes; all the world is caught in these snares; and Miss St Yves herself appeared, after having been at her toilet. Every thing was now conducted with the utmost good breeding. But notwithstanding this decorum, the sparkling eyes of the ingenuous Hercules constantly made his mistress blush, and the company tremble.

It was with much difficulty he was sent back to his relations. It was again necessary for the charming Miss St Yves to interfere; the more she found the influence she had upon him, the more she loved him. She made him depart, and was much afflicted at it: at length, when he was gone, the Abbé, who was not only Miss St Yves's elder brother by many years, but was also her guardian, endeavoured to wean his ward from the importunities of this dreadful lover. He went to consult the bailiff, who had always intended his son for the Abbé's sister, and who advised him to place the poor girl in a convent. This was a terrible stroke: such a measure would, to a young lady unaffected with any particular passion, have been inexpressible punishment; but to a love-sick maid, equally sagacious and tender, it was despair itself.

When the ingenuous Hercules returned to the Prior's, he related all that had happened with his usual frankness. He met with the same remonstrances,

frances, which had some effect upon his mind, though none upon his senses; but the next day, when he wanted to return to his mistress, in order to reason with her upon the law of nature and the law of convention, the bailiff acquainted him, with insulting joy, that she was in a convent, "Very well," said he, "I'll go and reason with her in this convent." "That cannot be," said the bailiff: and then entered into a long explanation of the nature of a convent, telling him that this word was derived from *conventus*, in the Latin, which signifies "an assembly;" and the Huron could not comprehend, why he might not be admitted into this assembly. As soon as he was informed that this assembly was a kind of prison, in which girls were shut up, a shocking institution, unknown in Huronia and England; he became as furious as was his patron Hercules, when Euritus, king of Oechalia, no less cruel than the Abbé of St Yves, refused him the beauteous Iola, his daughter, not inferior in beauty to the Abbé's sister. He was upon the point of going to set fire to the convent, to carry off his mistress, or be burnt with her. Miss Kerkabon, terrified at such a declaration, gave up all hopes of ever seeing her nephew a sub-deacon; and weeping said, "The devil was certainly in him since he had been christened."

C H A P. VII.

The Huron repulses the English.

THE ingenuous Hercules walked towards the sea-coast, wrapped in a deep and gloomy melancholy, with his doubled-charged fusée upon his shoulder,

shoulder, and his cutlas by his side, shooting now and then a bird, and often tempted to shoot himself; but he had still some affection for life, for the sake of his dear mistress; by turns execrating his uncle and aunt, all Lower-Britany, and his christening;—then blessing them, as they had introduced him to the knowledge of her he loved. He resolved upon going to burn the convent, and he stopt short for fear of burning his mistress. The waves of the Channel are not more agitated by the easterly and westerly winds, than was his heart by so many contrary emotions.

He was walking very fast along, without knowing whether he was going, when he heard the beat of a drum. He saw, at a great distance, a vast multitude, part of whom ran towards the coast, and the other part flew from it.

A thousand shrieks re-echoed on every side: curiosity and courage hurried him, that instant, towards the spot where the greatest clamour arose, which he attained in a few leaps. The commander of the militia, who had supped with him at the Prior's, knew him immediately, and he ran to the Huron with open arms:—"Ah! it is the sincere American:—he will fight for us." Upon which the militia, who were almost dead with fear, recovered themselves, crying out with one voice, "It is the Huron, the ingenuous Huron."

"Gentlemen," said he, "what is the matter? Why are you so scared? Have they shut your mistresses up in convents?" Instantly a thousand confused voices cried out, "Do you not see the English, who are landing?" Very well," replied the Huron, "they are a brave people; they never proposed making me a sub-deacon; they never carried off my mistress."

The

The commander made him understand, that they were coming to pillage the Abbey of the Mountain, drink his uncle's wine, and perhaps carry off Miss St Yves ; that the little vessel which set him on shore in Britany was come only to reconnoitre the coast ; that they were committing acts of hostility, without having declared war against France ; and that the province was entirely exposed to them. " If this be the case," said he, " they violate the law of nature : let me alone ; I lived a good while among them ; I am acquainted with their language, and I will speak to them ; I cannot think they can have so wicked a design."

During this conversation the English fleet approached ; the Huron ran towards it, and having jumped into a little boat, soon rowed to the Admiral's ship, and having gone on board, asked, " whether it was true, that they were come to ravage the coast, without having honestly declared war ?" The Admiral and all his crew burst out into laughter, made him drink some punch, and sent him back.

The ingenuous Hercules, piqued at this reception, thought now of nothing else but beating his old friends for his countrymen and the Prior. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood ran from all quarters, and joined them : they had some cannon, and he discharged them one after the other. The English landed, and he flew towards them, when he killed three of them with his own hand : he even wounded the Admiral, who had made a joke of him. The whole militia were animated with his prowess ; the English returned to their ships, and went on board ; and the whole coast re-echoed with the shouts of victory, " Live the king ! live the ingenuous Hercules !" Every one ran to embrace

embrace him ; every one strove to stop the bleeding of some slight wounds he had received. " Ah ! " said he, " if Miss St Yves were here, she would put on a plaister for me."

The bailiff, who had hid himself in his cellar during the battle, came to pay his compliments like the rest. But he was greatly surprised, when he heard the ingenuous Hercules say to a dozen young men, well disposed for his service, who surrounded him, " My friends, having delivered the Abbey of the Mountain is nothing, we must rescue a nymph."

The warm blood of these youths were fired at the expression. He was already followed by crowds, who repaired to the convent. If the bailiff had not immediately acquainted the commandant with their design, and he had not sent a detachment after the joyous troop, the thing would have been done. The Huron was conducted back to his uncle and aunt, who overwhelmed him with tears and tenderness.

" I see very well," said his uncle, " that you will never be either a Subdeacon or a prior ; you will be an officer, and one still braver than my brother the Captain, and probably as poor." Miss Kerkabon could not stop an incessant flood of tears, whilst she embraced him, saying, " he will be killed too like my brother ; it were much better he were a Sub-deacon."

The Huron had, during the battle, picked up a large purse full of Guineas, which probably the Admiral lost. He did not doubt but that this purse would buy all Lower Britany, and, above all, make Miss St Yves a great lady. Every one persuaded him to repair to Versailles, to receive the recompence due to his services. The commandant,

mandant, and the principal officers, furnished him with certificates in abundance. The uncle and aunt also approved of this journey. He was to be presented to the king without any difficulty. This alone would give him great weight in the province. These two good folks added to the English purse a considerable present out of their savings. The Huron said to himself, "When I see the king, I will ask Miss St Yves of him in marriage, and certainly he will not refuse me." He set out accordingly, amidst the acclamations of the whole district, stifled with embraces, bathed in tears by his aunt, blessed by his uncle, and recommending himself to the charming Miss St Yves.

C H A P. VIII.

The Huron goes to Court. Sups upon the Road
with some Huguenots.

THE ingenious Hercules took the Saumur road in the coach, because there was at that time no other convenience. When he came to Saumur, he was astonished to find the city almost deserted, and to see several families going away. He was told, that half a dozen years before, Saumur contained upwards of 50,000 inhabitants, and that at present there were not 6000. He mentioned this at the inn, whilst at supper. Several Protestants were at table; some complained bitterly, others trembled with rage, others weeping, said, *Nos dulcia linquimus arva, nos patriam fu-*

gimus. The Huron, who did not understand Latin, had these words explained to him, which signified, "We abandon our sweet fields;—We fly from our country."

"And why do you fly from your country, gentlemen?" "Because we must otherwise acknowledge the Pope." "And why not acknowledge him? You have no god-mothers, then, that you want to marry; for, I am told it is he that grants this permission." "Ah! Sir, this Pope says, that he is master of the domains of kings." "But, gentlemen, what religion are you of?" "Why, Sir, we are for the most part drapers and manufacturers." "If the Pope," says he, "is the master of your cloathes and manufactures, you do very well not to acknowledge him; but as to kings, it is their business, and why do you trouble yourself with it?" Here a little black man took up the argument, and very learnedly set forth the grievances of the company. He talked of the revocation of the edict of Nantes with so much energy; he deplored, in so pathetic a manner, the fate of 50,000 fugitive families, and of 50,000 others converted by dragoons; that the ingenuous Hercules could not refrain from shedding tears. "Whence arises it," said he, "that so great a king, whose renown expands itself even to the Hurons, should thus deprive himself of so many hearts that would have loved him, and so many arms that would have served him?"

"Because he has been imposed upon, like other great kings," replied the little orator. "He has been made to believe, that as soon as he utters a word, all people think as he does; and that he can make us change our religion, just as his musician Lulli, in a moment, changes the decorations
of

of his opera. He has not only already lost five or six hundred thousand very useful subjects, but he has turned many of them into enemies; and King William, who is at this time master of England, has composed several regiments of these identical Frenchmen, who would otherwise have fought for their Monarch.

“Such a disaster is the more astonishing, as the present Pope, to whom Louis XIV. sacrifices a part of his people, is his declared enemy. A violent quarrel has subsisted between them for near nine years; it has been carried so far, that France was in hopes of, at length, casting off the yoke, by which it has been kept in subjection for so many ages to this foreigner, and, more particularly, of not giving him any more money, which is the *primum mobile* of the affairs of this world. It, therefore, appears evident, that this great king has been imposed on, as well with respect to his interest, as the extent of his power, and that even the magnanimity of his heart has been struck at.”

The Huron, melted more and more, asked, “Who were the Frenchmen who thus deceived a Monarch so dear to the Hurons?” “They are the Jesuits,” he was answered; “and particularly Father La Chaize, the king’s confessor. It is to be hoped that God will one day punish them for it, and that they will be driven out, as they now drive us. Can any misfortune equal ours? Monf. de Louvois besets us on all sides with Jesuits and dragoons.”

“Well, gentlemen,” replied the Huron, who could contain no longer, “I am going to Versailles to receive the recompence due to my services; I will speak to Monf. de Louvois; I am told it is he who makes war from his closet. I shall see the

king, and I will acquaint him with the truth; it is impossible not to yield to this truth, when it is felt. I shall return very soon to marry Miss St Yves, and I beg you will be present at our nuptials." These good people now took him for some great Lord, who travelled *incognito* in the coach. Some took him for the king's fool.

There was at table a disguised Jesuit, who acted as a spy to the Reverend Father de la Chaize. He gave him an account of every thing that passed, and Father de la Chaize reported it to M. de Louvois. The spy wrote. The Huron and the letter arrived almost at the same time at Versailles.

CHAP. IX.

The Arrival of the Huron at Versailles, His Reception at Court.

THE ingenuous Hercules was set down from a *pot de chambre* *, in the court of the kitchens. He asks the chairmen, what hour the king can be seen? The chairmen laugh in his face, just as the English Admiral had done; and he treated them in the same manner, he beat them: they were for retaliation, and the scene had like to have proved bloody, if a life-guardman, who was a gentleman of Britany, had not passed by, and who dispersed the mob. "Sir," said the traveller to him, "you appear

* A vehicle that goes from Paris to Versailles, which resembles a little covered tumbrel.

appear to me to be a brave man. I am nephew to the Prior of our Lady of the Mountain. I have killed Englishmen, and I am come to speak to the king; I beg you will conduct me to his chamber." The soldier, ravished to find a man of courage from his province, who did not seem acquainted with the customs of the court, told him, that this was not the manner of speaking to the king, and that it was necessary to be presented by M. de Louvois. "Very well, then, conduct me to M. de Louvois, who will, doubtless, conduct me to the king." "It is more difficult," resumed the soldier, "to speak to M. de Louvois than to the king. But I will conduct you to Mr Alexander, first commissioner at war, and this will be just the same as if you spoke to the minister." They accordingly repair to Mr Alexander's, who is first clerk; but they cannot be introduced, he being closely engaged in business with a lady of the court, and no person is allowed admittance. "Well," said the life-guardman, "there is no harm done, let us go to Mr Alexander's first clerk; this will be just the same as if you spoke to Mr Alexander himself."

The Huron, quite astonished, followed him; they remain together half an hour in a little anti-chamber. "What is all this?" said the ingenuous Hercules: "is all the world invisible in this country? It is much easier to fight in Lower Britany against Englishmen, than to meet with people at Versailles, with whom one hath business." He amused himself for some time with relating his amours to his countryman; but the clock striking, recalled the soldier to his post, when a mutual promise was given of meeting on the morrow. The Huron remained another half hour in the anti-chamber,

chamber, ruminating upon Miss St Yves, and the difficulty of speaking to kings and first clerks.

At length the patron appeared. "Sir," said the ingenuous Hercules, "if I had waited to repulse the English as long as you have made me wait for my audience, they would certainly have ravaged all Lower Britany without opposition." These words struck the clerk. He at length said to the inhabitant of Britany, "What is your request?" "A recompence," said the other: "these are my titles;" shewing his certificates. The clerk read, and told him, "that probably he might obtain leave to purchase a lieutenancy." "Me! what, must I pay money for having repulsed the English? Must I pay a tax to be killed for you, whilst you are peaceably giving your audiences here? You are certainly jesting. I require a company of cavalry for nothing. I require that the king shall set Miss St Yves at liberty from the convent, and that he give her me in marriage. I want to speak to the king in favour of 50,000 families, whom I propose restoring to him. In a word, I want to be useful; let me be employed and advanced."

"What is your name, Sir, who talk in such a high stile?" "Oh! oh!" answered the Huron; "you have not then read my certificates? This is the way they are treated! My name is *Hercules de Kerkabon*, I am christened, and I lodge at the Blue Dial." The clerk concluded, like the people at Saumur, that his head was turned, and did not pay him any farther attention.

The same day, the Reverend Father de la Chaize, confessor to Louis XIV. received his spy's letter, which accused the Breton Kerkabon of favouring in his heart the Huguenots, and condemning the conduct of the Jesuits. M. de Louvois had, on his side,

sive, received a letter from the inquisitive bailiff, which depicted the Huron as a wicked lewd fellow, inclined to burn convents, and carry off the nuns.

Hercules, after having walked in the gardens of Versailles, which had become irksome to him; after having supped like a native of Huronia and Lower-Britany; was gone to rest, in the pleasant hope of seeing the king the next day; obtaining Miss St Yves in marriage; having, at least, a company of cavalry; and of setting aside the persecution against the Huguenots. He was rocking himself asleep with these flattering ideas, when the *Marchauffée* entered his chamber, and seized upon his double-charged fusée and his great sabre.

They took an inventory of his ready money, and then conducted him to the castle erected by king Charles V. son to John II. near the street of St Antoine, at the gate des Tournelles.

What was the Huron's astonishment in his way thither, the reader is left to imagine. He at first fancied it was all a dream; and remained for some time in a state of stupefaction: presently transported with rage, that gave him more than common strength, he collared two of his conductors who were with him in the coach, flung them out of the door, cast himself after them, and then dragged the third, who wanted to hold him. He fell in the attempt, when they tied him, and replaced him in the carriage, "This then," said he, "is what one gets by driving the English out of Lower Britany! What wouldst thou say, charming Miss St Yves, if thou didst see me in this situation?"

They at length arrived at the place of their destination. He was carried without any noise into the chamber in which he was to be locked up, like

a dead corpse going to the grave. This room was already occupied by an old solitary student of Port Royal, named Gordon, who had been languishing here for two years. " See," said the chief of the Marechaussée, " here is company I bring you ;" and immediately the enormous bolts of this strong door, secured with large iron bars, were fastened upon them. These two captives were thus separated from all the universe besides.

C H A P. X.

The Huron is shut up in the Bastile with a Jan-
senist.

MR Gordon was a healthy old man, of a serene disposition, who was acquainted with two great things ; the one was, to bear adversity ; the other, to console the afflicted. He approached his companion with an open sympathizing air, and said to him, whilst he embraced him, " Whoever thou art that is come to partake of my grave, be assured, that I shall constantly forget myself to soften your torments in the infernal abyss where we are plunged. Let us adore Providence that has conducted us here. Let us suffer in peace, and trust in hope." These words had the same effect upon the youth, as English drops, which recal a dying person to life, and shew to his astonished eyes a glimpse of light.

After the first compliments were over, Gordon, without urging him to relate the cause of his misfortune,

fortune, inspired him by the sweetness of his discourse, and by that interest which two unfortunate persons share with each other, with a desire of opening his heart, and of disburdening himself of the weight which oppressed him; but he could not guess the cause of his misfortune, and the good man Gordon was as much astonished as himself.

"God must, doubtless," said the Jansenist to the Huron, "have great designs upon you, since he conducted you from Lake Ontario into England, from thence to France; caused you to be baptized in Lower Britany, and has now lodged you here for your salvation." "I faith," replied Hercules, "I believe the devil alone has interfered in my destiny. My countrymen in America would never have treated me with the barbarity that I have experienced; they have not the least idea of it. They are called Savages;—they are good people, but rustic; and the men of this country are refined villains. I am indeed," said he, "greatly surprised to have come from another world, to be shut up in this, under four belts, with a priest; but I consider what an infinite number of men set out from one hemisphere to go and get killed in the other, or are cast away in the voyage, and are eaten by the fishes. I cannot discover the gracious designs of God over all these people."

Their dinner was brought them through a wicket. The conversation turned upon Providence, letters de cachet, and upon the art of not sinking under disgrace, to which all men in this world are exposed. "It is two years since I have been here," said the old man, "without any other consolation than myself and books; and yet I have never been a single moment out of temper."

"Ah! Mr Gordon," cried Hercules, "you are not then in love with your god-mother: if you were as well acquainted with Miss St Yves as I am, you would be in a state of desperation." At these words he could not refrain from tears, which greatly relieved him from his oppression. "How is it, then, that tears solace us? It seems to me that they should have a quite opposite effect." "My son," said the good old man, "every thing is physical about us; all secretions are useful to the body, and all that comforts it, comforts the soul: we are the machines of Providence."

The ingenuous Huron, who, as we have already observed more than once, had a great share of understanding, entered deeply into the consideration of this idea, the seeds whereof appeared to be in himself. After which he asked his companion, "Why his machine had for two years been confined by four bolts?" "By effectual grace," answered Gordon: "I pass for a Jansenist; I know Arnaud and Nicole the Jesuits; have persecuted us. We believe that the Pope is nothing more than a Bishop like another, and therefore Father la Chaise has obtained from the king his penitent, an order for robbing me, without any form of justice, of the most precious inheritance of man, liberty." "This is very strange," said the Huron, "all the unhappy people I have met with have been made so solely by the Pope."

"With respect to your effectual grace, I acknowledge, I do not understand what you mean; but I consider it as a very great favour, that God has let me in my misfortunes meet with a man, who pours into my heart such consolation as I thought myself incapable of receiving."

The

The conversation became each day more interesting and instructive. The souls of the two captives seemed to unite in one body. The old man knew a great deal, and the young man was willing to acquire much instruction. At the end of the first month, he eagerly applied himself to the study of geometry. Gordon made him read Rohault's Physics, which book was still in fashion; and he had good sense enough to find in it nothing but doubts and uncertainties.

He afterwards read the first volume of the Enquiry after Truth. This instructive work gave him new light.—“What!” said he, “does our imagination and our senses deceive us to that degree? What, are not our ideas formed by objects, and can we not acquire them by ourselves?” When he had gone through the second volume, he was not so well satisfied; and he concluded it was much easier to destroy than to build.

His colleague, astonished that a young ignoramus should make such a remark, conceived a very high opinion of his understanding, and was more strongly attached to him.

“Your Malebranche,” said he to Gordon one day, “seems to have written half his book whilst he was in possession of his reason, and the other half with the assistance only of imagination and prejudice.”

Some days after, Gordon asked him, “What he thought of the soul, and the manner in which we receive our ideas? of volition, grace, and free agency?” “Nothing,” replied the Huron. “If I think sometimes, it is that we are under the power of the Eternal Being, like the stars and the elements; that he operates every thing in us; that we are small wheels of the immense machine; of

which he is the soul; that he acts according to general laws, and not from particular views: this is all that appears to me intelligible; all the rest is to me a dark abyss."

"But this, my son, would be making God the author of sin!" "But, father, your effectual grace would equally make him the author of sin; for certainly all those to whom this grace was refused, would sin; and is not he who gives us up to evil, the author of evil?"

This sincerity greatly embarrassed the good man; he found that all his endeavours to extricate himself from this quagmire were ineffectual; and he heaped such quantities of words upon one another, which seemed to have meaning, but which in fact had none, (in the stile of physical pre-motion) that the Huron could not help pitying him. This question evidently determined the origin of good and evil; and poor Gordon was reduced to the necessity of recurring to Pandora's box, Orosmades's egg pierced by Arimanes, the enmity between Typhon and Osiris, and, at last, original sin; and these he huddled together in profound darkness, without their throwing the least glimmering light upon one another. However, this romance of the soul diverted their thoughts from the contemplation of their own misery; and, by a strange magic, the multitude of calamities dispersed throughout the world diminished the sensation of their own miseries: they did not dare complain, when all mankind was in a state of sufferance.

But in the repose of night, the image of the charming Miss St Yves effaced from the mind of her lover, every metaphysical and moral idea. He awoke with his eyes bathed in tears; and the old Jansenist forgot his effectual grace, and the Abbé

of St Ciran, and Janfenius himself, to allow consolation to a youth whom he judged guilty of a mortal sin.

After these lectures and their reasonings were over, their adventures furnished them with subjects of conversation; after this store was exhausted, they read together, or separately. The Huron's understanding daily increased; and he would certainly have made great progress in the mathematics, if the thoughts of Miss St Yves had not frequently distracted him.

He read histories, which made him melancholy. The world appeared to him too wicked and too miserable. In fact, history is nothing more than a picture of crimes and misfortunes. The crowd of innocent and peaceable men are always invisible upon this vast theatre. The *dramatis personæ* are composed of ambitious, perverse men. The pleasure which history affords is derived from the same source as tragedy, which would languish and become insipid, were it not inspired with strong passions, great crimes, and piteous misfortunes. Clio must be armed with a poniard as well as Melpomene.

Though the history of France is not less filled with horror than those of other nations, it nevertheless appeared to him so disgusting in the beginning, so dry in the continuation, and so trifling in the end, even in the time of Henry IV.; ever destitute of grand monuments, or foreign to those fine discoveries which have illustrated other nations; that he was obliged to resolve upon not being tired, to go through all the particulars of obscure calamities confined to a little corner of the world,

Gordon

Gordon thought like him. They both laughed with pity, when they read of the sovereigns of Fezenfacs, l'efanfaguet, and Astrac: such a study could be relished only by their heirs, if they had any. The brilliant ages of the Roman Republic made him sometimes quite indifferent as to any other part of the globe. The spectacle of victorious Rome, the law-giver of nations, engrossed his whole soul. He glowed in contemplating a people who were governed for seven hundred years by the enthusiasm of liberty and glory.

Thus rolled days, weeks, and months; and he would have thought himself happy in the sanctuary of despair, if he had not loved.

The natural goodness of his heart was softened still more when he reflected upon the Prior of our Lady of the Mountain, and the sensible Kerkabon: "What must they think," he would often repeat, when they can get no tidings of me? They must think me an ungrateful wretch." This idea rendered him inconsolable;—he pitied those who loved him much more than he pitied himself.

C H A P. XI.

How the Huron discloses his Genius.

READING aggrandizes the soul, and an enlightened friend affords consolation. Our captive had these two advantages in his favour, which he had never expected. "I shall begin to believe in the Metamorphoses, for I have been transformed

formed from a brute into a man." He formed a chosen library with part of the money which he was allowed to dispose of. His friend encouraged him to commit to writing such observations as occurred to him.—These are his notes upon ancient history :

" I imagine that nations were for a long time like myself ; that they did not become enlightened till very late ; that for many ages they were occupied with nothing but the present moment which elapsed : that they thought very little of what was passed, and never of the future. I have traversed five or six hundred leagues in Canada, and I did not meet with a single monument : no one is any way acquainted with the actions of his predecessors. Is not this the natural state of man ? The human species of this continent appear to me superior to that of the other. They have extended their being for many ages by arts and knowledge. Is this because they have beards upon their chins, and God has refused this ornament to the Americans ? I do not believe it ; for I find the Chinese have very little beard, and that they have cultivated arts for upwards of 5000 years. In effect, if their annals go back upwards of 4000 years, the nation must necessarily have been united, and in a flourishing state, more than 500 centuries.

" One thing particularly strikes me in this ancient history of China, which is, that almost every thing is probable and natural. I admire it because it is not tinged with any thing of the marvellous.

" Why have all other nations adopted fabulous origins ? The ancient chronicles of the history of France, who, by the by, are not very ancient, make the French descend from one Francus, the son

son of Hector. The Romans said, they were the issue of a Phrygian, though there was not in their whole language a single word that had the least connection with the language of Phrygia. The gods had inhabited Egypt for 10,000 years, and the devils Scythia, where they had engendered the Huns. I meet with nothing before Thucydides but romances similar to the Amadis's, and far less amusing. Apparitions, oracles, prodigies, forcery, metamorphoses, are interspersed throughout with the explanation of dreams, which are the bases of the destiny of the greatest empires and the smallest states: here are speaking beasts, there brutes that are adored, gods transformed into men, and men into gods. If we must have fables, let us, at least, have such as appear the emblem of truth. I admire the fables of philosophers, but I laugh at those of children, and I hate those of impostors."

He one day hit upon a history of the Emperor Justinian. It was there related, that some Appedeutes of Constantinople had delivered, in very bad Greek, an edict against the greatest Captain of the age, because this hero had uttered the following words in the warmth of conversation, *Truth shines forth with its proper light, and people's minds are not illumined with flaming piles.* The Appedeutes declared, "That this proposition was heretical, bordering upon heresy; and that the contrary action was catholic, universal, and Grecian: *The minds of the people are not enlightened but with flaming piles, and truth cannot shine forth with its own light.*" These Linoftolians thus condemned several discourses of the Captain, and published an edict.

"What!"

“What!” said the Huron with much emotion, “shall such people publish edicts?” “They are not edicts,” replied Gordon; “they are contradictions, which all the world laughed at in Constantinople, and the Emperor the first. He was a wise prince, who knew how to reduce the Lincolian Apedeutes to a state incapable of doing any thing but good. He knew that these gentlemen, and several other Pastophores, had tired the patience of the Emperors, his predecessors, with contradictions in more serious matters.” “He did very right,” said the Huron; “the Pastophores should be supported and constrained.”

He committed several other observations to paper, which astonished old Gordon. “What!” said he to himself, “have I consumed fifty years in instruction, and I fear I have not attained to the degree of natural good sense of this child, who is almost a savage! I tremble to think I have so ardently strengthened prejudices, and he listens to simple nature only.”

The good man had some little books of criticism, some of those periodical pamphlets, wherein men, incapable of producing any thing themselves, blacken the productions of others; where a Vile insults a Racine, and a Faidit a Fenelon. The Huron ran over some of them. “I compare them to certain gnats, that lodge their eggs in the posteriors of the finest horses, which do not, however, prevent their running.” The two philosophers scarce deigned to cast their eyes upon these excrements of literature.

They soon after went through the elements of astronomy. The Huron sent for some globes: he was ravished at this great spectacle. “How hard it is,” said he, “that I should only begin to be

acquainted with heaven, when the power of contemplating it is ravished from me! Jupiter and Saturn revolve in these immense spaces;—millions of suns illumine myriads of worlds; and, in this corner of the earth on which I am cast, there are beings that deprive me of seeing and thinking of those worlds whither my eye might reach, and even that in which God created me! The light created for the whole universe is lost to me. It was not hidden from me in the northern horizon, where I passed my infancy and youth. Without you, my dear Gordon, I should be annihilated.”

C H A P. XII.

The Huron's Sentiments upon theatrical Pieces.

THE young Huron resembled one of those vigorous trees, which, planted in an ungrateful soil, extends, in a little time, its roots and branches, when transplanted to a more favourable spot; and it was very extraordinary, that this favourable spot should be a prison.

Among the books which employed the leisure of the two captives, were some poems, and the translations of Greek tragedies, and some dramatic pieces in French. Those passages that dwelt on love, communicated at once pleasure and pain to the soul of the Huron. They were but so many images of his dear Miss St Yves. The fable of the two pigeons rent his heart; but he was far estranged from his tender dove.

Moliere

Molière enchanted him. He taught him the manners of Paris and of human nature. "To which of his comedies do you give the preference?" "Doubtless to his *Tartuffe*." "I am of your opinion," said Gordon; "it was a *Tartuffe* that flung me into this dungeon, and perhaps they were *Tartuffes* who have been the cause of your misfortunes."

"What do you think of these Greek tragedies?" "They are very good for Grecians." But when he read the modern *Iphigenia*, *Phædrus*, *Andromache*, and *Athalia*, he was in ecstasy, he sighed, he wept,—and he learned them by heart, without havin any such intention.

"Read *Rodogune*," said Gordon, "that is said to be a capital production; the other pieces which have given you so much pleasure, are trifles compared to this." The young man had scarce got through the first page, before he said, "This is not wrote by the same author." How do you know it?" "I know nothing yet; but these lines neither touch my ear nor my heart." "O!" said Gordon, "the versification does not signify." The Huron asked, "What must I judge by then?"

After having read the piece very attentively, without any other design than being pleased, he looked stedfastly at his friend with much astonishment, not knowing what to say. At length, being urged to give his opinion, with respect to what he felt, this was the answer he made: "I understood very little of the beginning; the middle disgusted me; but the last scene greatly moved me, though there appears to me but little probability in it. I have no prejudices for, or against any one, but I do not remember twenty lines, I who recollect them all when they please me."

“ This piece, nevertheless, passes for the best upon our stage.” “ If that be the case,” said he, it is perhaps like many people, who are not worthy of the places they hold. After all, this is a matter of taste, and mine cannot yet be formed. I may be mistaken ; but you know I am accustomed to say what I think, or rather what I feel. I suspect that illusion, fashion, caprice, often warp the judgments of men.” Here he repeated some lines from Iphigenia, which he was full of ; and though he declaimed but indifferently, he uttered them with such truth and sensation, that he made the old Jansemit weep. He then read Cinna, which did not excite his tears, but his admiration.

C H A P. XIII.

The beautiful Miss St Yves goes to Versailles.

WHILST the unfortunate Hercules was more enlightened than consoled ; whilst his genius, so long stifled, unfolded itself with so much rapidity and strength ; whilst nature, which was attaining a degree of perfection in him, avenged herself of the outrages of fortune ; what became of the Prior, his good sister, and the beautiful recluse Miss St Ives ? The first month they were uneasy, and the third they were immersed in sorrow. False conjectures, ill-grounded reports, alarmed them. At the end of six months, it was concluded he was dead. At length, Mr and Miss Kerka-bon learned, by a letter of ancient date, which one
of

of the king's guards had wrote to Britany, that a young man, resembling the Huron, arrived one night at Versailles, but that since that time no one had heard him spoken of.

"Alas!" said Miss Kerkabon, "our nephew has done some ridiculous thing, which has brought on some terrible consequences. He is young, a *Low Breton*, and cannot know how to behave at Court. My dear brother, I never saw Versailles nor Paris; here is a fine opportunity, and we shall, perhaps, find our poor nephew: he is our brother's son, and it is our duty to assist him. Who knows, we may perhaps at length prevail upon him to become a *sub-deacon*, when the fire of youth is somewhat abated. He was much inclined to the sciences.—Do you recollect how he reasoned upon the Old and New Testament? We are answerable for his soul; he was baptized at our instigation. His dear mistress Miss St Yves does nothing but weep incessantly. Indeed we must go to Paris. If he is concealed in any of those infamous houses of pleasure which I have often heard of, we will get him out." The Prior was affected at his sister's discourse. He went in search of the Bishop of St Malo's, who had baptized the Huron, and requested his protection and advice. The prelate approved of the journey. He gave the Prior letters of recommendation to Father la Chaize, the king's confessor, who was invested with the first dignity in the kingdom; to Harlai, the Archbishop of Paris; and to Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux.

At length, the brother and sister set out; but when they came to Paris, they found themselves bewildered in a great labyrinth without clue or end. Their fortune was but middling, and they had

had occasion every day for carriages to pursue their discovery, which they could not accomplish.

The Prior waited upon the Reverend Father la Chaife: he was with Mademoiselle du Tron, and could not give audience to Priors. He went to the Archbishop's door: the prelate was shut up with the beautiful Mademoiselle de Lesdiguières about church matters. He flew to the country-houses of the Bishop of Meaux: he was upon a close examination, with Mademoiselle de Mauleon, of the mystical amour of Mademoiselle Guyon. At length, however, he gained access to these two prelates; they both declared, "they could not interfere with regard to his nephew, as he was not a sub-deacon."

He, at length, saw the Jesuit, who received him with open arms, protesting he had always entertained the greatest private esteem for him, though he had never known him. He swore that his society had always been attached to the inhabitants of Lower Britany. "But," said he, "has not your nephew the misfortune of being a Huguenot?" "No certainly, Reverend Father," "May he not be a Jansenist?" "I can assure your Reverence, that he is scarce a Christian. It is about eleven months since he was christened." "This is very well;—we will take care of him. Is your benefice considerable?" "No, a very trifle, and our nephew costs us a great deal." "Are there any Jansenists in your neighbourhood? Take great care, my dear Mr Prior, they are more dangerous than Huguenots, or even Atheists." "My Reverend Father, we have none; it is not even known at our Lady of the Mountain what Jansenism is." "So much the better; go, there is nothing I will not do for you." He dismissed the
Prior

Prior in this affectionate manner, but thought no more about him.

Time slipped away, and the Prior and his good sister were almost in despair.

In the mean while, the cursed bailiff urged very strenuously the marriage of his great booby son with the beautiful Miss St Yves, who was taken purposely out of the convent. She always entertained a passion for her god-son, in proportion as she detested the husband who was designed for her. The insult that had been offered her, by shutting her up in a convent, increased her affection; and the mandate for wedding the bailiff's son completed her antipathy for him. Chagrin, tenderness, and terror, racked her soul. Love, we know, is much more inventive and more daring in a young woman, than friendship in an aged Prior, and an aunt upwards of forty-five. Besides, she had received good instructions in her convent, with the assistance of romances, which she read by stealth.

The beautiful Miss St Yves remembered the letter that had been written by a life-guardman to Lower Britany, and which had been spoken of in the province. She resolved to go herself and gain information at Versailles; to throw herself at the minister's feet, if her husband should be in prison, as it was said, and obtain justice for him. I know not what secret intelligence she had gained, that at court nothing is refused to a pretty woman; but she knew not the price of these boons.

Having taken this resolution, it afforded her some consolation; and she enjoyed some tranquillity, without upbraiding Providence with the severity of her lot. She receives her detested, intended father-in-law, caresses the brother, and spreads happiness throughout the house. On the day appointed

pointed for the ceremony, she secretly departs at four o'clock in the morning, with the little nuptial presents she had received, and all she could gather. Her plan was so well laid, that she was about ten leagues upon her journey, when, about noon, her absence was discovered, and when every one's consternation and surprise was inexpressible. The inquisitive bailiff asked more questions that day than he had done for a week before; the intended bridegroom was more stupified than ever. The Abbé St Yves resolved in his rage to pursue his sister. The bailiff and his son were disposed to accompany him. Their fate led almost the whole canton of Lower Britany to Paris.

The beautiful Miss St Yves was not without apprehensions that she should be pursued. She rode on horseback, and she got all the intelligence she could, without being suspected, from the couriers, if they had not met a fat Abbé, an enormous bailiff, and a young booby, galloping as fast as they could to Paris. Having learned, on the third day, that they were not far behind, she took a quite different road, and was skilful and lucky enough to arrive at Versailles, whilst they were in a fruitless pursuit after her, at Paris. But how was she to behave at Versailles? Young, handsome, untutored, unsupported, unknown, exposed to every danger, how could she dare go in search of one of the king's guards? She had some thoughts of applying to a Jesuit of low rank, for there were some for every station of life; as God, they say, has given different aliments to every species of animals, he had given the king his confessor, who was called, by all solicitors of benefices, the head of the Gallican Church. Then came the prince's confessors; the ministers had none, they were not such

such dupes. There were Jesuits for genteel mob, and particularly those for chambermaids, by whom were known the secrets of their mistresses; and this was no small vocation. The beautiful Miss St Yves addressed herself to one of these last, who was called *Father Tout a tous* (all to every one). She confessed to him, set forth her adventure, her situation, her danger, and conjured him to get her a lodging with some good devotee, who might shelter her from temptations.

Father *Tout a tous* introduced her to the wife of the cupbearer, one of his most trusty penitents. From the moment Miss St Yves became her lodger, she did her utmost to obtain the confidence and friendship of this woman. She gained intelligence of the Breton-guard, and invited him to visit her. Having learned from him, that her lover had been carried off after having had a conference with one of the first clerks, she flew to this clerk. The sight of a fine woman softened him, for it must be allowed, God created woman only to tame mankind.

The scribe, thus mollified, acknowledged to her every thing. "Your lover has been in the Bastille almost a year, and without your intercession he would, perhaps, have ended his days there." The tender Miss St Yves swooned at this intelligence. When she had recovered herself, the penman told her: "I have no power to do good; all my influence extends to doing harm sometimes. Take my advice, wait upon M. de St Pouange, who has the power of doing both good and ill; he is Monf. de Louvois's cousin and favourite. This minister has two souls: the one is M. de St Pouange, and Mademoiselle de Belle is the other, but she is at present absent from Versailles; so that you have

nothing to do but captivate the protector I have pointed out to you." The beautiful Miss St Yves, divided between some trifling joy and excessive grief, between a glimmering of hope and dreadful apprehensions ;—pursued by her brother, idolizing her lover, wiping her tears, which flowed in torrents ; trembling and feeble, yet summoning all her courage ;—in this situation, she flew on the wings of love to M. de St Pouange's.

C H A P. XIV.

The progress of the Huron's intellects.

THE ingenuous youth was making a rapid progress in the sciences, and particularly in the science of man. The cause of this sudden disclosure of his understanding, was as much owing to his savage education, as to the disposition of his soul ; for having learned nothing in his infancy, he had not imbibed any prejudices. His mind not having been warped by error, had retained all its primitive rectitude. He saw things as they were ; whereas the ideas that are communicated to us in our infancy, make us see them all our life in a false light. " Your persecutors are abominable wretches," said he to his friend Gordon. " I pity you for being oppressed, but I condemn you for being a Jansenist. All sects appear to me to be founded in error ; tell me if there be any sectaries in geometry ?" " No, my child," said the good old Gordon, heaving a deep sigh ; " all men are agreed

concerning truth, when demonstrated; but they are too much divided about latent truths." "If there were but one single hidden truth in your load of arguments, which have been so often sifted for such a number of ages, it would doubtless have been discovered, and the universe would certainly have been unanimous, at least, in that respect. If this truth had been necessary, as the sun is to the earth, it would have been as brilliant as that planet. It is an absurdity, an insult to human nature; it is an attack upon the Infinite and Supreme Being, to say there is a truth essential to the happiness of man which God conceals."

All that this ignorant youth, instructed only by nature, said, made a very deep impression upon the mind of the old unhappy scholiast. "Is it really certain," he cried, "that I should have made myself truly miserable for mere chimeras? I am much more certain of my misery than of effectual grace.—I have spent my time in reasoning about the liberty of God and human nature, but I have lost my own; neither St Augustin nor St Prosper will extricate me from my present misfortunes."

The ingenuous Huron, who gave way to his natural characteristic, at length said, "Will you give me leave to speak to you boldly and frankly? Those who bring upon themselves persecution for such idle disputes, seem to me to have very little sense; those who persecute, appear to me very monsters."

The two captives entirely coincided with respect to the injustice of their captivity. "I am a hundred times more to be pitied than you," said the Huron; "I am born free as the air: I had two lives, liberty and the object of my love; and I am deprived of both. We are both in fetters, with-

out knowing who put them on us, or without being able to enquire. I lived a Huron for twenty years. It is said they are Barbarians, because they avenge themselves of their enemies ; but they never oppress their friends. I had scarce set foot in France, before I shed my blood for this country : I have, perhaps, preserved a whole province, and my recompence is, being swallowed up in this sepulchre of the living, where I should have died with rage, had it not been for you. There must then be no laws in this country. Men are condemned without being heard. This is not the case in England. Alas ! it was not against the English I should have fought." Thus his growing philosophy could not brook nature being insulted in the first of her rights, and he gave vent to his just choler.

His companion did not contradict him. Absence ever increases ungratified love, and philosophy does not diminish it. He as frequently spoke of his dear Miss St Yves, as he did of morality or metaphysics. The more he purified his sentiments, the more he loved. He read some new romances ; but he met with few that depicted to him the real state of his soul. He always felt that his heart stretched beyond the bounds of his author. "Alas !" said he, "almost all these writers have nothing but wit and art." At length, the good Jansenist priest became, insensibly, the confidant of his tenderness. He was hitherto acquainted with love as a sin, with which a penitent accuses himself at confession. He now learned to know it as a sentiment equally noble and tender ; which can elevate the soul as well as soften it, and can produce, sometimes, virtues. In fine, for the last miracle, a Huron converted a Jansenist.

C H A P. XV.

The beautiful Miss St Yves resists some delicate proposals.

THE charming Miss St Yves, still more afflicted than her lover, waited accordingly upon M. de St Pouange, accompanied by her friend with whom she lodged, each having their faces covered with their hoods. The first thing she saw at the door was the Abbé St Yves, her brother, coming out. She was terrified, but her pious friend supported her spirits. "For the very reason," said she, "that people have been speaking against you, speak to him for yourself. You may be assured, that the accusers in this part of the world are always in the right, unless they are immediately detected. Besides, your presence will have greater effect or else I am much mistaken, than the words of your brother."

Ever so little encouragement to a passionate lover, makes her intrepid. Miss St Yves appears at the audience. Her youth, her charms, her languishing eyes, moistened with some involuntary tears, attract every one's attention. Every sycophant to the deputy minister forgot, for an instant, the idol of power, to contemplate that of beauty. St Pouange conducted her into a closet; she spoke with an affecting grace; St Pouange felt some emotion. She trembled, but he told her not to be afraid. "Return to-night," said he; "your business requires some reflection, and it must be discussed

cuffed at leisure. There are too many people here at present. Audiences are rapidly dispatched. I must get to the bottom of all that concerns you." He then paid her some compliments upon her beauty and manner of thinking, and advised her to come at seven in the evening.

She did not fail attending at the hour appointed, and her pious friend again accompanied her ; but she kept in the hall, where she was reading the *Christian Pedagogue*, whilst St Pouange and the beauteous Miss St Ives were in the back closet. He began by saying, " Would you believe it, Miss, that your brother has been to request me to grant him a *lettre de cachet* against you ; but, indeed, I would sooner grant one to send him back to Lower Britany." " Alas ! Sir," said she, "*lettres de cachet* are granted very liberally in your offices, since people come from the extremity of the kingdom to solicit them like pensions. I am very far from requesting one against my brother, yet I have much reason to complain of him ; but I respect the liberty of mankind ; and therefore supplicate for that of a man, whom I want to make my husband ; of a man, to whom the king is indebted for the preservation of a province ; who can beneficially serve him ; and who is the son of an officer killed in his service. What is he accused of ? How could he be treated so cruelly without being heard ?"

The deputy minister then shewed her the letter of the spy Jesuit, and that of the perfidious bailiff. " What !" said she with astonishment, " are there such monsters upon earth ? and would they force me to marry the stupid son of a ridiculous wicked man ? and is it upon such evidence that the fate of citizens is determined ?" She threw herself upon her

her knees, and, with a flood of tears, solicited the freedom of a brave man, who adored her. Her charms appeared to the greatest advantage in such a situation. She was so beautiful, that St Pouange, bereft of all shame, insinuated to her, "that she would succeed, if she began by yielding him the first fruits of what she reserved for her lover." Miss St Yves, shocked and confused, pretended, for some time, not to understand him; and he was obliged to explain himself more clearly. One word, used with some reserve, brought on another less delicate, which was succeeded by one still more expressive. The revocation of the *lettre de cachet* was not only proposed, but pecuniary recompences, honours, and places; and the more he promised, the greater was his desire of not being refused.

Miss St Yves wept, whilst her anguish almost choked her, half resting upon a sofa, scarce able to believe what she saw and heard. St Pouange, in turn, threw himself upon his knees. He was not disagreeable, and might not so much have shocked a heart less prepossessed; but Miss St Yves adored her lover, and thought it the greatest of crimes to betray him, in order to serve him. St Pouange renewed with greater fervency his prayers and entreaties. He, at length, went so far as to say, "this was the only means of obtaining the liberty of the man whose interest she had so violently and affectionately at heart." This uncommon conversation continued for a long time. The devotee in the antichamber, in reading her *Christian Pedagogue*, said to herself, "My God! what can they be doing there for these two hours? My Lord St Pouange never before gave so long an audience; perhaps he has refused every thing to this poor girl, and she is still entreating him."

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At length her companion came out of the closet in the greatest confusion, without being able to speak, in deep meditation upon the character of the great and the half great, who so slightly sacrifice the liberty of men, and the honour of women.

She did not utter a syllable all the way back. But being returned to her friends, she burst out, and told all that had happened. Her pious friend made frequent signs of the cross. "My dear friend," said she, "you must consult to-morrow Father *Tout a tous*, our director; he has much influence over M. de St Pouange; he is confessor to many of the female servants of the house; he is a pious accommodating man, who has also the direction of some women of fashion. Yield to him; this is my way; and I always found myself right. We weak women stand in need of a man to lead us: and so, my dear friend, I'll go to-morrow in search of Father *Tout a tous*."

C H A P. XVI.

She consults a Jesuit.

NO sooner was the beautiful and disconsolate Miss St Yves with her holy confessor, than she told him, "that a powerful, voluptuous man, had proposed to her to set at liberty the man whom she intended making her lawful husband, and that he required a great price for his service; that she held such infidelity in the highest detestation; and that if her life only had been required, she

she would much sooner have sacrificed it than have submitted."

"This is a most abominable sinner," said Father *Tout a tous*. "You should tell me the name of this vile man; he must certainly be some Jansenist; I will inform against him to his Reverence Father de la Chaise, who will place him in the situation of your dear beloved intended bridegroom."

The poor girl, after much struggle and embarrassment, at length mentioned St Pouange.

"My Lord St Pouange!" cried the Jesuit. "Ah! my child, the case is quite different; he is cousin to the greatest minister we have ever had; a man of worth, a protector of the good cause, a good Christian: he could not possibly entertain such a thought; you certainly must have misunderstood him."—"Oh! Father, I did but understand him too well.—I am lost on which ever side I turn: the only alternative I have to chuse is misery or shame; either my lover must be buried alive, or I must make myself unworthy of living. I cannot let him perish, nor can I save him."

Father *Tout a tous* endeavoured to console her with these gentle expressions:

"In the first place, my child, never use the word *lover*; it intimates something worldly, which may offend God: say my *husband*; for although he is not yet your husband, you consider him as such, and nothing can be more decent.

"Secondly, though he be ideally your husband, and you are in hopes he will be such, he is not so in effect; consequently, you will not commit adultery; an enormous sin, that should always be avoided as much as possible.

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Thirdly,

“ Thirdly, actions are not maliciously culpable, when the intention is virtuous ; and nothing can be more virtuous than to procure your husband his liberty.

“ Fourthly, you have examples in holy antiquity, that may miraculously serve you for a guide. St Augustin relates, that under the preconulate of Septimius Acyndinus, in the 340th year of our salvation, a poor man could not pay unto Cæsar what belonged to Cæsar, and was justly condemned to die, notwithstanding the maxim, *Where there is nothing, the king must lose his right.* The object in question was a pound of gold. The culprit had a wife, in whom God had united beauty and prudence. An old miser promised to give a pound of gold, and even more to the lady, upon condition that he committed with her the sin of uncleanness. The lady thought she did not act wrong to save her husband’s life. St Augustin highly approves of her generous resignation. It is true, that the old miser cheated her, and, perhaps, her husband was nevertheless hanged ; but she did all that was in her power to save his life.

“ You may assure yourself, my child, that when a Jesuit quotes St Augustin, that saint must certainly have been in the right. I advise you to nothing ; you are prudent, and it is to be presumed, that you will do your husband a service. My Lord St Pouange is an honest man ; he will not deceive you ; this is all I can say : I will pray to God for you ; and I hope every thing will take place for his glory.”

The beautiful Miss St Yves, who was no less terrified with the Jesuit’s discourse than with the proposals of the deputy minister, returned in despair to her friend. She was tempted to deliver herself

herself by death from the horror of leaving in a shocking captivity the lover she adored, and the shame of releasing him at the dearest of all prices, which was the sole property of this unfortunate lover.

C H A P. XVII.

She yields through Virtue!

SHE entreated her friend to kill her; but this lady, who was full as indulgent as the Jesuit, spoke to her still more clearly. "Alas!" said she, "business is seldom carried at this agreeable, gallant, and famous court, upon any other terms. The most considerable, as well as the most indifferent places are seldom given away, but at the price required of you. My dear, you have inspired me with friendship and confidence; I will own to you, that if I had been as nice as you are, my husband would not enjoy the post upon which he lives; he knows it, and so far from being displeased, he considers me as his benefactress; and himself as my creature. Do you think, that all those who have been at the head of provinces, or even armies, have been indebted for their honours and fortune solely to their services? There are some who are beholden to the ladies their wives. The dignities of war are solicited by the Queen of love; and a place is given to him who has got the handsomest wife.

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“ You are in a situation that is still more critical; the object is to let your lover see day-light, and to marry him; it is a sacred duty that you are to fulfil. No one has ever censured the great and beautiful ladies I mention to you; the world will applaud you: it will be said, that you only allowed yourself to be guilty of a weakness, through an excess of virtue.” “Heavens!” cried Miss St Yves, “What kind of virtue is this?—What a labyrinth of distress! What a world! What men to become acquainted with! A Father de la Chaize and a ridiculous bailiff imprison my lover; I am persecuted by my family; assistance is offered me, only that I may be dishonoured! A Jesuit has ruined a brave man, another Jesuit wants to ruin me: on every side snares are laid for me, and I am upon the very brink of destruction! I must even speak to the king; I will throw myself at his feet as he goes to mass or the play-house.”

“His attendants will not let you approach him,” said her good friend; “and if you should be so unfortunate as to speak to him, M. de Louvois, or the Reverend Father de la Chaize, might bury you in a convent for the rest of your days.”

Whilst this generous friend thus increased the perplexities of Miss St Yves’s tortured soul, and plunged the dagger deeper in her heart, a messenger arrived from M. de St Pouange with a letter, and two fine pendant ear-rings. Miss St Yves, with tears, refused accepting of any part of the contents of the packet; but her friend took the charge of them upon herself.

As soon as the messenger was gone, our confidante read the letter, in which a *petit-souper* (a little supper) was proposed to the two friends for that night. Miss St Yves protested she would not go, whilst

whilst her pious friend, endeavoured to make her try on the diamond ear-rings; but Miss St Yves could not endure them, and opposed it all the day long. At length, being entirely wrapped up in the contemplation of her lover, overcome and dragged along, not knowing whether she was carried, she let herself be led to the fatal supper. She had remained inexorable to all entreaties of putting on the ear-rings; so that her confidante took them with her, and placed them in her ears, against her will, before they sat down to supper. Miss St Yves was so confused and agitated, that she underwent this torment, and her patron considered it as a very favourable prognostic. Towards the end of the repast, her friend very prudently retired. Her patron then shewed her the revocation of the *lettre de cachet*, the grant of a considerable recompence, and a Captain's commission, which were accompanied with unlimited promises. "Ah!" said Miss St Yves, with a deep sigh, "how much should I love you, if you did not desire to be loved so much!"

In a word, after a long resistance, shrieks, cries, and torrents of tears, weakened with the conflict, overwhelmed and languishing, she was compelled to yield; and the only consolation now left her, was, that she resolved to think of nothing but the ingenuous Huron, whilst her cruel ravisher relentlessly enjoyed the advantage of that necessity to which she was reduced.

C H A P. XVIII.

She delivers her lover and a Janfenist.

AT day-break she flew to Paris with the minister's mandate. It would be difficult to depict the agitations of her mind in this journey. Image a virtuous and noble soul, humbled by its own reproaches, intoxicated with tenderness, distracted with the remorse of having betrayed her lover, and elated with the pleasure of releasing the object of her adoration. Her torments, her conflicts, her success, by turns engaged her reflections. She was no longer that innocent girl whose ideas were confined to a provincial education. Love and misfortunes had united to new-mould her. Sentiment had made as rapid a progress in her mind, as reason had in that of her unfortunate lover. Girls learn to feel more easily than men learn to think. Her adventure afforded her more instruction than four years confinement in a convent.

Her dress was dictated by the greatest simplicity. She viewed with horror the trappings with which she had appeared before her fatal benefactor; her companion had taken her ear-rings without her having before looked at them. Charmed and confused, idolizing the Huron and detesting herself, she at length arrived at the gate of *that dreadful castle, the palace of vengeance, where oft crimes and innocence are alike immured* *.

When

* De cet affreux chateau, palais de la vengeance,
Qui renferme souvent le crime et l'innocence.

When she was upon the point of getting out of the coach her strength failed her; some people came to her assistance: she entered, whilst her heart was in the greatest palpitation, her eyes streaming, and her whole frame bespoke the greatest consternation. She was presented to the governor; he was going to speak to her, but she had lost all power of expression: she shewed her order, whilst, with great difficulty, she articulated some accents. The governor entertained a great esteem for his prisoner, and he was greatly pleased at his being released. His heart was not callous, like those of most of his brethren, who think of nothing but the fees their captives are to pay them; extort their revenues from their victims; and living by the misery of others, conceive a horrid joy at the lamentations of the unfortunate.

He sent for the prisoner into his apartment. The two lovers swooned at the sight of each other. The beautiful Miss St Yves remained for a long time motionless, without any symptoms of life; the other soon recalled his fortitude. "This," said the Governor, "is probably the lady your wife; you did not tell me you were married. I am informed, that it is through her generous solicitude that you have obtained your liberty." Alas! said the beautiful Miss St Yves, in a faltering voice, "I am not worthy of being his wife;" and swooned again.

When she recovered her senses, she presented, with a trembling hand, the grant and written promise of a company. The Huron, equally astonished and affected, awoke from one dream to fall into another. "Why was I shut up here? How could you deliver me? Where are the monsters that immured me? You are a divinity sent from heaven to succour me."

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The beautiful Miss St Yves with a dejected air, looked at her lover, blushed, and instantly turned away her streaming eyes. In a word, they told him all she knew, and all she had undergone, except what she was willing to conceal for ever, but which any other except the Huron, more accustomed to the world, and better acquainted with the customs of courts, would easily have guessed.

"Is it possible that a wretch like the bailiff can have deprived me of my liberty? Alas! I find that men like the vilest of animals, can all hurt. But is it possible that a monk, a Jesuit, the king's confessor, should have contributed to my misfortunes as much as the bailiff, without my being able to imagine under what pretence this detestable knave has persecuted me? Did he make me pass for a Jansenist? In fine, how came you to remember me? I did not deserve it; I was then only a savage. What! could you, without advice, without assistance, undertake a journey to Versailles? You there appeared, and my fetters were broke! There must then be in beauty and virtue an invincible charm, that opens gates of adamant, and softens hearts of steel."

At the word Virtue, a flood of tears issued from the eyes of the beautiful Miss St Yves. She did not know how far she had been virtuous in the crime with which she reproached herself.

Her lover thus continued: "Thou angel, who hast broken my chains, if thou hast had sufficient influence (which I cannot yet comprehend) to obtain justice for me, obtain it likewise for an old man who first taught me to think, as thou didst to love. Misfortunes have united us; I love him as a father; I can neither live without thee nor him."

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“ I solicit ! ” — “ The same man. ” — “ Who ? — “ Yes, I will be beholden to you for every thing, and I will owe nothing to any one but yourself. — Write to this man in power, overwhelm me with kindnesses, complete what you have begun, perfect your miracles. ” She was sensible she ought to do every thing her lover desired. She wanted to write, but her hand refused its office. She began her letter three times, and tore it as often ; at length she got to the end, and the two lovers left the prison, after having embraced the old martyr to efficacious grace.

The happy, yet disconsolate Miss St Yves, knew where her brother lodged : thither she repaired ; and her lover took an apartment at the same house.

They had scarce reached their lodging, before her protector sent the order for releasing the good old Gordon, at the same time making an appointment with her for the next day.

Thus was every generous and laudable action of the beautiful Miss St Yves performed at the price of her honour. She considered with dejection this practice of selling at once the happiness and misery of man. She gave the order of release to her lover, and refused the appointment of a benefactor, whom she could no more see without expiring with shame and grief. Her lover could not have left her upon any other errand than to release his friend. He flew to the place of his confinement, and fulfilled this duty in reflecting upon the strange vicissitudes of this world, and admiring the courageous virtue of a young lady, to whom two unfortunate men owed more than their life.

C H A P. XIX.

The Huron, the beautiful Miss St Yves, and their relations, are convened.

THE generous and respectable, but faithless girl, was with her brother the Abbé de St Yves, the good Prior of the Mountain, and Lady de Kerkabon. They were equally astonished, but their situations and sentiments were very different. The Abbé de St Yves was expiating the wrongs he had done his sister at her feet, and she pardoned him. The Prior and his sympathising sister likewise wept, but it was for joy. The filthy bailiff and his insupportable son did not trouble this affecting scene. They had set out upon the first report of their antagonist's being released ; they flew to bury in their own province their folly and fear.

The four *dramatis personæ*, variously agitated, were waiting for the return of the young man, who was gone to deliver his friend. The Abbé de St Yves did not dare to raise his eyes to meet those of his sister : the good Kerkabon said, " I shall then see once more my dear nephew." " You will see him again," said the charming Miss St Yves, " but he is no longer the same man ; his behaviour, his manners, his ideas, his sense, all have undergone a complete mutation ; he is become as respectable, as he was ignorant and strange to every thing. He will be the honour and consolation of your family ;
could

could I also be the honour of mine!" "What, are you not the same as you were?" said the Prior. "What then has happened to work so great a change?"

During this conversation the Huron returned with the Jansenist in his hand. The scene now was changed, and became more interesting. It began by the uncle and aunt's tender embraces. The Abbé de St Yves almost kissed the knees of the ingenuous Huron, who, by the bye, was no longer ingenuous. The language of the eyes formed all the discourse of the two lovers, who, nevertheless, expressed every sentiment with which they were penetrated. Satisfaction and acknowledgment sparkled in the countenance of the one, whilst embarrassment was depicted in Miss St Yves's melting, but half averted eyes. Every one was astonished that she should mingle grief with so much joy.

The venerable Gordon soon endeared himself to the whole family. He had been unhappy with the young prisoner, and this was a sufficient title.—He owed his deliverance to the two lovers, and this alone reconciled him to love: the acrimony of his former sentiments was dismissed from his heart; he was converted to a man, as well as the Huron. Every one related his adventures before supper. The two Abbés and the aunt listened like children to the relation of stories of ghosts, and like men all interested in so many calamities. "Alas!" said Gordon, "there are perhaps upwards of five hundred virtuous people in the same fetters as Miss St Yves has broken; their misfortunes are unknown. Many hands are found to strike the unhappy multitude, but seldom one to succour them." This very just reflection increased his sensibility and gratitude; every thing heightened the triumph of the

beautiful Miss St Yves; the grandeur and intrepidity of her soul were the subjects of each one's admiration. This admiration was blended with that respect which we feel in despite of ourselves for a person who we think has some influence at court. But the Abbé de St Yves sometimes said, "What could my sister do, to obtain this influence so soon?"

Supper was ready, and every one seated very early; when, lo! the worthy confidante of Versailles arrived, without being acquainted with any thing that had passed; she was in a coach and six, and it was easily seen to whom the equipage belonged. She entered with that air of authority assumed by people in power who have a great deal of business, saluted the company with much indifference, and pulling the beautiful Miss St Yves on one side said, "Why do you make people wait so long? Follow me; there are the diamonds you forgot." However softly she uttered these expressions, the Huron, nevertheless, overheard them; he saw the diamonds; the brother was speechless; the uncle and aunt testified that kind of surprise common to good people, who had never before beheld such magnificence. The young man, whose mind was now formed by a twelve-month's reflections, could not help making some against his will, and was for a moment in anxiety. His mistress perceived it, and a mortal paleness spread itself over her countenance; a tremor seized her, and it was with difficulty she could support herself. "Ah! Madam," said she to her fatal friend, "you have ruined me, you have given me the mortal blow." These words pierced the heart of the Huron; but he had already learned to possess himself; he did not dwell upon them, lest he should make his mistress uneasy before her brother, but turned pale as well as her.

Miss St Yves, distracted with the change she perceived in her lover's countenance, pulled the woman out of the room into the passage, and there threw the jewels at her feet, saying, "Alas! these were not my seducers, you know; but he that gave them shall never set eyes on me again." Her friend took them up, whilst Miss St Yves added, "He may either take them again, or give them to you; begone, and do not make me still more odious to myself." The embassador at length returned, not being able to comprehend the remorse to which she had been witness.

The beautiful Miss St Yves, greatly oppressed, and feeling a revolution in her body that almost suffocated her, was compelled to go to bed; but that she might not alarm any one, she kept her pains and sufferings to herself: and, under pretence of only being weary, she asked leave to take a little rest: this, however, she did not do, till she had re-animated the company with consolatory and flattering expressions, and cast such a kind look upon her lover as darted fire into his soul.

The supper, which she was not fond of, was in the beginning gloomy; but this gloominess was of that interesting kind that affords attracting and useful conversation, so superior to that frivolous joy sought for, and which is usually nothing more than a troublesome noise.

Gordon, in a few words, gave the history of Jansenism and Molinism; of those persecutions with which one party hampered the other; and of the obstinacy of both. The Huron entered into a criticism thereupon, pitying those men who, not satisfied with all the confusion occasioned by these opposite interests, create evils by imaginary interests and unintelligible absurdities. Gordon related, the
other

other judged; the guests listened with emotion, and gained new lights. The length of misfortunes, and the shortness of life, then became the topics. It was remarked that all professions have peculiar vices and dangers annexed to them; and that from the prince down to the lowest beggar, all seem alike to accuse providence. How happens it that so many men, for so little, perform the office of persecutors, serjeants, and executioners, to others? With what inhuman indifference does a man in place sign the destruction of a family; and with what joy, still more barbarous, do mercenaries execute them?

“ I saw in my youth,” said the good old Gordon, “ a relation of the Marshal de Marillac, who, being prosecuted in his own province on account of that illustrious but unfortunate man, concealed himself under a borrowed name in Paris. He was an old man near seventy-two years of age. His wife, who accompanied him, was nearly of the same age. They had a libertine son, who, at fourteen years of age, absconded from his father’s house, turned soldier, and deserted; he had gone through every gradation of debauchery and misery: at length, having changed his name, he was in the guards of Cardinal Richelieu, (for this priest, as well as Mazarine, had guards) and had obtained an exempt’s staff in their company of serjeants.

“ This adventurer was appointed to arrest the old man and his wife, and acquitted himself with all the obduracy of a man who was willing to please his master. As he was conducting them, he heard these two victims deplore the long succession of miseries which had befallen them from their cradle. This aged couple reckoned as one of their greatest misfortunes the wildness and loss of their son.

son. He recollected them, but he nevertheless led them to prison; assuring them, that his Reverence was to be served in preference to every body else. His Eminence rewarded his zeal.

"I have seen a spy of Father de la Chaise betray his own brother, in hopes of a little benefice, which he did not obtain; and I saw him die, not of remorse, but of grief at having been cheated by the Jesuit.

"The vocation of a confessor, which I for a long while exercised, made me acquainted with the secrets of families. I have known very few, who, though immersed in the greatest distress, did not externally wear the mask of felicity, and every appearance of joy; and I have always observed, that great grief was the fruit of our unconstrained desires."

"For my part," said the Huron, "I imagine, that a noble, grateful, sensible man, may always be happy; and I doubt not but to enjoy an unchequered felicity with the charming, generous Miss St Yves. For I flatter myself," added he, in addressing himself to her brother with a friendly smile, "that you will not now refuse me as you did last year: besides, I shall pursue a more decent method." The Abbé was confounded in apologies for the past, and in protesting an eternal attachment.

Uncle Kerkabon said this would be the most glorious day of his whole life. His good aunt, in extasies and floods of joy, cried out, "I always said you would never be a sub-deacon; this sacrament is preferable to the other; would to God I had been honoured with it! but I will serve you for a mother." And now every one vied with each other in applauding the gentle Miss St Yves.

Her

Her lover's heart was too full of what she had done for him, and he loved her too much, for the affair of the jewels to make any predominant impression on him. But those words, which he too well heard, *you have given me the mortal blow*, still secretly terrified him, and interrupted all his joy, whilst the eulogiums paid his beautiful mistress still increased his love. In a word, nothing was thought of but her, nothing was mentioned but the happiness those two lovers deserved. A plan was agitated to live altogether at Paris, and schemes of grandeur and fortune succeeded: these hopes, which the smallest ray of happiness engenders, strongly operated. But the Huron felt, in the secret recesses of his heart, a sentiment that exploded this illusion. He read over the promises signed by St Pouange, and the commission signed Louvois: these men were painted to him such as they were, or such as they were thought to be. Every one spoke of the ministers and administration with the freedom of convivial conversation, which is considered in France as the most precious liberty to be obtained on earth.

"If I were king of France," said the Huron, "this is the kind of minister that I would chuse for the war department. I would have a man of the highest birth, as he is to give orders to the nobility. I would require that he should himself have been an officer, and passed through the various gradations; or, at least, that he had attained the rank of Lieutenant General, and was worthy of being a Marshal of France. For is it not necessary that he should have served himself, to be acquainted with the details of the service; and will not officers obey, with a hundred times more alacrity, a military man, who like themselves has been
signalized

signalized by his courage, than a mere man of the cabinet, who, at most, can only guess at the operations of a campaign, let him have ever so great a share of sense? I should not be displeased at my minister's generosity, even though it might sometimes embarrass a little the keeper of the royal treasure. I should chuse him to have a facility in business, and that he should distinguish himself by that kind of gaiety of mind, which is the lot of a man superior to business, so agreeable to the nation, and which renders the performance of every duty less irksome." This is the character he would have chosen for a minister, as he had constantly observed, that such an amiable disposition is incompatible with cruelty.

Monsieur de Louvois would not, perhaps, have been satisfied with the Huron's wishes; his merit lay in a different walk. But whilst they were still at table, the disorder of this unhappy girl took a fatal turn; her blood was on fire, the symptoms of a malignant fever had appeared; she suffered, but did not complain, unwilling to disturb the pleasure of the guests.

Her brother, knowing that she was not asleep, went to the foot of her bed: he was astonished at the condition he found her in. Every body flew to her; her lover appeared next to her brother. He was certainly the most alarmed, and the most affected of any one; but he had learned to unite discretion to all the happy gifts nature had bestowed upon him, and a quick sensibility of decorum began to prevail over him.

A neighbouring physician was immediately sent for. He was one of those itinerant doctors, who confound the last disorder they were consulted upon with the present; who follow a blind

practice, in a science from which the most mature investigation, and justest observations, do not preclude uncertainty and danger. He greatly increased the disorder, by prescribing a fashionable nostrum.—Can fashion extend to medicine? This phrenzy was then too prevalent in Paris.

The grief of Miss St Yves contributed still more than her physician to render her disorder fatal. Her body suffered martyrdom in the torments of her mind. The crowd of thoughts which agitated her breast, communicated to her veins a more dangerous poison than that of the most burning fever.

CH A P. XX.

The Death of the beautiful Miss St Yves, and its Consequences.

A NOTHER physician was called in. This, instead of assisting nature, and leaving it to act in a young person, whose organs recalled the vital stream, applied himself solely to counteract the effects of his brother's prescription. The disorder, in two days, became mortal. The brain, which is thought to be the seat of the mind, was as violently afflicted as the heart, which, we are told, is the seat of the passions. By what incomprehensible mechanism are the organs in subjection to sentiment and thought? How is it that a single melancholy idea shall disturb the whole course of the blood; and that the blood should in turn communicate irregularities to the human understanding? What is that

that unknown fluid, which certainly exists, and, quicker and more active than light, flies in less than the twinkling of an eye into all the channels of life, produces sensations, memory, joy or grief, reason or phrenzy; recalls with horror what we would chuse to forget; and renders a thinking animal, either a subject of admiration, or an object of pity and compassion?

These were the reflections of the good old Gordon; and these observations, so natural, which men seldom make, did not prevent his feeling upon the occasion; for he was not of the number of those gloomy philosophers, who pique themselves upon being insensible. He was affected at the fate of this young woman, like a father who sees his dear child yielding to a slow death. The Abbé St Yves was desperate; the Prior and his sister shed floods of tears; but who could describe the situation of her lover? All expression falls far short of the summit of his affliction, and language here proves its imperfection.

His aunt, almost lifeless, supported the head of the departing fair in her feeble arms; her brother was upon his knees at the foot of the bed; her lover squeezed her hand, which he bathed in tears; his groans rent the air, whilst he called her his guardian angel, his life, his hope, his better-half, his mistress, his wife. At the word wife, a sigh escaped her, whilst she looked upon him with inexpressible tenderness, and then abruptly gave a horrid scream. Presently, in one of those intervals when grief, the oppression of the senses, and pain, subside, and leave the soul its liberty and powers, she cried out;—"I your wife!—Ah! dear lover, this name, this happiness, this felicity, were not destined for me!—I die, and I deserve it. O God

of my heart!—O you, whom I sacrificed to infernal dæmons—it is done—I am punished—live and be happy.” These tender, but dreadful expressions were incomprehensible;—yet they melted and terrified every heart. She had the courage to explain herself, and her auditors quaked with astonishment, grief, and pity. They with one voice, detested the man in power, who repaired a shocking act of injustice only by his crimes, and who had forced the most amiable innocence to be his accomplice.

“Who? you guilty!” said her lover, “no, you are not; guilt can only be in the heart;—yours is devoted solely to virtue and to me.”

This opinion he corroborated by such expressions as seemed to recall the beautiful Miss St Yves back to life. She felt some consolation from them, and was astonished at being still beloved. The aged Gordon would have condemned her at the time he was only a Jansenist; but having attained wisdom, he esteemed her, and wept.

In the midst of these lamentations and fears, whilst the dangerous situation of this worthy girl engrossed every breast, and all were in the greatest consternation, a courier arrived from court. “A courier! from whom? and upon what account?” He was sent by the king’s confessor to the Prior of the Mountain: it was not Father de la Chaîse who wrote, but brother Vadbled, his valet de chambre, a man of great consequence at that time, who acquainted the archbishops with the reverend Father’s pleasure, who gave audience, promised benefices, and sometimes issued *lettres de cachet*. He wrote to the Abbé of the Mountain, “that his Reverence had been informed of his nephew’s exploits; that his being sent to prison was through
mistake;

mistake; that such little disgraces frequently happened, and should therefore not be attended to; and, in fine, it behoved him, the Prior, to come and present his nephew the next day: that he was to bring with him that good man Gordon; and that he, brother Vadbled, should introduce them to his Reverence and M. de Louvois, who would say a word to them in his antichamber."

To which he added, "that the history of the Huron, and his combat against the English, had been related to the king; that doubtless the king would deign to take notice of him in passing through the gallery, and perhaps he might even nod his head to him." The letter concluded by flattering him with hopes that all the ladies of the court would shew their eagerness to send for his nephew to their toilets; and that several among them would say to him, "Good day, Mr Huron;" and that he would certainly be talked of at the king's supper. The letter was signed, "Your affectionate brother Jesuit, Vadbled."

The Prior having read the letter aloud, his furious nephew for a moment suppressed his rage, and said nothing to the bearer: but turning towards the companion of his misfortunes, asked him, what he thought of that stile? Gordon replied, "This, then, is the way that men are treated like monkies! They are first beaten, and then they dance." The Huron resuming his character, which always returned in the great emotions of his soul, tore the letter to bits, and threw them in the courier's face: "There is my answer," said he. His uncle in terrors, who fancied he saw thunderbolts, and twenty *lettres de cachet* at once fall upon him, immediately wrote the best excuse he could for these transports

ports of passion in a young man, which he considered as the ebullition of a great soul.

But a solicitude of a more melancholy stamp now seized every heart. The beautiful and unfortunate Miss St Yves was already sensible of her approaching end ; she was serene, but it was that kind of shocking serenity, the effect of exhausted nature, no longer able to withstand the conflict. " Oh, my dear lover ! " said she, in a faltering voice, " death punishes me for my weakness ; but I expire with the consolation of knowing you are free. I adored you whilst I betrayed you, and I adore you in bidding you an eternal adieu."

She did not make a parade of a ridiculous fortitude ; she did not understand that miserable glory of having some of her neighbours say, she died with courage. Who, at twenty, can be at once torn from her lover, from life, and what is called Honour, without regret, without some pangs ? she felt all the horror of her situation, and made it felt by those expiring looks and accents which speak with so much energy. In a word, she shed tears like other people, at those intervals that she was capable of giving vent to them.

Let others strive to celebrate the pompous deaths of those who insensibly rush into destruction. This is the lot of all animals ; we die like them, only when age or disorders make us resemble them by the stupidity of our organs. Whoever suffers a great loss, must feel great regret ; if they are stifled, it is nothing but vanity that is pursued, even in the arms of death.

When the fatal moment came, all around her most feelingly expressed their grief, by incessant tears and lamentations. The Huron was senseless. Great souls feel more violent sensations than those

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of less tender dispositions. The good old Gordon knew enough of him to make him dread, that when he came to himself, he would be guilty of suicide. —All kinds of arms were put out of his way, which the unfortunate young man perceived: he said to his relations and Gordon, without shedding any tears, without a groan, or the least emotion; “Do you then think, that any one upon earth hath the right and power to prevent my putting an end to my life?” Gordon took care to avoid making a parade of those common-place declamations, whereby it is endeavoured to be proved, that we are not allowed to exercise our liberty in ceasing to be, when we are in a shocking situation; that we may not leave the house, when we can no longer remain in it; that a man is on earth like a soldier at his post: as if it signified to the Being of beings, whether the conjunction of the particles of matter were in one spot or another: impotent reasons, to which a firm and contemplated despair disdains to listen, and to which Cato replied only with the use of a poniard.

The Huron’s sullen and dreadful silence, his doleful aspect, his trembling lips, and the shivering of his whole frame, to every spectator’s soul communicated that mixture of compassion and terror, which fetters all its powers, precludes discourse, and is only uttered by faltering accents. The hostess and her family came running; they trembled to behold the state of his desperation, yet all kept their eyes upon him, and attended to all his motions. The ice-cold corpse of the beautiful Miss St Yves had already been carried into a lower hall, out of the sight of her lover, who seemed still in search of it, though incapable of observing any object.

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In the midst of this spectacle of death, whilst the dead body was exposed at the door of the house; whilst two priests by the side of a holy water-pot were repeating prayers with an air of distraction; whilst some passengers, through idleness, sprinkled the bier with some drops of holy water, and others went their ways quite indifferent; whilst her relations were drowned in tears, and every one thought the lover would not survive his loss;—in this situation St Pouange arrived with his female Versailles friend.

His transitory taste having been but once gratified, it became a fixed passion. A refusal of his generous gifts had piqued his pride. Father de la Chaïse would never have suggested the thought of coming into this house; but St Pouange having constantly before his eyes the image of the beautiful Miss St Yves; burning to satisfy a passion, which, by a single enjoyment, had fixed in his heart the poignancy of desire; did not hesitate coming himself in search of her, whom he would not, perhaps, have been inclined to see a third time, had she gone to him of her own accord.

He alighted from his coach; and the first object that presented itself was a bier: he turned away his eyes with that simple distaste of a man bred up in pleasures, and who thinks she should avoid a spectacle which might recall him to the contemplation of human misery. He is inclined to go up stairs, whilst his female friend enquires through curiosity whose funeral it is. The name of Miss St Yves is pronounced. At this name she turned, and gave a shocking shriek. St Pouange now returns, whilst surprise and grief possess his soul. The good old Gordon stood with streaming eyes: he, for a moment, ceased his lamentations, to acquaint the courtier

tier with all the circumstances of this melancholy catastrophe. He spoke with that authority which is the companion to sorrow and virtue. St Pouange was not naturally wicked: the torrent of business and amusements had hurried away his soul, which was not yet acquainted with itself. He did not border upon that grey age, which usually hardens the hearts of ministers; he listened to Gordon with a downcast look, and some tears escaped him which he was surprised to shed; in a word, he repented.

"I will," said he, "absolutely see this extraordinary man you have mentioned to me; he affects me almost as much as this innocent victim, whose death I have been the occasion of." Gordon followed him as far as the chamber, where were the Prior Kerkabon, the Abbé St Yves, and some neighbours, who were recalling to life the young man, who had again fainted.

"I have been the cause of your misfortunes," said this deputy minister, "and my whole life shall be employed in making reparation." The first idea that struck the Huron was to kill him, and then destroy himself. Nothing was more suitable to the circumstances; but he was without arms, and closely watched. St Pouange was not repulsed with refusals, accompanied with reproach, contempt, and the insults he deserved, which were lavished upon him. Time softens every thing. Mons. de Louvois at length succeeded in making an excellent officer of the Huron, who has appeared under another name at Paris and in the army, applauded by all honest men, being at once a warrior and an intrepid philosopher.

He never mentioned this adventure without being greatly affected; and yet his greatest consolation was to speak of it. He cherished the memory of

his beloved Miss St Yves to the last moment of his life. The Abbé St Yves and the Prior were each provided with good livings; the good Kerkabon rather chose to see his nephew invested with military honours than in the sub-deaconry. The devotee of Versailles kept the diamond ear-rings, and received besides a handsome present. Father *Tout a tous* had presents of chocolate, coffee, and confectionary, with the meditations of the Reverend Father Croiset, and the Flower of the Saints, bound in Morocco. Good old Gordon lived with the Huron till his death, in the most friendly intimacy; he had also a benefice, and forgot, for ever, effectual grace, and the concomitant course. He took for his motto, *Misfortunes are of some use*. How many worthy people are there in the world who may justly say, *Misfortunes are good for nothing!*

END OF THE HURON.

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JEANNOT AND COLIN.

MANY persons worthy of credit have seen Jeannot and Colin at school, in the town of Issoire, in Auvergne, a town famous all over the world for its college and its caldrons. Jeannot was the son of a dealer in mules of great reputation; and Colin owed his birth to a good substantial farmer in the neighbourhood, who cultivated the land with four mules; and who, after he had paid all taxes and duties at the rate of a sol per pound, was not very rich at the year's end.

Jeannot and Colin were very handsome, considering they were natives of Auvergne: they highly loved each other; and they had little secret connections, certain little familiarities, of such a nature as men always recollect with pleasure, when they afterwards meet in the world.

Their studies were very nigh finished, when a tailor brought Jeannot a velvet suit of three colours, with a waistcoat of Lyons, which was extremely well fancied: with these came a letter addressed to Mons. de la Jeannotiere. Colin admired the coat and was not at all jealous; but Jeannot assumed an air of superiority, which gave Colin some uneasiness. From that moment Jeannot abandoned his studies; he contemplated himself in a glass, and despised all mankind. Soon after,

a valet-de-chambre arrives post-haste, and brings a second letter to the Marquis de la Jeannotiere ; it was an order from his father, by which he was desired to repair directly to him at Paris. Jeannot got into his chaise, giving his hand to Colin with a smile, which denoted the superiority of a patron. Colin felt his littleness, and wept. Jeannot departed in all the pomp of his glory.

Such readers as take a pleasure in being instructed should be informed, that Mons. Jeannot the father had, with great rapidity, acquired an immense fortune by business. You will ask how such great fortunes are made ? My answer is, By luck. Mons. Jeannot had a good person, so had his wife ; and she had still some freshness remaining. They went to Paris on account of a law-suit, which ruined him ; when fortune, which raises and depresses men at her pleasure, presented them to the wife of an undertaker, belonging to one of the hospitals for the army ; a man of great talents, who might make it his boast, that he had killed more soldiers in a year, than cannons destroy in ten. Jeannot pleased the wife ; the wife of Jeannot pleased the undertaker. Jeannot was soon employed in the undertaker's business ; this introduced him to other business. When our boat runs with wind and stream, we have nothing to do but let it sail on ; we then make an immense fortune with ease : the poor creatures, who from the shore see you pursue your voyage with full sail, stare with astonishment ; they cannot conceive to what you owe your success : they envy you at random, and write pamphlets against you which you never read. This is just what happened to Jeannot the father, who soon became Mons. de la Jeannotiere ; and who having purchased a Marquisate

in six months time, took the young Marquis his son from school, in order to introduce him to the polite world at Paris.

Colin, whose heart was replete with tenderness, wrote a letter of compliments to his old companion, and congratulated him on his good fortune. The little Marquis wrote him no answer. Colin was so much afflicted at this, that he was taken ill.

The father and mother immediately consigned the young Marquis to the care of a governor : this governor, who was a man of fashion, and who knew nothing, was not able to teach his pupil any thing. The Marquis would have had his son learn Latin ; this his lady was against. They hereupon referred the matter to the judgment of an author, who had, at that time, acquired great reputation by his entertaining performances. He was invited to dinner. The master of the house immediately addressed him thus : “ Sir, as you understand Latin, and are a man acquainted with the court ” — “ I understand Latin ! I don’t know one word of it,” answered the wit, “ and I think myself the better for being unacquainted with it : It is very evident, that a man speaks his own language in greater perfection when he does not divide his application between it and foreign languages. Only consider our ladies ; they have a much more agreeable turn of wit than the men ; their letters are written with a hundred times the grace of ours : this superiority they owe to nothing else but their not understanding Latin.”

“ Well, was I not in the right ? ” said the lady : “ I would have my son prove a notable man, I would have him succeed in the world ; and you see that if he was to understand Latin he would be ruined.

ruined. Pray, are plays and operas performed in Latin? do lawyers plead in Latin? do men court a mistress in Latin?" The Marquis, dazzled by these reasons, gave up the point; and it was resolved, that the young Marquis should not mispend his time in endeavouring to become acquainted with Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. "Then what shall he learn? for he must know something; might not one teach him a little geography?" said the father. "Of what use will that be?" answered the governor: when the Marquis goes to his estate, won't the postilion know the roads? they certainly will not carry him out of his way: there is no occasion for a quadrant to travel thither; and one can go very commodiously from Paris to Auvergne without knowing what latitude one is in."

You are in the right, "replied the father: "but I have heard of a fine science called Astronomy, if I am not mistaken." "Bless me!" said the governor, "do people regulate their conduct by the influence of the stars in this world? and must the young gentleman perplex himself with the calculation of an eclipse, when he finds it ready calculated to his hand in an almanac, which, at the same time, teaches him the moveable feasts, the age of the moon, and that of all the princesses in Europe?"

The lady agreed perfectly with the governor; the little Marquis was transported with joy; the father remained undetermined. "What then is my son to learn?" said he. "To become amiable," answered the friend who was consulted; "and if he knows how to please, he will know all that need be known; this art he will learn in the company of his mother, without either he or she being at any trouble."

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The lady, upon hearing this, embraced the ignorant flatterer, and said, "It is easy to see, Sir, that you are the most knowing man in the world; my son will be entirely indebted to you for his education: I think, however, it would not be amiss if he was to know something of history."

"Alas, madam, what is that good for?" answered he; "there certainly is no useful or entertaining history but the history of the day: all ancient histories, as one of our wits has observed, are only fables that men have agreed to admit as true: with regard to modern history, it is a mere chaos, a confusion which it is impossible to make any thing of. Of what consequence is it to the young Marquis your son, to know that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor stammered?"

"Admirably said," cried the governor; "the genius of young persons is smothered under a heap of useless knowledge: but of all sciences, the most absurd, and that which, in my opinion, is most calculated to stifle genius of every kind, is geometry. The objects about which this ridiculous science is conversant, are surfaces, lines, and points, that have no existence in nature: by the force of imagination, the geometrician makes a hundred thousand curve lines pass between a circle and a right line that touches it, when, in reality, there is not room for a straw to pass there. Geometry, if we consider it in its true light, is a mere jest, and nothing more."

The Marquis and his lady did not well understand the governor's meaning, yet they were entirely of his opinion.

"A man of quality, like the young Marquis," continued he, "should not rack his brains with

useless sciences. If he one day should have occasion for a sublime geometry, to take a plan of the lands of his estate, he may get them surveyed for money: if he has a mind to trace the antiquity of his noble family, which leads the inquirer back to the most remote ages, he will send for a Benedictine: it will be the same thing with regard to all other arts. A young man of quality, endowed with a happy genius, is neither a painter, a musician, an architect, nor a graver; but he makes all these arts flourish, by generously encouraging them: it is, doubtless, better to patronize than to practise them: it is enough for the young Marquis to have a taste; it is the business of artists to exert themselves for him; and it is in this sense that it is said, very justly, of people of quality (I mean those that are very rich) that they know all things, without having learnt any thing; for they, in fact, come at last to know how to form a judgment concerning whatever they order or pay for."

The ignorant man of fashion then spoke to this purpose: "You have very justly observed, Madam, that the grand end which a man should have in view is to succeed in the world: can it possibly be said, that this success is to be obtained by cultivating the sciences? did any body ever so much as think of talking of geometry in good company; does any one ever inquire of a man of the world, what star rises with the sun? who inquires at supper, whether the long-haired Clodio passed the Rhine? No, doubtless, cried the Marchioness, whom her charms had, in some measure, initiated in the polite world; and my son should not extinguish his genius by the study of all this stuff. But what is he, after all, to learn? for it is proper that
a young

a young person of quality should know how to shine upon an occasion, as my husband observes.

— I remember to have heard an Abbé say, that the most delightful of all the sciences is something that begins with a *B*.” “ With a *B*, Madam? is it not botany you mean? “ No, it was not botany he spoke of; the name of the science he mentioned began with *B*, and ended with *on*.” “ Oh, I take you, Madam,” said the man of fashion; “ it is *Blason* you mean; it is indeed a profound science; but it is no longer in fashion, since the people of quality have ceased to cause their arms to be painted upon the doors of their coaches: it was once the most useful thing in the world, in a well-regulated state. Besides, this study would be endless; now-a-days there’s hardly a barber that has not his coat of arms; and you know, that whatever becomes common is but little esteemed.” In fine, after they had examined the excellencies and defects of all the sciences, it was determined that the young Marquis should learn to dance.

Nature, which does all, had given him a talent that quickly displayed itself surprisingly; it was that of singing ballads agreeably. The graces of youth, joined to this superior gift, caused him to be looked upon as a young man of the brightest hopes. He was beloved by the women; and having his head full of songs, he composed some for his mistress. He stole from the song “ Bacchus and Love,” in one ballad; from that of “ Night and Day” in another; from that of “ Charms and Alarms” in a third. But as there were always in his verses some superfluous feet, or not enough, he had them corrected for twenty Lewis-d’ors a song; and in the annals of literature he was put upon a

level with the La Fares, Chaulieus, Hamiltons, Sarrazins, and Voitures.

The Marchioness then looked upon herself as the mother of a wit, and gave a supper to the wits of Paris. The young man's brain was soon turned; he acquired the art of speaking without knowing his own meaning, and he became perfect in the habit of being good for nothing. When his father found he was so eloquent, he very much regretted that his son had not learned Latin; for he would have bought him a lucrative place among the gentry of the long robe. The mother, who had more elevated sentiments, undertook to procure a regiment for her son; and, in the mean time, courtship was his occupation. Love is sometimes more expensive than a regiment. He was extremely profuse, whilst his parents exhausted their finances still more, by living like people of the first quality.

A young widow of quality, their neighbour, who had but a moderate fortune, had an inclination to secure the great wealth of Monsi. and Madame de la Jeannotiere, by appropriating it to herself, by the means of a marriage with the young Marquis. She allured him to visit her; she admitted his addresses; she shewed that she was not indifferent to him; she led him on by degrees; she enchanted and captivated him without much difficulty; sometimes she lavished praises upon him, sometimes she gave him advice; she became the most intimate friend both of the father and mother. An elderly lady, who was their neighbour, proposed the match. The parents, dazzled by the glory of such an alliance, accepted the proposal with joy. They gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young Marquis was upon the point of marrying a woman whom he adored, and
by

by whom he was beloved; the friends of the family congratulated them, the marriage-articles were just going to be drawn up, whilst wedding clothes were making for the young couple, and their epithalamium composing.

The young Marquis was one day upon his knees before his charming mistress, whom love, esteem, and friendship were going to make his own; in a tender and spirited conversation, they enjoyed a foretaste of their happiness; they concerted measures to lead a happy life; when all on a sudden, a valet-de-chambre belonging to the old Marchioness, arrives in a great fright. "Here's sad news," said he; "Officers remove the effects of my master and mistress; the creditors have seized upon all, by virtue of an execution; and I am obliged to make the best shift I can to have my wages paid." "Let's see," said the Marquis, "what's this? what can this adventure mean?" "Go," said the widow, "go quickly, and punish those villains." He runs, he arrives at the house; his father was already in prison: all the servants had fled different ways, each carrying off whatever he could lay his hands upon. His mother was alone, without assistance, without comfort, drowned in tears; she had nothing left but the remembrance of her fortune, of her beauty, her faults, and her extravagant expences.

After the son had wept a long time with his mother, he at length said to her: "Let us not give ourselves up to despair; this young widow loves me to excess; she is more generous than rich, I can answer for her; I'll fly to her, and bring her to you." He returns to his mistress, and finds her in company with a very amiable young officer. "What, is it you, Mr. de la Jeannotiere," said she; "what

"what business have you here? Is it proper to forsake one's mother in such a manner? Go to that poor, unfortunate woman, and tell her that I still wish her well: I have occasion for a chambermaid, and will give her the preference." "My lad," said the officer, "you are well shaped; if you are willing to enlist in my company, you may depend upon good usage."

The Marquis, thunderstruck, and with a heart enraged, went in quest of his old governor, made him acquainted with his misfortune, and asked his advice. The governor proposed to him to become a tutor like himself. "Alas!" said the Marquis, "I know nothing, you have taught me nothing, and you are the first cause of my misfortunes;" he fobbed when he spoke thus. "Write romances," said a wit who was present; "it is an admirable resource at Paris."

The young man, in greater despair than ever, ran to his mother's confessor; he was a Theatin of great reputation, who directed the consciences only of women of the first rank. As soon as he saw him, he ran up to him, "My God, Mr Marquis, where is your coach?" said he; "how is the good lady your mother?" The poor unfortunate young man gave him an account of what had befallen his family. In proportion as he explained himself, the Theatin assumed an air more grave, more indifferent, and more distant. "My son," said he, "it is the will of God that you should be reduced to this condition; riches serve only to corrupt the heart; God, in his great mercy, has then reduced your mother to beggary." Yes, Sir," answered the Marquis. "So much the better," said the confessor; "her election is the more sure." "But, father," said the Marquis, "is there, in the mean time, no hopes

hopes of some assistance in this world?" "Farewell, my son," said the confessor; "a court lady is waiting for me."

The Marquis was almost ready to faint; he met with much the same treatment from all; and acquired more knowledge of the world in half a day, than he had done in all the rest of his life.

Being quite overwhelmed with despair, he saw an old-fashioned chaise advance, which resembled an open waggon with leather curtains; it was followed by four enormous carts, which were loaded. In the chaise there was a young man, dressed in the rustic manner; he had a round, fresh countenance, replete with sweetness and gaiety. His wife, a little woman of a brown complexion, and an agreeable figure, though somewhat fat, sat close by him: the carriage did not move on like the chaise of a *petit-maitre*; the traveller had time sufficient to contemplate the Marquis, who was motionless, and immersed in sorrow. "Good God," cried he, "I think that is Jeannot." Upon hearing this name, the Marquis lifts up his eyes, the carriage stops, and the Marquis cries out, "'Tis Jeannot, 'tis Jeannot himself." The little fat Bumpkin gives but one spring from his carriage, and runs to embrace his old companion. Jeannot recollected his friend Colin; shame and tears overspread his countenance. "You have abandoned me," said Colin; "but though you are a great man, I will love you for ever." Jeannot, confused and affected, with sobs related to him a great part of the history. "Come to the inn where I lodge, and tell me the rest of it," said Colin; "embrace my wife here, and let us go and dine together."

They walk all three on foot, followed by their baggage. "What's all this train?" said Jeannot; "does it belong to you?" "Yes," answered Colin,

lin, "it all belongs to me and to my wife: we are just come from the country; I am at the head of a good manufacture of tin and copper; I have married the daughter of a merchant well provided with all utensils necessary to the great as well as the little; we work a great deal; God blesses us; we have not changed our condition; we are happy; we will assist our friend Jeannot. Be no longer a Marquis; all the grandeur in the world is not to be compared to a good friend. You shall return with me to the country; I will teach you the trade, it is not very difficult; I will make you my partner, and we will live merrily in the remote corner where we were born."

Jeannot, quite transported, felt emotions of grief and joy, tenderness and shame; and he said within himself, "My fashionable friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I despised, is the only one who comes to relieve me." What instruction is this! Colin's goodness of heart causes the seeds of a virtuous disposition, which the world had not quite stifled in Jeannot, to sprout up: he was sensible that he could not forefake his father and mother. "We'll take care of your mother," said Colin; "and as to the good man your father, who is in jail, I know something of business; his creditors, seeing he has nothing, will compromise matters for a trifle; I take the whole affair upon myself." Colin found means to procure the father's enlargement: Jeannot returned to the country with his relations, who resumed their former way of life: he married a sister of Colin, who, being of the same temper with her brother, made him completely happy. Jeannot the father, Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son, were thus convinced that happiness is not the result of vanity.

END OF JEANNOT AND COLIN.

What pleases the LADIES.

NOW that the brilliant god of day
 Burns, Africk up with scorching ray,
 Now that the tropic, in a sphere
 Oblique, contracts his bright career;
 Whilst slowly lags each winter's night,
 My friends, this story may delight;
 'Tis of a knight, as poor as bold,
 Th' adventure's worthy to be told.
 'Tis Sir John Robert that I sing,
 He liv'd when Dagobert was king.
 A trip to holy Rome he made,
 Less splendid when the Cæsars sway'd;
 From that fam'd capital he brought
 Not laurels pluck'd in fields well fought;
 Of dispensations, pardons, store,
 Indulgencies he plenty bore;
 Of money little had he; then
 Knights errant were poor gentlemen;
 Then, to the church's sons alone
 Were affluence and riches known.
 A suit of armour, which, with rust,
 Revolving years must needs incrust,
 An ambling steed, a dog was all,
 Robert his property cou'd call;
 But what's more precious he possess'd,
 With youth's bright gifts our knight was bless'd
 Alcides' strength, Adonis' grace,
 Gifts priz'd in ev'ry age and place.
 Robert near Paris, chanc'd to ride
 By a wood on Charenton's side;
 Marton he saw, the blithe and fair,
 A ribbon ty'd her flaxen hair:
 Her shape was easy, dress so light,
 Her leg it hid not from the sight!

Soon Robert's eyes such charms explor'd
 As even faints might have ador'd :
 The lily, with the blushing rose,
 Combine a nosegay to compose,
 Whose variegated hues are seen
 Two panting globes of snow between ;
 Which never fail love's flame to raise
 In all who on their beauties gaze ;
 Whilst her complexion's charms divine
 The lustre of the flow'rs outshine.
 To tell what was not told before,
 A basket this fair creature bore,
 And with attractions various grac'd
 Made to the neighb'ring market haste,
 Of eggs and butter to dispose,
 Which all her little stock compose.
 Robert, who felt the am'rous flame,
 Leap'd forward and embrac'd the dame ;
 I've twenty crowns, my dear, he cry'd,
 Take them, and take my heart beside,
 Take all I have, and take the donor.
 Said Marton, Sir, 'tis too much honour.
 But Robert still so briskly ply'd her,
 That down she fell, he fell beside her,
 And, oh disaster dire to tell !
 He broke her eggs as down he fell.
 His courser started at the sight,
 To the next thicket took his flight.
 An honest monk, as people say,
 Happen'd, just then, to pass that way,
 The steed his monkship quickly strides,
 And post-haste to his convent rides ;
 Her cap, which was become a fright,
 Marton's first care, was to set right.
 To Robert turning then she said,
 My twenty crowns, where are they fled ?
 The knight, in hesitating strain,
 Seeking his purse and steed in vain,
 Excuses offer'd, all were lame,
 For no excuse would serve the dame.
 Being thus injur'd, straight she went
 To tell the king her discontent :

A knight

A knight has robb'd me, Sire, she said,
And ravish'd too, but never paid.
Wifely the king reply'd, 'Tis clear
A rape is what has brought you here :
Go plead before queen Berthe your cause,
In these points well she kens the laws ;
She'll hear attentive what you say,
And judgment pass without delay.
Marton, with rev'rence bow'd the head,
And to the queen her way she sped.
The queen was quite humane and mild,
Look'd on each subject as a child ;
But she was still severely bent
To punish the incontinent :
Of prudes her council she assembl'd,
The knight uncapp'd before them trembl'd ;
With downcast eyes ne'er dar'd to stir,
He then had neither boot nor spur ;
The court by no chicane delay'd,
But ample full confession made ;
That taking by Charonne his way
He was by Satan led astray ;
That he repented of his crime,
Wou'd ne'er offend a second time :
But that the first might prove the last,
Sentence of death was on him past.
Robert had so much youthful grace,
So fine his person, fair his face,
That Berthe and her assessors all
Awarding sentence, tears let fall,
Pangs of remorse sad Marton felt,
And ev'ry heart began to melt :
Berthe to the court then made it plain,
That the knight pardon might obtain,
And that if ready witted, he
Might from all punishment be free ;
Since by the laws establish'd there,
Who tells what pleases all the fair,
Has to his pardon a just claim,
Acquitted by each virtuous dame ;
But then he must the thing explain
Completely, or his hopes are vain.

What thus had been in council started
 Quickly to Robert was imparted.
 The good queen Berthe being bent to save him,
 Eight days to think upon it gave him;
 He swore in eight days he'd appear,
 And strive to make the matter clear;
 Then for this favour unexpected,
 Thank'd Berthe and went out much dejected,
 Then thus the matter he debated
 Thus he his difficulty stated;
 How can I in plain terms declare
 What 'tis that pleases all the fair,
 And not her majesty offend?
 She mairs what she propos'd to mend.
 Since to be hang'd must be my lot,
 Wou'd I'd been hang'd upon the spot.
 Robert, whene'er in road or street,
 He chanc'd a wife or maid to meet,
 Her he in urgent manner press'd
 To say what 'twas she lov'd the best.
 All gave evasive answers, none
 The real truth wou'd fairly own.
 Robert, despairing e'er to hit,
 Wish'd him in hell's profoundest pit,
 Sev'n times the star that rules the year
 Had gilded o'er the hemisphere,
 When under a refreshing shade,
 Which trees with winding boughs had made,
 He saw a score of beauties bright,
 Who danc'd in circling mazes light;
 Of their rich robes the wavy pride
 Their secret beauties scarce cou'd hide.
 Soft Zephyr sporting near the fair,
 Play'd in the ringlets of their hair;
 On the green turf they lightly danc'd,
 Their feet scarce on its surface glanc'd.
 Robert draws nigh, in hopes to find
 Ease from perplexity of mind.
 Just then all vanish'd from his sight,
 Scarcely had day giv'n place to night
 A toothless hag then met his eyes,
 Sooty in hue and short of size,

Bent double, and with age oppress'd
She lean'd upon a stick for rest.
Her nose prodigious long and thin
Extended till it met her chin ;
Her eyes with rheum were gall'd and red,
A few white hairs her pate o'erspread ;
A scrap of tapestry was her gown,
It o'er her wrinkled thigh hung down.
At such an odd and uncouth sight,
A sort of terror seiz'd our knight,
The beldame, with familiar tone,
Accosts him thus : I see, my son,
By your dejected, thoughtful air
Your heart feels some corroding care :
Relate to me your secret grief :
(To talk of woes gives some relief)
Altho' your case be e'er so bad,
Some consolation may be had.
I've long beheld this earthly stage,
And wisdom must increase with age.
The most unhappy oft' have sped
To bliss by my directions led.
Alas ! replied the knight, in vain
I've sought instruction to obtain :
The fatal hour is drawing nigh,
I must upon a gibbet die !
Unless I can the queen tell right
What 'tis gives women most delight.
Courage, my son, the dame reply'd,
'Tis God has to me been your guide,
'Tis for your good ; then straight to court,
Boldly proceed and make report.
Let's go together, I'll unfold
The secret which must there be told ;
But swear that for the life you owe,
Becoming gratitude you'll shew ;
That from you I shall have with ease
What never fails our sex to please.
An oath then from you I require
That you'll do all that I desire.
Robert, who scrupl'd not to swear,
From laughter could not well forbear.

Be serious, cry'd the antient dame,
 To laugh shews want of grace and shame ;
 Then moving onward, hand in hand,
 Before queen Berthe they quickly stand.
 The council met without delay,
 Robert ask'd what he had to say,
 Cry'd, ladies, now your secret's out,
 What you love most admits no doubt :
 What, at all seasons, can content ye,
 Is not of lovers to have plenty ;
 But woman, of whate'er degree,
 Whate'er her qualities may be,
 Desires to bear both night and day
 O'er all about her sov'reign sway :
 Woman wou'd always fain command,
 If I lie, hang me out of hand.
 Whilst thus harangu'd our doughty spark,
 All present said he hit the mark.
 Robert kiss'd Berthe's fair hand, when clear'd ;
 Then straight a haggard form appear'd,
 The hag of whom we spoke before,
 With rags and dirt all cover'd o'er,
 Crying out, justice, forward press'd,
 And in these terms queen Berthe address'd :
 Oh lovely queen, thy sex's pride,
 Who always justly dost decide,
 To whom fair equity is known,
 Whilst mercy dwells beside thy throne ;
 By me this knight your secret knew,
 The life I sav'd to me is due :
 He swore, nor shou'd the oath prove vain,
 That I should what I wish'd obtain ;
 Upon your justice I rely,
 And hope you won't my right deny.
 Says Robert, I deny it not,
 I never a good turn forgot ;
 But, bate my armour, all I had,
 Was baggage twenty crowns and pad.
 A monk, when Marton I carefs'd,
 With pure religious zeal possess'd,
 As lawful prize seiz'd on the whole,
 For 'twere a sin to say he stole.

Tho'

Tho' honest, since I'm broke outright,
I can't this friendly turn requite.
The queen reply'd, What you have lost
Shall be repay'd to fryar's cost ;
All parties shall be satisfy'd ;
In three your fortune we'll divide ;
For her lost eggs and chastity,
The twenty crowns shall Marton's be ;
The steed I to this dame consign,
The armour, Robert, shall be thine.
Most generously you've decreed,
Said madam, but I want no steed ;
'Tis Robert's person I desire,
His grace and valour I admire :
I o'er his am'rous heart would reign,
That's all the prize I wish to gain ;
Robert with me must pass his life,
This day must take me for a wife.
Her purpose being thus declar'd,
Robert stood motionless, and star'd :
Then o'er her rags and figure strange,
His rolling eyes began to range ;
With horror struck, he back retreated,
Crossing himself, these words repeated ;
Why should this ridicule and shame
With foul dishonour blast my name ?
With the d'el's dam I'd rather wed
Than to that beldame go to bed ;
The hag must doubtless be run mad,
Or else she doats, and that's as bad.
The hag then tenderly reply'd,
My person, queen, he can't abide ;
He's like the whole ungrateful crew
Of males, but soon I'll bring him too ;
I feel love's flame so brightly burn,
He needs must love me in his turn.
The heart does all, I can't but say
My charms begin to fade away ;
But I'll more tender prove and kind ;
'Tis best to cultivate the mind :
We find e'en Solomon declare
The wise by far exceed the fair.

I'm poor, is that so hard a case?
 Sure poverty is no disgrace.
 Can none enjoy content of mind;
 Except on iv'ry bed reclin'd?
 Madam, in all this regal pride,
 When you lie by our monarch's side,
 Do you enjoy more kindly rest?
 Does love sincerer warm your breast?
 You've read of old Philemon's flame,
 For Baucis, tho' an ancient dame.
 Those jealousies by old age bred,
 Dwell not beneath the rustic shed;
 Vice flies where luxury is unknown,
 We equal kings, serve God alone;
 Your country's glory we support,
 We furnish soldiers for the court:
 In rend'ring populous the state,
 The poor by much outdo the great.
 If heaven should to my chaste desire
 Refuse the offspring I require,
 Love's flowers without its fruits can please,
 Upon love's tree those flowers I'll seize.
 While thus the ancient dame descanted,
 All the court ladies were enchanted.
 Robert was to her arms consign'd,
 Disgust was vain, for oaths must bind;
 The dame insisted on her right
 Of riding with her much-lov'd knight
 To her thatch'd hut, where wedlock's bands
 Were to unite their hearts and hands.
 Robert his courser 'gins to stride,
 With sorrow takes his future bride;
 With horror seiz'd, and red with shame,
 He often strove to throw the dame,
 Or drown her, but was by the law
 Of chivalry still kept in awe.
 The lady with her knight delighted
 To him her race's deeds recited;
 How the great Clovis' royal sword
 The bosom of three monarchs gor'd;
 Who were his friends, yet could obtain
 Pardon and heaven's high favour gain.

From heaven she saw the fam'd dove bring
To Remi, that illustrious king,
The flask and oil so highly priz'd,
Which he was smear'd with when baptiz'd.
With all her narratives she blended
Thoughts and reflections well intended,
Sallies of wit, remarks refin'd,
Which, without calling off the mind,
Attention in who heard excited,
And both instructed and delighted.
Still does our knight with eager ears
Devour the stories that he hears;
Charm'd when he heard his wife, but when
He saw, th' unhappiest of men.
At length the ill-match'd couple came
To the thatch'd cabin of the dame;
Preparing things with eager haste,
The table for her spouse she plac'd;
Such fare might suit with Saturn's age,
'Tis now but talk'd of by the sage,
Three sticks support two rotten boards,,
Such table that poor hut affords;
At this our couple sat at meat,
Each oddly plac'd on narrow seat;
The husband sadly hung his head,
The bride a thousand gay things said;
Wit she combin'd with graceful ease,
Utter'd bon mots with pique and please,
So nat'ral, that to those who hear,
Said by themselves they must appear.
So pleas'd was Robert, that a smile
Escap'd him, and he thought a while
His wife less ugly than before:
But she would fain the supper o'er,
Have her spouse go with her to bed;
He raves, he wishes to be dead:
He yields, tho' not with a good grace,
Since without remedy his case.
Foul clothes our knight but little matters,
Quite gnaw'd by rats and torn to tatters,
On pieces of old wood extended,
And frequently with packthread mended;

All this the knight could have digested,
 But Hymen's rites he quite detested.
 Of these indeed he much complain'd ;
 Good heav'n, cry'd he, is't so ordain'd !
 At Rome, 'tis said, grace from on high
 Can both the pow'r and will supply ;
 But grace does for the present fail,
 And I for my part am but frail ;
 My wife can by her wit impart
 Delight, she has a feeling heart ;
 But when with sense there's conflict dire,
 Can heart or head true joy inspire ?
 Our knight benumb'd like ice, this said,
 Threw himself flat upon his bed ;
 And, to conceal his anguish, tries
 To feign a sleep, sleep from him flies.
 The beldame, pinching Robert, cry'd,
 Do you then slumber by your bride ?
 Dear but ungrateful spouse, you see
 I am subdu'd now yield to me ;
 The timid voice of struggling flame
 Is stifled by my am'rous flame ;
 Reign o'er my sense without controul,
 Since you reign pow'rful o'er my soul ;
 I die ! just heaven, say to what end
 With virtue must our love contend ?
 I'm quite dissolv'd in love's bright flame,
 Pleasure thrills thro' my vital frame ;
 Must I, alas ! without thee die ?
 'Tis to thy conscience I apply.
 Our knight was complaisant and kind,
 Religion, candour, grac'd his mind ;
 He took compassion on the dame ;
 Madam, said he, I wish my flame,
 Like yours, might strong and brightly shine,
 The pow'r t'effect it is not mine.
 You can effect it, said his wife,
 A great heart, at your stage of life,
 By fortitude, by art, and care,
 Performs with ease atchievements rare :
 Think how the ladies will approve
 At court this miracle of love.

Perhaps

Perhaps I your disgust excite,
Wrinkles are shocking to your sight;
Heroes magnanimous despise
Such trifles, only shut your eyes.
Our knight of glory fond wou'd fain
This conquest of himself obtain;
Obedience then became his choice,
Lift'ning alone to honour's voice,
Finding in vig'rous youth alone
What cou'd for beauty's want atone,
And love's supply, he shuts his eyes,
And, to perform his duty, tries.
Enough, enough, then said the bride,
I ask no more; I'm satisfy'd;
My influence o'er your heart I know,
That influence to me you owe;
Acknowledge then, as matters stand,
The wife will still at home command.
Robert, all that I ask of thee
Is to be always rul'd by me;
My love enjoins an easy task,
Now view me well, 'tis all I ask.
Then Robert looks, and sees in clusters
A hundred flambeaux plac'd on lustres,
In a proud palace, which he saw
Before a cabbin thatch'd with straw.
There underneath rich curtains grac'd
With fringe of pearls in highest taste.
A beauty bright appear'd to view,
Such as Appelles never drew;
E'en Vanlo's colours would prove faint,
That heav'n of charms divine, to paint;
No Phideas nor no Pigal e'er
Could carve a busto of the fair.
Her form, like lovely Venus, shew'd,
Whose golden tresses graceful flow'd,
Whose melting eyes appear'd to languish,
Whilst soothing Mars's am'rous anguish,
Myself, she said, this palace, all
This wealth, your own, dear Robert, call:
You did not ugliness despise,
You therefore merit beauty's prize.

But now, methinks, my readers claim
 To know what was this fair one's name,
 Whose heart our knight had won; why then
 'Twas fairy Urgelle, gentlemen;
 Who, warriors, in her time, caress'd,
 And knights assisted when distress'd.
 Happy the age! thrice bless'd mankind,
 When tales like these belief cou'd find,
 Of spirits hov'ring in the air,
 Of demons who make men their care!
 In castle close by roasting fire,
 The daughter, mother, husband, fire,
 The neighbourhood, and all the race,
 Attended with a wond'ring face,
 Whilst by the almoner were told
 Deeds done by forcerers of old.
 We of the marvellous are rish'd,
 By reason's weight the graces stiff'd,
 Have to th' insipid men consign'd
 The soul by reas'ning is confin'd;
 Still hunting after truth we go;
 From error too some good may flow.

The Education of a PRINCE.

SINCE the bright god of day, in the course of his race,
 In Aquarius resides with a sorrowful face,
 Since tempests so loudly on our mountains blow,
 And our meadows are all cover'd over with snow,
 By the fire I'll a new story tell in new style,
 Amusements the time that hangs heavy beguile.
 I am old, I must own't, and will therefore descend
 To the pleasures of children, since near my life's end.
 A prince erst reign'd at Beneventum, 'tis said,
 Quite mad with his pow'r, and in luxury bred,
 To knowledge a stranger, and not ill educated,
 By his neighbours despis'd, by his own subjects hated.

This

This small state to govern two arch knaves combin'd,
They exerted themselves their young master to blind ;
In this project they were by his confessor aided,
They by turns succeeded, he by all was persuaded
That his talents, his virtues, and his great reputation,
Could ensure perfect bliss to the mightiest nation ;
That when once their great duke had to manhood attain'd,
He was dreaded and lov'd, and in all men's hearts reign'd :
That his arms cou'd both France and Italy confound ;
That with wealth his Exchequer would ever abound ;
That Solomon ne'er had so much wealth of old,
Tho' the torrent of Cedron o'er golden sands roll'd.
Alamon (for by that name this prince we must call)
Still was dupe to gross flatt'ries, for he swallow'd 'em all,
With pastimes delighted, court buffoons he caress'd,
And when he had din'd thought his people were bless'd.
One valiant old gen'ral at court still remain'd,
Ernon, greatly esteem'd when the duke's father reign'd,
Who not being brib'd spoke his mind uncontrol'd,
And undaunted, the government's ruin foretold.
To jealousy rous'd, those who bore supreme sway
Soon found means to remove Ernon out of the way ;
Unknown to the prince he to exile was sent,
But there at a farm the old man liv'd content ;
There with friends he liv'd happy, resign'd to his fate,
And he wept for his master as well as the state ;
Whilst with sloth and with pleasure the young duke content,
On the down of soft ease both his days and nights spent.
The murmurs by which oft his subjects express'd
Discontent, wou'd however sometimes break his rest,
But that distant din, which he hardly cou'd hear,
Grows weak in its course, and scarce beats on his ear ;
Whilst with wo overloaded men groan'd thro' the realm,
Alamon led a languishing life at the helm.
Then was tyranny's triumph, but the heav'ns took his part,
And to work reformation with love touch'd his heart.
Young Amida he saw, he both saw her and heard,
His heart felt emotion, and to live he appear'd ;
He was handsome, and might with assurance address her,
But the mystery soon was smok'd by his confessor ;

In his penitent's breast straight he scruples excited;
 Superstition and ign'rance are easily frightened :
 And the two wicked rulers, who fear'd lest the lover
 Might one day their sinister proceedings discover,
 Were for making Amida like Ernon depart :
 Her all to pack up she prepar'd with sad heart
 The weak Alamon all this insolence bore,
 His reluctance was vain, from his charmer he tore.
 He doubted and waver'd, for just in that season
 His soul was but faintly illumin'd by reason.
 When Amida was going, there were heard loud alarms;
 The cry was, All's lost, let us die and to-arms,
 On Allah, St Germain, Christ, and Mahomet loud,
 They call'd, and on every side fled a crowd :
 A warrior turban'd who led on a band
 Of Muffulmen holding a falchion in hand,
 Over heaps of the dead, or expiring, who lay
 All reeking in gore, with his sword cut away,
 With sword and with fire to the palace he flew,
 The women he seiz'd on, their husbands he slew.
 From Cum'a this gen'ral march'd to Beneventum,
 But the rulers ne'er dream'd he would thus circumvent
 'em ;
 Desolation and ruin up to Rome's walls he spread,
 And St Paul and St Peter were both seiz'd with dread.
 My dear readers, this chief was Abdallah the Proud,
 Who, by God, to chastise his own church was allow'd.
 When the palace he enter'd, in chains all were cast,
 Prince, monks, lacquies, ministers, and chiefs were made
 fast,
 As calves ty'd in couples upon sledges are laid,
 And to the next market sad victims convey'd.
 Thus appear'd the young duke and each worthy assessor,
 All laid by the heels with the father confessor,
 Who cross'd himself often, and with fervency pray'd,
 And preach'd resolution, tho' forely dismay'd.
 The victors then shar'd, when the vanquish'd were ty'd,
 The booty the emirs in three parts divide ;
 Of men, and of horses, and saints they dispose,
 And first from their captives they strip off their clothes.
 In all ages have tailors disguis'd human nature,
 So that man to man always was a most unknown creature.
Dress

Dress changes men's figures and their characters too,
To judge of man rightly we shou'd naked him view.
The mussulman chief had the duke, at that time,
As already was said, he was in his youth's prime;
Since he seem'd to be strong, muleteer he was made,
And soon he was highly improv'd by that trade.
His nerves, which by sloth and by ease weak were grown,
Inur'd to hard labour, acquir'd a new tone;
His sloth, by adversity taught, he subdu'd,
And valour in him sprung from mean servitude.
Valour, when without pow'r, makes the state of man worse,
His impotence then is the heavier curse.
Abdallah to pleasure began to resign
His soul, and in spite of his prophet drank wine.
The court and town ladies, all prone to adore him,
Were by the blackeunuch each night brought before him;
By beauties attended he prepares for repose,
And she's happy to whom he the handkerchief throws.
Whilst the chief led a life of unceasing delight,
Whilst joy wing'd each hour, and love triumph'd at night,
In the stable much hardship and woe the prince bore,
Those his comrades were now who were subjects before.
His mules all his care and attention requir'd,
He comb'd 'em each day till his hands were quite tir'd.
His wo to complete, and to make him quite rave,
He beheld fair Amida led by the black slave
To share in her turn, the fell conqueror's bed:
Fir'd with rage at the sight, to the eunuch he said,
To make me quite wretched there but wanted this stroke.
Wonder seiz'd on the slave at the words that he spoke;
In a language quite diff'rent, fair Amida reply'd,
With affection and sorrow her young lover she ey'd;
Her eloquent looks her full meaning express,
They meant, Bear your woes, live my wrongs to redress;
Your present mean station I do not despise,
Your sufferings give you new worth in my eyes.
Alamon took the meaning which her looks thus express'd,
And heart-cheering hope was reviv'd in his breast.
Amida with beauty transcendently bright,
So dazzled the chief of the mussulman's sight,
That, transported with passion, by Allah he swore,
He enjoyment had known, but ne'er knew love before.

The

The fair one resisted to increase his desires,
 Resistance serv'd only to fan the chief's fires.
 A woman's head still with invention is fraught,
 Said she, Sir, your conquest I well may be thought :
 You're unconquer'd in love, as in warlike alarms,
 All fall at your feet, or rush into your arms ;
 But the honour you mean me defer for three days,
 And grant, to console me for such sad delays,
 Two things, which as proofs of your love I require ;
 I'll grant, said the pirate, whate'er you desire.
 Then make three Beneventers, said she, undergo
 A couple of hundred sound lashes, or so ;
 This discipline for their transgressions is due ;
 This, Sir, s the first favour I hope for from you.
 The second Sir, is, that you two mules wou'd spare me,
 Which may on a litter from time to time bear me ;
 And to drive 'em a muleteer of my own choosing :
 Your requests said Abdallah, there is no refusing.
 'Twas done soon as said, and the hypocrite vile
 With both courtiers who join'd their lord's youth to be-
 guile,
 Receiv'd each their full quota, which pleas'd all the na-
 tion,
 Who had often complain'd of mal-administration,
 And the duke was the happiest mortal alive,
 Since permitted his mistress in litter to drive.
 All's not o'er, said Amida, you must conquer and reign,
 Now's the time, or to die, or your crown to regain ;
 You're not wanting in courage, Ernon's faithful, and I
 Am resolv'd to serve you and my country, or die.
 'Then make no delay but to Ernon repair,
 To ask pardon for all he has suffer'd takecare ;
 To serve you what remains of his life he'll expose,
 Return in three days, then fall on your foes ;
 There's no time to be lost, for Abdallah is bent
 To accomplish in three days his lustful intent.
 In love and in war time is precious you know ;
 Alamon with alacrity answer'd, I go.
 Ernon, whom Amida had informed of all,
 Lov'd his prince, tho' ungrateful, and lamented his fall ;
 His gen'rous, brave friends all stood ready at hand,
 And of soldiers he headed a most resolute band.

Ernon tenderly wept when his prince he had found,
They arm'd in secret, march'd in silence profound.
Amida address'd 'em, and her words cou'd impart
The love of true glory to each abject slave's heart,
Alamon cou'd both conduct and courage unite,
And a hero became when he first went to fight.
The Turk plung'd in lux'ry, who nothing mistrusted;
Surpriz'd by the vanquish'd, in his turn was worsted.
Alamon to the palace had in triumph advanc'd
At the time when the Turk by soft pleasure intranc'd,
Not having yet heard the dire turn of his fate,
Was with hopes of enjoying fair Amida elate.
His right he asserted, and took the Turk's place;
Then itraight there appear'd with a confident face,
The priest in whose air there appear'd much resignation;
And the two knavish courtiers just broke from confinement :

Boasting that they did all, tho' their boasts were quite vain,
The influence they once had they hop'd to maintain.
To prove cruel and spiteful cowards but seldom have fail'd;
The monk was for having Abdallah impal'd.
The prince then reply'd with a resolute tone,
Vile wretch, such a punishment should be your own;
By a shameful repose you to ruin had brought me,
This Turk and my mistress true courage have taught me;
By your precepts misguided, false zeal I ador'd,
But misfortunes and love have my virtues restor'd.
At peace, brave Abdallah, and in freedom depart;
'Tis you have reform'd both my mind and my heart :
Then in freedom depart; no more trouble this state,
And if ever it should be so ordered by fate,
That o'er your dominions three knaves shou'd bear sway;
Send directly for me, I'll your favour repay.

The Education of a DAUGHTER.

WINTER still lasts, my friends, and my greatest delight,
 Is by telling long stories t' amuse you at night.
 Let us talk of dame Gertrude, I ne'er yet knew a prude
 With charms more attractive or more various endu'd :
 Tho' thirty-six years had pass'd over her head,
 The graces and loves were not yet from her fled.
 Tho' grave in behaviour, she was ne'er seen to frown;
 Her eyes had much lustre, yet she ever look'd down;
 Her breast white as snow was with gauze cover'd o'er,
 Thro' which curious eyes cou'd its beauties explore.
 A few touches of art, and a little red lead,
 Gave a delicate glow to her natural red :
 Her person neglecting more brightly she shone,
 Her dress struck the eye by its neatness alone.
 On her toilet a Bible was always display'd,
 And near Massillon was a pot of paint laid ;
 The devotions for Lent she still read o'er and o'er,
 But what made zeal in her respected the more,
 Was, that she in woman excus'd each rash action,
 For Gertrude the devout was no friend to detraction.
 This dame had one daughter alone, seventeen
 Was her age ; a more bright beauty never was seen ;
 Of this lovely creature Habel was her name,
 More fair than her mother, but the beauty the same.
 They appear'd like Minerva and like Venus the fair,
 To breed up her daughter was Gertrude's chief care.
 Like a flow'r newly blown she her child kept a stranger
 To this wicked world's contagion and danger.
 Cards, public diversions, and gay conversation
 To each innocent soul direful baits of temptation,
 The true snares of Satan which the saints ever fly,
 Were pleasures which Gertrude's house ne'er durst come
 nigh.

Gertrude

Gertrude had a chapel whereto to repair,
When minded to heaven to put up a pray'r ;
There her leisure she oft past in good meditations,
And her soul breath'd to heav'n in ejaculations.
Resplendent with richest of furniture shone
This retreat, to the eye of the public unknown :
A pair of stairs where the prophane ne'er durst tread,
To the garden and from it into the street led.
You all know that in summer the sun's scorching ray
Makes night far more agreeable oft than the day ;
By the moon's silver light then the heavens are o'erspread,
And girls take no pleasure to slumber in bed.
Isabel, whilst with pleasing pain throb'd her soft breast,
(As girls at seventeen can't be always at rest)
Pass'd the night under shelter of some cooling shade,
Yet scarce ever thought for what use it was made.
Unmov'd she saw nature, and never admir'd,
But rose, went and came, just as caprice inspir'd ;
No object impression could make on her mind, !
She knew not how to think, yet to think was inclin'd,
At the chapel she chanc'd to hear one day some stir,
That moment she felt curiosity's spur ;
No suspicion she had which could justly raise fear,
Yet trembling and with hesitation drew near ;
One foot putting forward, on the stairs she ascended,
One hand she held back, and the other extended ;
With eye fix'd, out-stretch'd neck, and heart throbbing fast,
Herself she exerted to hear all that past.
The first thing she hears is the voice of soft anguish,
Words half interrupted, sighs of lovers that languish,
My mother's oppress'd by some pain or some care,
Cry'd she, in her troubles I should have my share.
Approaching she heard these soft words, Dear Andrew
For the bliss of my life I'm indebted to you.
Isabella this hearing took heart, and she cry'd,
My mother is well, I shou'd be satisfy'd.
At length Isabella retires to her bed,
But for sighing can't sleep, strange things run in her head :
Bliss Andrew bestows, but how, by what art ?
'Tis sure a rare talent happiness to impart.
Thus she argu'd the case with herself all the night,
And impatiently wish'd the return of the night.

Isabel the next morning shew'd some inquietude,
 Her concern was quickly perceiv'd by Gertrude.
 To Isabel silence prov'd a task too severe,
 To ask prying questions she could not forbear.
 Who's this Andrew, said she, madam, who's said to know
 The way upon woman true bliss to bestow ?
 Gertrude started, as justly it might be suppos'd
 That all was discover'd, yet herself she compos'd :
 Then with perfect assurance to her daughter reply'd,
 O'er ev'ry family a saint shou'd preside ;
 I've made choice of St Andrew, to him I'm devoted,
 By him is my temp'ral welfare promoted :
 I invoke him in secret, his assistance implore,
 He often appears to me whilst I adore ;
 There does not one saint in all Paradise dwell,
 Who in holiness can my St Andrew excel.
 A well-shap'd young man whom we Dennis shall name,
 Soon of fair Isabella enamour'd became.
 From Isabel Dennis most kind treatment found,
 And their loves with enjoyment were frequently crown'd.
 Gertrude to ev'ry stir in her turn giving ear,
 Chanc'd the anthems sung by Isabella to hear,
 And the pray'rs which she made whilst she Dennis carefs'd,
 In extacy straining him to her soft breast.
 Surprising our lovers, Gertrude was enrag'd :
 Her passion the daughter by this answer asswag'd :
 Dear mother, excuse me, for patron I claim
 St Dennis, as your saint St Andrew you name.
 Gertrude then grown wiser greater happiness knew,
 Retaining her lover, she to saints bid adieu,
 She dropt the vain project of deceiving mankind ;
 'They're not to be cheated, for Envy's not blind ;
 With piercing eye envy will see thro' your mask ;
 To conjecture is easy, to feign a hard task ;
 To live free is a blessing, but all pleasures are faint
 To the wretch who lives under perpetual constraint.
 The fair Isabel liv'd no longer retir'd,
 In charms she increas'd, by the town was admir'd.
 Those pleasures which Gertrude had excluded before,
 She agreed as companions of love to restore :
 There the most polite people in joy pass'd their days,
 Nought is found in good company undeserving of praise.

The THREE MANNERS.

HOW form'd were th' Athenians true joy to impart !
 How their genius delights and enlivens my heart !
 How under their fictions ingenious I trace
 Truth's likeness, and soon grow in love with her face !
 But of all their inventions that which strikes me the most
 Is the stage, of Athenians the pride and the boast ;
 Whereon heroes renown'd, and the chiefs of old times,
 Cou'd act over again both their good deeds and crimes.
 You see how all nations in this present age
 Adopt their example, and wou'd rival their stage.
 No folio instruction like the drama conveys,
 Perish, perish the wretches who would censure all plays ;
 When that vile, abject race, first existed below,
 A heart Nature on them forgot to bestow.
 At the Greeks solemn games, 'twas the custom to crown
 Men of eminent virtue and chiefs of renown ;
 Before the people justice was done to their merit,
 Thus oft' I've seen Villars and Maurice, whose spirit
 And conduct from courtiers met with censure severe,
 When they went to the opera receive laurels there.
 Thus when Richlieu victorious return'd from Mahon,
 Which he bravely had taken, as curs'd envy must own,
 Where'er he pass'd he receiv'd loud applause ;
 Not greater Clairon from the crowded pit draws.
 Before buskins were known in old Æschylus' time,
 Ere Melpomene trod the stage with steps sublime,
 To young lovers was granted a much envy'd prize,
 Whoever inspir'd by his mistress' bright eyes,
 In the year had done most, and most tenderness shewn,
 That man was before all the Greeks crown'd alone.
 The cause of her passion was by each fair one pleaded,
 Her lover's claim she by her eloquence aided,
 Having first made an oath to abstain from all art,
 Nor like orators aim at misleading the heart,

Without

Without exaggeration their cause to support ;
 A hard task to women as to lawyers at court.
 Still extant remains one of these fine debates,
 Which took rise from the leisure of Greece's free states,
 Eudames being archon, if my mem'ry's right,
 Three beauties appearing, fill'd all Greece with delight ;
 Ægle, Apamis, and Teone were their names ;
 The wits of all Greece ran in crowds to the games :
 Tho' great talkers, they then kept a silence profound,
 Attentively list'ning as the stage they went round.
 In a golden cloud Venus with young Cupid descended,
 To all that the disputants utter'd attended.
 First began youthful Ægle, who had graces and art,
 Which charming eye and ear found a way to the heart.
 Hermotimes my much lov'd, my much honour'd sire,
 Throughout his whole life felt true genius' fire,
 He attach'd himself always to those gifts of the mind,
 Those elegant arts which have polish'd mankind ;
 To science devoted, from all honours he fled,
 And life unambitious with his family led ;
 His daughter he wou'd to no husband consign,
 But to one who like him felt the influ'nce divine,
 Who best knew to sing to the lyre, and to paint
 The few charms nature gave me, which indeed are but faint.
 Young Lygdamon lov'd me ; nat'ral genius alone,
 By art unassisted, in him brightly shone,
 Discreet and ingenious, both refin'd and polite,
 He ne'er spoke as a scholar, but always spoke right ;
 He no talents possess'd, yet could judge of each art,
 Ev'ry grace his mind form'd, and soft love fill'd his heart ;
 He knew to love only ; in that art he excell'd ;
 My heart soon to learn it from him was compell'd.
 When my fire would have acted a tyrannical part,
 And have torn me from him who possess'd my sad heart,
 And wou'd with some painter have caus'd me to wed,
 Some genius to music and poetry bred,
 How incessant the tears trickl'd from my sad eyes,
 Despotic pow'r o'er us parents wou'd exercise !
 Since we owe life to them, o'er our lives they have power
 Like gods, so for death I prepar'd in sad hour ;
 Confus'd and despairing wretched Lygdamon fled,
 And sought some asylum where to shelter his head.

My fire meant in six months to dispose of my hand,
 That delay was expected by the whole am'rous band.
 No room had they then their sad talents to shew,
 I was grown a mere picture of sorrow and woe.
 The moments swift flying increas'd my alarms,
 My lov'd Lygdamon had retir'd from my arms;
 When my lovers shou'd meet I expected my doom,
 To escape 'em I wish'd to sink into my tomb.
 Twenty rivals productions were expos'd to men's eyes;
 To a thousand debates their productions gave rise:
 I who had not seen any for none cou'd decide,
 My father impatient wou'd have made me the bride
 Of the proud Harpagus, whose works greatly were priz'd;
 To him I was going to be sacrific'd.
 A slave then who seem'd to arrive in post-haste
 The work of a stranger full in their view plac'd:
 All present then fix'd on the canvas their eyes,
 'Twas my picture so like, that it caus'd much surprize.
 In the picture I seem'd both to breathe and to speak.
 And sigh as my heart were just going to break;
 In my air, in my eyes perfect love was express'd
 Art appear'd not, 'twas nature represented at best;
 On the canvas appear'd by art wond'rous and new,
 The soul and the body at once to the view;
 There deep shade was united with light's mildest gleams,
 As at morning we see the sun dart his bright beams;
 Athwart our vast forests circl'd round with thick shades,
 And gild fruits and harvests, green meadows and glades.
 To find fault was only Harpagus' desire,
 The rest all stood silent, and were forc'd to admire.
 Who's this, cry'd out Harpagus, lost in amaze,
 That painting to such high perfection cou'd raise?
 To whom at last shall I my daughter consign?
 Lygdamon then appearing, said, shall she be mine?
 'Tis love that's the painter, love alone on my breast
 Has this lively image of my Ægle impress'd.
 'Twas love's pow'r on the canvas directed my hand,
 What art is not subject to that god's high command?
 'Tis his pow'r alone that all arts can inspire,
 Then to voice soft and tender attuning his lyre,
 Of tones and notes various, he made music so fine,
 All thought themselves seated at a concert divine;

Like

Like Appelles he painted, and like Orpheus he sung;
 With rage and with fury was Harpagus stung;
 Fire flash'd from his eyes, and his anger suppress'd,
 His visage inflam'd, and boil'd fierce in his breast.
 Then seizing with frenzy, a javelin, he flew,
 In Lygdamon's blood his fell hands to embrue;
 My lover to slay the barbarian intended,
 And over two lives dire destruction impended.
 Lygdamon, who perceiv'd him, was no way dismay'd;
 But with the same hand that so skilfully play'd,
 Which the hearts and the minds of his hearers had charm'd,
 He rais'd his foe, whom he had fought and disarm'd.
 Then sure to love's prize he may justly lay claim,
 Permit me to grant the reward of his flame.
 Thus spoke the fair Ægle. Love applauds her discourse,
 And the theatre rung, the Greeks clapp'd with such force.
 To hear this applause, drew a blush from the dame,
 And her passion for Lygdamon fiercer became.

Then rose Teone, nor her speech nor her air
 Were formed by art, or seem'd study'd with care;
 The Greeks when she rose, for a time seem'd more gay;
 Her adventure with smiles she began to display
 In verse of less length, and a different measure,
 Which runs with great ease, and is heard with much pleasure:
 'Twas in such the gay Hamilton still chose to write;
 Such nature has often been known to indite.

TEONE.

Young Agatan you all must know,
 His charms like those of Nereus shew;
 His cheeks glow'd with a lovely red,
 And scarce with down were overspread;
 His eyes like Venus's are sweet,
 His voice like her's with love replete.
 Lilies united with the rose
 The tincture of his hue compose;
 The ringlets of Apollo's hair
 Are not so graceful, long, and fair,

When

When of fit age to be a wife,
 I chose him as my own for life,
 My heart was not his captive made
 By outward charms which quickly fade;
 Like Paris, he can strike the eye,
 In strength with fam'd Achilles vie.
 One ev'ning, as I with my aunt
 Took on the Ægean sea a jaunt;
 Near one of those delightful isles
 On which kind heav'n for ever smiles,
 A Lydian vessel, great of size,
 Seiz'd on our sloop as lawful prize.
 Long had the corsair, then grown grey,
 Cruiz'd near those isles in quest of prey.
 Girls in the bloom of youth he sought;
 These to his governor he brought.
 He wanted one about my age,
 Saw something in me to engage;
 He let my ancient aunt go free,
 And as men sparrows catch, seiz'd me;
 With haste then to his master goes,
 Of his new booty to dispose.
 My good aunt then with clam'rous cries,
 And bosom swoln, with sorrow flies
 To the Pyreum, there to tell
 Whoe'er she met of what befel;
 How her Teone was the prey
 Of a corsair that rov'd the sea;
 Of one who dealt in female ware,
 And meant to sell me at some fair.
 Think you was Agaton content
 With tears what happen'd to lament?
 On canvas with a brush to trace
 The various features of my face,
 To tune his lyre; his voice to raise,
 To sing my loss and beauties praise?
 To arms my lover had recourse,
 Resolv'd to get me back by force:
 Not having wherewithal to pay
 Those that engage in ev'ry fray,
 He to his youthful figure trusted,
 And like a girl himself adjusted,

With petticoat and stays when dress'd,
 He hid a poniard in his breast;
 Then in a sloop he brav'd the main,
 Bent or to die or me regain.
 The youth arriv'd soon thus array'd,
 To where Mæander winding play'd.
 So bright his charms were, he seem'd born
 The court of some prince to adorn;
 He seem'd a sheep made for the fold
 To which I just before was sold.
 When he began on shore to tread,
 To my seraglio he was led.
 No girl before was ever bless'd
 With joy like that which fill'd my breast,
 When I in my seraglio spy'd
 My Grecian lover at my side,
 And that within my pow'r it lay
 All that his love dar'd to repay;
 Him I accepted as my own,
 The deities appear'd alone
 At nuptials in such hurry made;
 No priest was by in robes array'd;
 And those who to a master bend,
 Have seldom servants to attend.
 At night the am'rous satrap came
 To my bed-side talk'd of his flame,
 His lust to gratify he thought,
 But one fine girl was to him brought.
 On seeing two, with great surprise,
 I can't too many have, he cries,
 Your lovely friend I much admire,
 Company's all that I desire;
 Tho' two, I'll find means to content you,
 Let no curs'd jealousy torment you.
 When thus he had his mind express'd,
 He both his mistresses caress'd,
 His word preparing to make good,
 To do as he had said he wou'd;
 For Agaton I was afraid,
 But my brave Greek quite undismay'd
 Upon the lustful satrap flew,
 Seiz'd on his hair, his poinard drew,

Discover'd

Discover'd that he was a man,
And boldly thus to speak began :
Your doors this instant open throw,
Out of this house let us three go ;
By signs your whole attendant band
Not to follow after us command ;
To the shore let us take our way,
And there embark without delay.
I'll watch you with attentive eyes,
If word or gesture I surprize,
If the least doubtful sign I spy,
That very instant you shall die ;
Your corpse into the river thrown
Shall to the bottom quick go down.
The satrap, tho' a noble peer,
Was very liable to fear ;
He with great readiness obey'd ;
The man is gentle that's afraid.
Then in the little bark with haste
With us the governor we plac'd.
Soon as in Greece we all were landed,
The vanquish'd's ransom was demanded ;
A round sum in good gold was paid,
This money was my dowry made.
Acknowledge then my lover's deed
Does that of Lygdamon exceed ;
That just had been my sad complaint,
Had he amus'd himself to paint
My face, or in elab'rate verse
My various graces to rehearse.

Her passion delighted, Greece heard her display
With ease unaffected, with simplicity gay,
All that Teone said was with fire animated,
Grace in telling has more force than what is related.
They applauded, they laugh'd, laughter Greeks never tires,
When man's happy, what signifies what he admires.
Apamis then, her eyes with tears flowing, advanc'd,
Her sorrows enchanted, and her charms enhanc'd.
The Greeks when she spoke took a more serious air,
No heart in her favour delay'd to declare.

In moderate measure she related the woes
 Which from her unhappy love's adventure arose;
 The smooth running syllables gave delight to each ear,
 And arrang'd with much art quiet neglected appear.
 The melody of this easy metre's divine,
 The long oft' tires the ear, tho' acknowleg'd more fine.

A P A M I S.

Tho' some curs'd star then rul'd the earth,
 'Twas Amatonte first gave me birth,
 Bless'd region! where in Greece, 'tis said,
 The mother of the loves was bred,
 Her cradle to that happy shore
 The ever-smiling pleasures bore;
 Tho' born the human race to bless,
 Me she has loaded with distress.
 From her pure law no ill cou'd flow,
 She pour'd down only good below,
 Whilst her law nature's law remain'd;
 Curs'd rigour has her altars stain'd:
 The gods are merciful and kind,
 But priests to cruelty inclin'd.
 A law they made severe as new,
 That any nymph that prov'd untrue,
 Her life shou'd in that water close
 From whence Love's goddess once arose,
 Unless her forfeit life to save
 Some lover chose a wat'ry grave.
 Can nothing then but punishment
 Inconstancy in love prevent?
 Should woman weak, and prone to change
 From love to love inconstant range?
 We'll own 'tis bad, but cannot see
 Of drowning the necessity.
 Oh Venus, beauty of the skies,
 From whom my woes and joys took rise,
 Whom I with so devout a care
 Serv'd with young Batilus the fair,
 I upon you as witness call
 Of my love's force, you know it all;
 You know if e'er my flame to feed

My

My passion stood of fear in need ;
With love reciprocal delighted,
Our two souls were as one united ;
I and my lover felt that fire
Which once the goddess did inspire,
The sun, when he began his course,
Was witness of our passion's force ;
And when his setting rays the vale
Began to gild, he heard our tale ;
But most the sable shades of night
Were conscious of our soft delight.
Arenorax, by love disclaim'd,
Whose heart to ev'ry vice was fram'd,
Lov'd me, but 'twas thro' spight alone,
This all his words and deeds made known :
Still he was jealous, for by fate
The wretch was pre-ordain'd to hate ;
Envy's curst poisons he let fall,
His tongue distill'd vile slander's gall.
Hateful informers, monsters dire,
To hell, which gave you birth, retire ;
To hurt me so much art was us'd,
That e'en my lover was abus'd,
And innocence a victim fell
To fraud, the off-spring curs'd of hell.
Do not require to have display'd
The horrid plot this monster laid ;
Such thoughts no place have in my soul,
My lover there still claims the whole.
In vain I to Love's goddess pray'd,
By all I found myself betray'd ;
Condemn'd to end my life and woes
In the sea whence fair Venus rose.
To death I was a victim led,
Tears, as I pass'd, by all were shed
With unavailing sorrow all
Lamented my untimely fall ;
When to me Batilus addres'd
A letter, which my fate revers'd,
Dear fatal note, which with it brought
Tidings that worse than death I thought !
I almost sunk in endless night,

When

When words like these first struck my sight;
 "Tho' to my love you were not true,
 "I'm yet resolv'd to die for you."
 'Twas done as said; my life to save,
 My lover plung'd into the wave.
 All at his boldness were amaz'd,
 They wept, and much his courage prais'd.
 On death thy aid I then requir'd,
 To end my woes alone desir'd;
 To follow Batilus I meant,
 But cruel friendship would prevent:
 By force kept from the shades below.
 I was condemn'd to life and woe.
 The curs'd impostor's hellish spight,
 Altho' too late, was brought to light;
 He in his turn death underwent,
 I gain not by his punishment.
 Lovely Batilus is no more,
 For me he sought the Stygian shore.
 To you, O judges, I repair,
 Grant to my sighs and tender care
 Such needful aid, such kind relief
 As may but mitigate my grief:
 Grant the youth who resign'd his breath
 The prize he merited by death;
 'Twill cheer him in the shades below,
 But I shall comfort no more know:
 Then let your generous hearts once more
 Force to this trembling hand restore,
 That on his tomb before your eyes
 It may write "Athens gives this prize."
 Sobs stopp'd her when she thus had said,
 Ceasing, a flood of tears she shed.
 Compassion touch'd each judge's breast;
 They first took Ægle's side,
 With Teone laugh'd at each jest,
 With Apamis they cry'd,
 I'm sorry that I cannot find
 To whom the laurel was assign'd.

My friends close by the fire-side seated
 These tales for you I have repeated;

I to an ancient author owe 'em,
 And hope you will some favour show 'em;
 You of their merit must decide,
 I by your judgment will abide.

THELEMA *and* MACAREUS.

THELEMA's lively, all admire
 Her charms, but she's too full of fire;
 Impatience ever racks her breast,
 Her heart a stranger is to rest.
 A jocund youth of bulky size
 This nymph beheld with tender eyes,
 From hers his humour differ'd quite,
 Black does not differ more from white.
 On his broad face and open mein
 There dwell tranquillity serene;
 His converse is from langour free
 And boisterous vivacity.
 His sleep was sound and sweet at night,
 Active he was at morn like light;
 As day advanc'd he pleas'd still more,
 Macareus was the name he bore.
 His mistress void of thought as fair
 Tormented him with too much care:
 She adoration thought her due,
 And into fierce reproaches flew;
 Her Macareus with laughter left,
 And of all hopes of bliss bereft.
 From clime to clime like mad she ran
 To seek the dear, the faithless man:
 From him she cou'd not live content,
 So first of all to court she went.
 There she of ev'ry one inquir'd,
 Is Macareus with you retir'd?
 Hearing that name the wtlings there
 To laugh and smile cou'd scarce forbear.
 Madam, said they, who is this 'squire
 Macareus, for whom you inquire?

Madam,

Madam, his character display,
 Or else we sha'n't know what to say.
 He is a man, return'd the fair,
 Possess'd of each endowment rare,
 A man of virtue so refin'd,
 He hated none of human kind;
 To whom no man e'er ow'd a spite
 Who always knew to reason right.
 Who void of care liv'd still at ease,
 And knew all human kind to please.
 The courtiers answer'd with a sneer,
 You are not like to find him here,
 Mortals with such endowments rare.
 But seldom to the court repair:
 The fair then to the city bent
 Her way, and stopp'd at a convent;
 She thought that in that calm retreat
 She might her tranquil lover meet.
 Madam, then said the under prior,
 The man for whom you thus inquire
 We long have waited for in vain,
 To visit us he ne'er did deign.
 But such a loss to compensate,
 We've idle time and vigils late;
 We have our stated days of fasting
 With discord and divisions lasting.
 A short monk then with crown shav'd o'er,
 Said, Madam, seek this man no more;
 For I'm by false reports misled,
 Or else your lover's long since dead.
 What the monk insolently said
 Made Thelema with rage grow red:
 Brother, said she, I'd have you know
 The man who has caus'd all my woe
 Was made for me, and me alone,
 He's in this world on which I'm thrown,
 With me he'll live and die content,
 I'm properly his element:
 Who ought else told you on my word
 Has said a thing that's most absurd.
 This said, away the fair one ran,
 Resolv'd to find th' unconstant man.

At Paris, where the wits abound,
 Perhaps, said she, he may be found,
 The wits speak of him as a sage;
 One of them said, You, by our page,
 Madam, perhaps have been misled;
 When there of Macareus you read,
 We spoke of one we never knew,
 Then near she to the palace drew,
 Shutting her eyes, quick pass'd the fair,
 My love, she cry'd, can't sure be there;
 There's some attractions in a court,
 But who'd to this vile place resort?
 Themis' black followers needs must prove
 Eternal foes to him I love.

Fair Thelema at Rameau's shrine,
 Where the muse utters strains divine,
 The man who her so much neglected
 There to meet, was what sh' expected.
 At those feasts oft' she was a guest,
 Where meet gay people richly dress'd,
 Such people as we all agree
 To call the best of company.
 People of an address polite,
 She look'd upon at the first sight
 As perfect copies of her lover;
 But she soon after cou'd discover,
 That striving most to appear the same,
 They still were widest of their aim.
 At last the fair one in despair,
 Finding how vain was all her care,
 And grown of her inquiries tir'd,
 To her retreat wou'd have retir'd:
 The object which she there first spy'd
 Was Macareus by her bed side;
 He waited there hid from her eyes,
 That he the fair one might surprize:
 Henceforward, said he, live with me,
 From all inquietude be free,
 Do not, like vain and haughty dames,
 Be too assuming in your claims;
 And if you would henceforth possess
 My person and my tenderness,

Never more make demands more high
 Than suits me with them to comply.
 Who's understood by either name,
 Both of the lover and the dame,
 The folks who are profound in Greek
 Cannot be very far to seek.
 Taught by this emblem they'll relate
 What's to be ev'ry mortal's fate,
 Thee, Macareus, tho' all men chuse,
 Tho' much they love thee, oft' they lose;
 And I'm persuaded that you dwell
 With me, tho' this I fear to tell.
 Who boasts that with thee he is blest'd,
 By envy oft' is dispossest'd;
 A man shou'd know, to make thee sure,
 How to live happy whilst obscure.

AZOLAN.

A T village liv'd, in days of yore,
 A youth bred in Mohammed's lore;
 His well-turn'd limbs were form'd with grace,
 With blooming beauty glow'd his face;
 His name was Azolan, with care
 The Khoran he had wrote out fair;
 Was on its study ever bent,
 To get it all by heart he meant.
 From the most early youth his breast
 By zeal for Gabriel was possess'd:
 This minister of the most high
 Descended to him from the sky.
 The zeal that in thy bosom glows,
 Said he, thy guardian Gabriel knows:
 To Gabriel gratitude is dear,
 To make your fortune I'm come here;
 You'll in short time as first divine
 Of Medina and Mecca shine;
 This next to his place who is chief
 Of all who hold the true belief,
 Is the most high and wealthy station
 In holy Mahomet's donation.

When

When you your duties once begin,
 Honours on all sides will pour in ;
 But you a solemn oath must make
 The whole sex female to forsake ;
 To lead a life most chaste, and ne'er
 But thro' a grate to view the fair.
 Too hastily the beauteous boy,
 That he church treasures might enjoy,
 Fell easily into the snare,
 Nor of his folly was aware.
 Our new-made imam was elate,
 Seeing himself become so great ;
 His joy the salary enhanc'd,
 Which was immediately advanc'd
 By a clerk of important air,
 Who with him still went share and share,
 No joy can dignity supply,
 Nor wealth, shou'd love his aid deny.
 Each morning as the day return'd,
 The youth, who with love's flames still burn'd,
 Being by his curs'd oath enchain'd,
 Of his sad slav'ry complain'd,
 Avowing freely in his heart,
 That he had play'd a foolish part.
 Amina fair by chance he spies,
 With youthful bloom and charming eyes ;
 He loves Amina, she in turn
 For him feels love's flame equal burn.
 Then Medina farewell, he cry'd,
 Mecca, vain pomp and foolish pride ;
 Amina, mistress of my breast,
 We'll both live in my village blest'd.
 From heaven th' archangel made descent
 Severely to reproach him bent :
 The tender lover thus replies ;
 Do but behold my mistress' eyes ;
 I find of me you've made a jest,
 I'm by your contract quite distress'd ;
 With all you gave I'll freely part,
 I ask alone Amina's heart.
 The prudent and the sacred lore
 Of Mahomet I must adore ;

Love's joys he grants to the elect,
 Nay he allows 'em to expect
 Amina's and eternal love,
 In his bright Paradise above.
 To heaven again dear Gabriel go,
 My zeal for you shall still o'erflow;
 To the empyreum then repair,
 Without my love I'd not go there.

The Origin of TRADES.

WHEN with a skilful hand Prometheus made
 A statue that the human form display'd,
 Pandora his own work to wed he chose,
 And from those two the human race arose,
 When first to know herself the fair began,
 She play'd her smile's enchantment upon man;
 By softness and alluring speech she gain'd
 Th' ascendant, and her master soon enchain'd;
 Her beauty on Prometheus' sense ne'er pall'd,
 And the first husband was the first enthrall'd.
 The god of war soon saw the new-form'd fair;
 His manly beauty, and his martial air,
 His golden casque, and all his glittering arms
 Pandora pleas'd, and he enjoy'd her charms.
 When the sea's ruler in his humid court
 Had heard of this intrigue from fame's report,
 The fair he fought, a like reception found,
 Could Neptune fail where Mars a triumph found?
 Day's light-hair'd god from his resplendent height
 Their pleasures saw, and hop'd the same delight;
 She could not to refuse him have the heart,
 Who o'er the day presides, and ev'ry art.
 Mercury with eloquence declar'd his flame,
 And in his turn he triumph'd o'er the dame.
 Squallid and sooty from his forge at first,
 Vulcan was ill receiv'd, and gave disgust;
 But he by importunity obtain'd
 What other gods with so much ease had gain'd.

Pandora's

Pandora's prime thus wing'd with pleasure flew,
Then she in languor liv'd, nor wherefore knew.
She that devotes to love her life's first spring,
As years increase can do no other thing;
For e'en to gods inconstancy is known,
And those who dwell in heaven to change are prone;
Pandora of her favours had been free
To gods who left her; happ'ning then to see
A satyr who thro' plains and meadows stray'd,
Smit with his mien, she love-advances made;
To these amours our race existence owes,
From such amusements all mankind arose;
Hence those varieties in talents spring,
In genius, passions, bus'ness, every thing:
To Vulcan one, to Mars one owes his birth,
This to a satyr; very few on earth
Claim any kindred with the god of day,
Few that celestial origin display.
From parents each his taste and turn derives:
But most of all trades now Pandora's thrives;
The most delightful, tho' least rare it seems,
And is the trade all Paris most esteems.

FINIS.

